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*Lives of the Catholic heroes
and heroines of America*

John O'Kane Murray







LIVES
OF THE
CATHOLIC HEROES
AND
LIVES OF AMERICA.

BY
JOHN O'KANE MURRAY, B. S.,

HISTORY OF THE CATHOLIC CHURCH IN THE UNITED STATES,"
"TRIALS OF IRELAND," "LITTLE LIVES OF THE GREAT
"LESSONS IN ENGLISH LITERATURE," and
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"Lives of great men all remind us ;
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— *Longfellow.*

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1880.









CHRISTOPHER COLUMBUS.

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Author of the "POPULAR HISTORY OF THE CATHOLIC CHURCH IN THE UNITED STATES,"
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TO
REVEREND F. WM. GOCKELN, S. J.,
PRESIDENT OF ST. JOHN'S COLLEGE,
FORDHAM, NEW YORK,

THIS VOLUME IS DEDICATED

WITH DEEP RESPECT AND EVERY KIND WISH,

BY HIS EVER TRULY AND GRATEFULLY,

JOHN O'KANE MURRAY.

P R E F A C E .

It is now three hundred and eighty-seven years since Columbus first stepped on the shores of the New World. He was the pioneer of a long line of Catholic Heroes and Heroines, some of whom I have attempted to sketch in the present volume. It would, indeed, be easy to add to my list. But the names I give are representative. I have aimed to be just in selecting. I have chiefly sought those whose lives exhibit great virtue, heroism, and lofty achievements.

Nor are the names chosen in any spirit of narrowness either as to nationality or profession. Of the twenty-four famous personages given, four were Americans, ten were French, three were Spanish, three were Irish, one was a Belgian, one a Russian, one an Italian, and one a native of England.

Two were Archbishops, two Bishops, five Missionaries, one a Parish Priest, one an Admiral, two Generals, one a Commodore, four Religious Ladies, four Explorers, one a Lady who belonged to no Religious Society, and one a Lawyer and Statesman—thus making in all ten ecclesiastics, four religious, and ten lay persons.

I hope the work, in spite of many short-comings, will be found to combine variety, interest, and instruction. The Catholic discoverers, explorers, and missionaries of America were men unsurpassed in all that constitutes heroic greatness. The perusal of their lives cannot fail to elevate the mind, and give a healthy stimulus to deeds of virtue.

“Where'er a noble deed is wrought,
Where'er is spoken a noble thought,
Our hearts in glad surprise
To higher levels rise.”

In all my statements, I have labored to be accurate. I have made it a point to consult the best authorities available, and of these I have not hesitated to make a free use. My chief sources of information are indicated in the foot-notes at the beginning of each Life.

I take great pleasure in acknowledging my special indebtedness

to the works of Francis Parkman. His writings abound in exquisite scenes and touching narratives, presented in a style at once surpassingly graphic, picturesque, and beautiful. This, together with the fact that Mr. Parkman does not belong to our Faith, makes his testimony doubly valuable, as an eloquent and impartial authority.

For kind courtesies rendered during the preparation of this volume, I return my warm thanks to Mr. Francis Parkman, Boston; Rev. Father Walter H. Hill, S. J., of the St. Louis University; Messrs. J. B. Lippincott & Co., Philadelphia; Messrs. G. P. Putnam's Sons, New York; Mr. Lawrence Kehoe, New York; Mr. James Sheehy, New York; Rev. Maurice Hickey, Brooklyn, L. I.; Rev. Mother St. George, of the Ursuline Convent, Quebec; Rev. Sister St. Josephine, Villa Maria, Montreal; Rev. Mother Leahy of the Hotel Dieu, Kingston, Canada; and Peter Jerome Curren, A. M., M. D., Flatbush, L. I.

With these brief remarks, I venture to introduce the "Lives of the Catholic Heroes and Heroines of America," to the reading public.

JOHN O'KANE MURRAY.

Brooklyn, L. I., July 4th, 1879.

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CHRISTOPHER COLUMBUS,

THE

DISCOVERER OF AMERICA AND THE GREATEST OF ADMIRALS.¹

"The Western World and dauntless Chief I sing,
Who steered his course with bold adventurous wing,
Through unfrequented seas from Palos' shore,
Where pilot guided ne'er his helm before."—*Moore's Columbiad.*

"He who does not believe in the supernatural, cannot comprehend Columbus.—*Count de Lorgues.*

"Aujourd'hui la grande figure de Christophe Colomb s'élève au-dessus de tous les découvreurs anciens et modernes; il se distingue d'entre eux tous par la profondeur de son génie, par la beauté de son caractère, par la franchise de sa foi et de sa piété, et par la couronne du malheur, dont l'ingrate Espagne lui ceignit le front."—*Abbé Ferland.*

CHAPTER I.

FROM INFANCY TO MANHOOD.

The parents and birth of Columbus—School-days—Early life and adventures—Appearance, manners and character—Marriage.

A little less than four centuries and a half ago, there lived in a neat house in the suburbs of the famous city of Genoa,¹ two virtuous young persons, who, in the designs of God, were to be the parents of one of the most illustrious

¹ Chief authorities used: Count de Lorgues, "Life of Christopher Columbus," translated by Dr. Barry; De Lorgues, "L'Ambassadeur de Dieu et le Pape Pie IX." De Lorgues, "Satan Contre Christophe Colomb, ou la prétendue chute du Serviteur de Dieu;" Irving, "Life and Voyages of Christopher Columbus;" Father Knight, S. J., "Life of Christopher Columbus;" Sir Arthur Helps, "Life of Christopher Columbus;" Lamartine, "Vie de Christophe Colomb;" Robertson, "History of America;" Prescott, "History of Ferdinand and Isabella."

² "Thence I am," the Discoverer of America wrote in his will, "and there was I born."

men in all history. Dominic Colombo¹ and Susanna Fontanarossa loved each other, the Church had placed the holy seal of her benediction on their tender affection, and now they were companions for life.

Dominic, though not rich, was in respectable circumstances; and he was not ignorant that he belonged to a family once wealthy and noble.² A small fortune inherited by his young wife, somewhat increased his worldly store. Still, his income was slender, and to make up for this he carried on the business of woolcombing. He had a place for weaving clothes, in which he employed a workman and an apprentice.

In the year 1435, a little stranger came into the world in the quiet suburban residence of Dominic Colombo. The bright babe, in due time, was taken to the church of St. Stephen, and the silvery waters of Baptism rolled upon its innocent head. The name given was *Christopher*.³ We wonder if the good Benedictine Father, as he performed the sacred ceremony, thought of this very suggestive name; or if any gleam of light was shed on the glorious and eventful future in store for the little Christian! But in vain does our curiosity question the past. The gloom of ages surrounds the cradle of Christopher Columbus. The details of his early life, which have come down to us, are indeed sadly meagre.

"Seated I see the two again,
But not alone; they entertain
A little angel unaware,
With face as round as in the moon;
A royal guest with flaxen hair,
Who, throned upon his lofty chair,
Drums on the table with his spoon,
Then drops it careless on the floor
To grasp at things unseen before."⁴

¹ This is the Italian form of the name. Columbus latinized his name in his letters according to the usage of the time, when Latin was the language of learned correspondence.—*Irving*.

² In regard to the ancestors of Columbus, Irving's account is exceedingly vague, and leaves us to wander in the mazes of conjecture. De Lorgues says: "It is *certain*, that the ancestors of Columbus belonged to the nobility." But on this point, we feel very little interested. The true greatness of Columbus—as of all really great men—arose from his own achievements, not those of his ancestors. He stands on his own merits. He shines by no borrowed light. His son, Fernando, who wrote the life of his illustrious father, had a true Christian feeling on this subject. "I am of opinion," says he, "that I should derive less dignity from any nobility of ancestry than from being the son of such a father."

³ *Christopher* signifies the *Christ-bearer*; *Columbus*, a *dove*.

⁴ Longfellow, "The Hanging of the Crane."

Years rolled on. Christopher grew up to boyhood, the hope and pride of his parents. The brightness of his eldest son—he had now more than one—did not escape the keen eye of Dominic Colombo. He remarked, among other qualities, that the lad loved the sea, and was very fond of studying geography. He saw his course as became a wise father. He resolved to second the genius of his son. And at the risk of pinching himself and his family, he sent Christopher in his tenth year to the University of Pavia, where the boy studied Latin,¹ geometry, geography, astronomy and navigation. His collegiate career, however, was short. In his twelfth year the young student was obliged to return home to assist his father.

The wide knowledge and deep scientific attainments which Columbus possessed in after life were the result of experience and long and careful self-instruction. Men of strong genius derive an advantage from having thus, at the very outset, to contend with poverty and privations. They learn to depend upon themselves, to improve every casual advantage, and to effect great ends by small means. Such a man was Columbus. His own energy and invention supplied every deficiency, and in all his undertakings, the scantiness of his means enhanced the grandeur of his achievements.

For the next two years, it seems, Christopher worked at his father's business. But, no doubt, he felt that this was not the path of life which Providence and his own inclinations pointed out. The sea was his destined field of action.

"More frequently than not," says Father Knight, S. J., "God leads men by the path of their own natural character even to the sublimest apostolate."

At fourteen years of age, Columbus became a sailor. In those days life on the sea was full of peril and adventure. Commerce and war went hand in hand. Pirates and freebooters were in abundance. The Christian mariners, in many parts of the Mediterranean, were always armed to the teeth, and ready for an encounter with Mahometan corsairs.

¹ Christopher Columbus was the eldest of a family of five—four sons and one daughter.

² Latin was the only language in which science was taught at that time.—*Robertson*.

Such was the rugged school in which the future admiral was first broken into discipline. Nor was the teacher less rugged than the school. He was a relative named Colombo, a hardy old captain of the seas, bold and adventurous, ready to fight in any cause, and to take up a quarrel whenever it might lawfully be found.

Many were the deeds of daring performed by Christopher Columbus, both under this stern, old admiral, or with a no less bold and fighting nephew, known as Colombo the younger.

While on a cruise with the latter, an event occurred which gave a new direction to the career of our hero. On the Portuguese coast, near cape St. Vincent, a number of rich Venetian merchantmen were attacked by Colombo's squadron. Long and fierce was the encounter. The fight had lasted nearly all day, the combatants were nearly exhausted, and the evening was casting its shades over the mighty deep, when the privateer commanded by Christopher Columbus, grappled a large Venetian vessel, which after a hand-to-hand struggle, caught fire, and both were soon enveloped in flames. Friends and foes alike sought safety in the sea. Seizing a floating oar, the future discoverer of America, boldly struck for land, some six miles distant. He reached it after a desperate struggle for life. His first impulse was to thank Heaven.

It pleased God—wrote his son Ferdinand many years afterwards—to preserve him for greater things.

Columbus now found himself on the strange coast of Portugal, a penniless wanderer. He directed his steps towards Lisbon, made the acquaintance of several fellow-countrymen there, and was, above all, happy in finding his brother, Bartholomew. To his eldest brother, Bartholomew was ever devotedly attached, and he received him with the greatest affection.

Portugal, at this time, took the lead in discovery and maritime enterprise. This was due to the bright genius and scientific attainments of Prince Henry, a fearless knight, a true Catholic, and the most eminent navigator before Co-

lumbus. Encouraged by the Holy See, Henry made several expeditions along the African coast, seeking by water a path to the East Indies.

The Pope granted a plenary indulgence to all, who taking part in those voyages, should perish in fulfilling the conditions of the indulgence. In truth, the spirit of discovery was connected with zeal for religion, which, in that Catholic age, was a principle of such activity, as to influence the conduct of nations.

Under the hospitable roof of his brother, Columbus made his abode in the capital of Portugal, and supported himself by drawing maps and charts.¹ He not only provided for his own immediate wants, but by economy and the self-denial which his filial tenderness imposed upon him, he was enabled to sweeten the old age of his father, to whom fortune had not been favorable. "He always took care," writes the historian Oviedo, "to provide for the wants of his father."

Let us glance at the appearance, manners, and habits of Columbus, who had now reached the full vigor of physical and intellectual manhood, having completed his thirty-third year. His biographers are minute; and their picture is both interesting and instructive. In person, Columbus was tall, well-formed, and commanding. About his whole figure there was something elevated. His appearance was impressive. His face was a pure oval upon which nature had stamped a look of unusual grace, strength, and beauty. The breadth of his mind was clearly indicated in his intellectual brow and large forehead. His nose was aquiline, and his finely chiseled lips expressed the magnanimity of his heart. All his senses were remarkably acute. His eyes, grey, keen, and strong, kindled in moments of enthusiasm, and lit up his manly countenance. A dimpled chin, a few freckles, a ruddy complexion, and hair white as snow since his thirtieth year—such is a rough pen-picture of that wonderful man of destiny.

¹ The construction of a correct map or chart, in those days, required a degree of knowledge and experience, sufficient to entitle the possessor to distinction.—*Irring*.

Though simply clad, he could pass nowhere without being noticed. His very look suggested an air of modest distinction. Before kings and grandees he appeared with as much ease and grace as if he had been born in a palace.

He had no other finery of dress than cleanliness. In this, however, he was exquisite. To the absence of stains or rents, or negligence in his clothing—which he knew how to preserve a long time—he endeavored to join whiteness, and often fineness of linen, always slightly perfumed. For him sweet scents had ever an unfailing attraction.

Nature had gifted him with an elegant taste. He admired with tenderness the works of the Almighty, and sought with eagerness for flowers, birds, and the productions of the sea.

Though a mariner from boyhood, the lofty character of Columbus, raised him above the vices of the seaman. Swearing and indecent songs he abhorred. He drank but little wine. He disliked games of chance. He despised effeminate pleasures. With no inclination for the pleasures of the table he preserved on land the frugal habits of shipboard. He preferred vegetable food. Water sweetened with candy sugar and some drops of orange-flower, was his favorite drink.

His punctuality and habits of order were also remarkable. He knew the value of time. His sense of duty—his energetic nature, and well-balanced character prevented him from putting off till to-morrow what could be done to-day. Never was he seen acting at random, or outside of the dictates of duty or of good sense.

His goodness of heart made him most affectionate to his relatives and friends, and affable to those about him, showing his inferiors the kindness of superiority graced with an urbanity which is not learned on shipboard. His simple and flowing language harmonized with his richness of thought. The ease of his elocution, the graphic turn of his images, his expressions, often hardy, but always happy, rendered his conversation attractive. He was, in short, one to be loved by those near him. Of a singularly resolute and enduring nature, he was likewise rapt in his own designs, having a ringing forever in his ears of bold and gigantic projects.

He was naturally hasty and inclined to anger. But this impulse never injured any one save himself. Reflection—not less sudden than the transport—enabled him to master his feelings. It would appear that this extreme irritability of temper was given him as a test, an occasion to strive against himself; to subdue his natural inclination, to overcome this internal obstacle before surmounting exterior ones. Trials designed to produce the greatest impatience were the lot of him who was to be a model of patience itself, in order to accomplish his ever-enduring work.

The virtues which Columbus had learned to practice at home did not desert him on the ocean. If he was always a gentleman, neither did he ever forget that he was a Catholic. In his bright and thoughtful mind, God and Religion held the first place. "Throughout his life," writes Irving, "he was noted for a strict attention to the offices of religion; nor did his piety consist in mere forms, but partook of that lofty and solemn enthusiasm with which his whole character was strongly tinctured."

From the day of his arrival in Lisbon, Columbus was a regular attendant at morning Mass in the Church of All Saints, just adjoining a convent of nuns. His piety and the distinction of his manners were remarked even through the grating of the cloister. Among the boarders at this religious institution was a noble young lady named Doña Felippa de Perestrello. About Columbus there was a mysterious and indescribable something, that won her affection, and tender curiosity invented the means of making his acquaintance. This pure and romantic attachment ended in marriage. But neither was wealthy. Miss de Perestrello's real riches were her virtue, beauty and accomplishments. She was the daughter of an eminent Italian navigator¹ in the service of Portugal, who died governor of Porto Santo, but

¹ This was Don Bartholomew de Perestrello. For distinguished services, the famous Prince Henry created him Governor of the island of Porto Santo, and bestowed upon him large estates there, which ruined rather than enriched him. The rabbits were so numerous that they literally ate him out, playing the mischief with the products of the soil. The wife of Columbus inherited a portion of those unproductive estates.

who, by an unhappy reverse of fortune, was compelled to leave his family with little save the memory of an honored name. In his young bride, however, Columbus found a cultured and devoted companion who lovingly sympathized with all his plans.

CHAPTER II.

THE STRUGGLES OF GENIUS.

Columbus and Alphonso V.—The growth of a great idea—Basis of Columbus' theory—Dr. Toscanelli and Columbus—His difficulties—Visits his native city and his Father—Portugal treats him meanly—Death of his wife, Doña Felippa—Directs his steps to Spain—Father Perez and Doctor Hernandez—The Convent of La Rabida—Columbus at the Spanish Court—Father de Talavera—Second marriage of Columbus—His letter to King Ferdinand—Interview with the Spanish Sovereigns—The Junta of Salamanca—His Dominican Friends—The Moorish War—Ferdinand and Isabella—He never despairs of success—The fall of Granada—He is about to leave Spain—The turn of Fortune—Isabella becomes his patron—The terms of agreement—Final preparations.

Columbus, after his marriage, was invited to reside in the house of his mother-in-law, who appears to have been a lady of no ordinary piety and distinction. To gain his daily bread, however, he continued to work at his charts and manuscripts. But he was now, more than ever before, brought within the sphere of discovery. His alliance with an honorable family procured him access to the highest quarters. It introduced him to the distinguished men of the Court, and the most noted scholars of Portugal.

An incident attests this beyond doubt. King Alphonsus V., though not engaged in maritime expeditions, still from tradition and instinct, interested himself about naval affairs, and cheerfully admitted the foreign pilot into his presence. He was delighted with the conversation of Columbus, who

often spoke to him of the natural sciences and maritime adventures. One day, at the end of the conversation on the usual topic of discourse, and perhaps to confirm the Genoese in his ideas, the Portuguese ruler showed him some reeds of an enormous size, unknown to any climate of Europe. A storm had driven them on the shore of the Azores where they were picked up. This fact, though trifling, is suggestive.

In their friendly chattings, his mother-in-law, struck with his desire to discover unknown countries, recounted the life of her husband to Columbus. Perestrello's notes and journals she also confided to him. From the observations they contained, Columbus soon drew a new support for his gradually maturing project of exploring the earth, and especially, of penetrating the great and unknown ocean which stretched away to the west. Towards this grand achievement tended all his studies, voyages, and researches. Among other things, he examined the progress of the Portuguese on the coast of Guinea, and the route they followed to arrive there. Some time after, he embarked with his wife for her sterile possessions in Porto Santo,¹ where he remained for a short period. It was there that James, his first son, was born.

"I have been seeking out the secrets of nature for forty years," wrote Columbus at a later period of life, "and wherever ship has sailed there have I voyaged." He had doubtless early conceived the plan of examining the whole world. About the fourth year of his sojourn in Portugal—1474—it was already developed in his mind. This extraordinary man was never inconsistent with himself. In the examination of his life we find him always the same. That which he was in advanced age, he was in his youth.

He was ever a man of prompt action and ready wit, keenly alive to tell what was passing around him, self-possessed in

¹ Porto Santo is one of the Madeira islands. Its length is eight miles, breadth three miles, and in 1842 its population was 6,000. It was discovered in 1418 by the Portuguese, and it still belongs to that nation. It was named Porto Santo—or the Holy Port—because the discoverers happily escaped shipwreck by reaching it. This was the *first* of the Madeira group discovered.

danger, and fertile in resources; but he was not the less on that account a great reader, a great student, and a dreamer of splendid dreams.

He was possessed of all the cosmographical knowledge of his time, and was well versed in all the books which were then regarded as oracular in their statements about the limits of the habitable globe. He had pored over the glowing pages of Marco Polo till the magnificent vision of *Cipango*¹ and *Cathay*²—founded upon the actual wonders of China and Japan—had fastened upon his soul; and he never doubted that the Grand Khan was such as he had been depicted, and only waited the summons of the Catholic sovereign to be baptized with all his people.

The continuous current of Portuguese discoveries under Prince Henry and others had excited the mind of Europe, and must have had no little influence on Columbus, living, as he was, in the midst of them. This may be said without in any way detracting from his unequalled merits as a great discoverer. In real life people do not spring from shadows to something substantial, as people in sick dreams. A great invention or discovery is often like a daring leap, but it is from land to land—not from nothing to something.

Fernando Columbus divides into three classes the ground on which his father's theory was based; namely, reasons from nature, the authority of writers, and the testimony of sailors. He believed the world to be a sphere. He underestimated its size. He over-estimated the size of the Asiatic continent. The further that continent extended to the eastward, the nearer it came round towards Spain. And this, in a greater or less degree, had been the opinion of the ancient geographers. Both Aristotle and Seneca thought that a ship might sail "in a few days" from Cadiz to India. Strabo, too, believed that it might be possible to navigate on the same parallel of latitude, due west from the coast of Africa

¹ *Cipango* is the name given to a marvellous island described in the "Voyages" of Marco Polo, the famous Venitian traveler. It is represented as lying in the eastern seas some 1500 miles from land, and of its beauty and wealth many stories are related.

² *Cathay* is simply an old name for China. It owes its origin, it is said, to Marco Polo.

or Spain to that of India. The accounts given by Marco Polo¹ and Sir John Mandeville² of their explorations toward China confirmed the exaggerated idea of the extent of Eastern Asia.

But of all the works of learned men, that which, according to Fernando Columbus, had most weight with his father, was the "Cosmographia" of Cardinal Aliaco. It is a singular work. Learned arguments are interspersed with the most wonderful fables of lion-bodied men and dog-faced women; grave and often very sound disquisitions on the earth's surface are mixed up with the wildest stories of monsters and salamanders, of giants and pigmies. It is here that we find the original, of our modern romantic acquaintance, the sea-serpent, described as being "of huge size, so that he kills and devours large stags, and is able to cross the ocean." ³

It is, indeed, a curious subject for meditation that the conjecture of land in the west grew out of a series of mistaken notions. Because Columbus believed the earth to be of smaller circumference than it really is, and because he believed that the land covered a larger area than the water, therefore he believed that the eastern extremity of Asia could be speedily reached by sailing west. He did not at

¹ *Marco Polo*, a native of Venice, in the thirteenth century, was the king of travelers in his day. He belonged to a noble family, and according to the custom of his country, engaged early in trade. His ardent mind sought some new sphere of commercial activity. This prompted him to travel into unknown countries. He continued his wanderings in Asia for upwards of twenty-six years; and when he came home wrote his "Travels," a book that astonished all Europe, and was afterwards a great favorite with Columbus.

² *Sir John Mandeville* was an Englishman and a learned physician of the fourteenth century. About fifty years after Marco Polo's time, Mandeville set out on his wanderings. He visited Turkey, Armenia, Egypt, Syria, Persia, Chaldea, Tartary, and the Indies. But his great delight was the Holy Land, where he remained for a long time carefully examining every trace connected with the history of our Blessed Redeemer. He returned to England after an absence of thirty-four years. His book of "Travels" is generally considered the earliest monument of English prose. But there was also a Latin edition. Irving says this work had great authority with Columbus.

Marco Polo and Sir John Mandeville were both pious Catholics.

³ Cardinal Peter de Alliaco, Archbishop of Cambray, was born in 1340, and died about 1425. He was the author of many works, and one of the most learned and scientific men of his day.

While making researches in Seville in the *Bibliotheca Columbina*—the library given by Fernando Columbus to the Cathedral of that city—the historian, Washington Irving, discovered the very copy of Cardinal Aliaco's work used by the illustrious discoverer of America. Its margins are covered with notes by Columbus, "written in a very small but neat and distinct hand."

that time contemplate the possibility of an *intervening continent*; and it was the false idea that only about one-third of the circumference of the earth remained untraversed which induced him to plunge boldly into the great ocean. He sought Asia, but he found America.

In 1474 we find Columbus in correspondence with Dr. Paul Toscanelli, a learned physician of Florence, who was a kind of grand referee to the explorers and cosmographers of his time, and was highly esteemed at Rome. A letter from the Florentine philosopher to Columbus, dated June 25th, 1474, is extant in which he shows lively interest in the proposal of Columbus to sail westward, and gives him much singular information, with amusing assurance, just as if he were speaking of known truths, and takes notice of his ardent desire to spread the knowledge of the truth. To Toscanelli, on the whole, much credit is due for the encouragement he gave that colossal enterprise which led to the discovery of a new world.¹

But that the notices of western land were not such as to have much weight with other men is sufficiently proved by the difficulty which Columbus had in contending with adverse geographers and men of science in general, of whom he says, he never was able to convince any one. After a new world had been discovered, many scattered indications were *then* found to have foreshown it. "When he promised a new hemisphere," wrote Voltaire, "people maintained that it could not exist; and when he had discovered it, that it had been known a long time!"

When the great resolve, however, was once taken by Columbus to reduce speculation to practice by an actual voyage, never more was it laid aside.

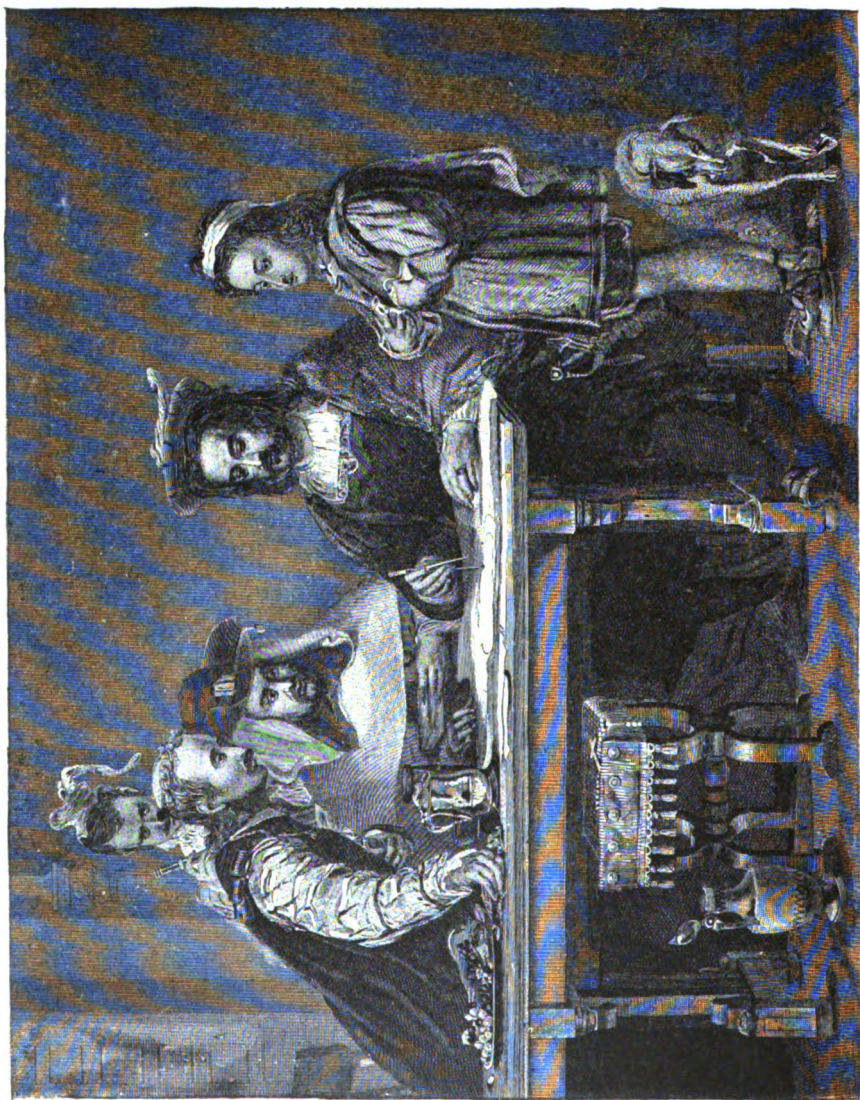
This was the real point of departure in the discovery of America, not that other moment when Ferdinand and Isabella signed the conditions conferring the Vice-Royalty of

¹ This famous Catholic physician also sent a map with his letter, in which was traced a route to India across the Atlantic. This map, by which Columbus sailed on his first voyage of discovery, Le^{on} Casas says, he had in his possession at the time of writing his history. It is greatly to be regretted that so interesting a document should be lost. It may yet exist among the chaotic lumber of the Spanish archives.—*Irring*.

the Indies on him and his heirs, nor yet the moment when he set sail with an unwilling crew of conscript sailors from Palos. The idea never went from his mind; it only gained strength from rebuffs and delays, cold answers and cruel evasions. We see the grandeur of mind of Columbus best in those *eighteen* years of weary waiting and hoping against hope, when heaven and earth seemed to conspire against him, when opinions were divided about him, and some considered him a dangerous lunatic, and some more than half a heretic, and even his well-wishers for the most part thought that he indulged in much unprofitable dreaming, while all the time he saw and felt the vigorous years of his manhood waning fast, and death perhaps approaching to carry him away with his mighty purpose unfulfilled.

But with the thoughts of Columbus there ever mingled a deep religious sentiment, giving them a tinge of sublimity. He looked upon himself as standing in the hand of Heaven, chosen from among men for the accomplishment of a high purpose. He read, as it seems, his contemplated discovery foretold in the Holy Book, and shadowed forth darkly in the prophecies, wherein it was declared that the ends of the earth should be brought together, and all nations and tongues and languages, united under the banner of the Redeemer; and, perhaps, something within him also whispered that he would not die till he had carried the knowledge of God across the great and gloomy waters.

The long and painful preparatory efforts of Columbus to interest Europe in his mighty enterprise would, at this day, seem almost incredible. To find a continent he besought kings and nations for a ship or two, and they refused him. With true patriotism he made his first application to the senate of his native Genoa. It was refused. The idea was too new to be grasped by the senators of the "City by the sea;" and they pleaded the poverty of their exchequer, and even denied Columbus the praise of originality. It was written, they said, in the archives of their city that two noble captains, two hundred years before, had sailed for the west, and never were heard of again.



COLUMBUS PLANNING THE DISCOVERY OF AMERICA.

Our hero turned to Venice. A polite refusal was his only answer.

From Venice he paid a visit to his father at Savona in 1476, and from his own slender means did his best to help the old man, then seventy years of age, and weighed down by accumulated misfortunes.

He next directed his steps to Lisbon. Portugal was at that time under John II., an active and enterprising prince; and when Vasco de Gama, the famous Portuguese navigator was on the point of discovering the sea route to India by rounding the Cape of Good Hope, Columbus, convinced that he could find a wider and more direct path by going straight forward towards the west, obtained after a tedious application, an audience of the king, in order to unfold, once more, his projects of discovery, and solicit the means of carrying them out for the advantage of the state.¹

John listened with interest. Struck with the boldness of the scheme, he referred it to a *junto* of men of science. It was treated by them with contempt, as extravagant and visionary. The king, however, was not satisfied with their decision. He desired the opinion of his privy-counselors, among whom were some of the most learned men of the kingdom. Their opinion was equally unfavorable with that of the *junto*. Certain of the counsellors, however, seeing that the king still retained an inclination for the enterprise, devised a plan by which it might be secretly put to the test, without publicly committing the dignity of the crown, in what they considered a mere fantasy. Procuring from Columbus a detailed plan of his proposed voyage, and the charts by which he intended to shape his course, they privately dispatched a caravel, or small vessel, to pursue the designated route.

¹ Reflections upon the uncertainty, the danger, and tediousness of that course which the Portuguese were pursuing, naturally led Columbus to consider whether a shorter and more direct passage to the East Indies might not be found out. After revolving long and seriously every circumstance suggested by his superior knowledge in the theory, as well as practice of navigation; after comparing attentively the observations of modern pilots with the hints and conjectures of ancient authors, he at last concluded, that by sailing directly towards the west, across the Atlantic ocean, new countries, which probably formed a part of the great continent of India, must infallibly be discovered.—*Robertson*.

The caravel took its departure from the Cape de Verde islands, and stood westward for several days. The weather grew stormy; the pilots, having no zeal to stimulate them, and seeing nothing but a waste of wild tumbling waves still extending before them, lost all courage, and returned to Lisbon, ridiculing the project as extravagant and irrational. But it was not an enterprise to be carried out successfully by men who had only stolen the idea of it. It required the dauntless spirit of a true hero to triumph over the terrors of the Atlantic and cut his way to a new hemisphere!

When Columbus learned the base attempt that had been made to defraud him of his enterprise, he renounced all further negotiations with the crown of Portugal. And as if to add to his trials, at this time, death snatched away his dear Doña Felippa, his love and his consolation. She was that sweet and noble companion whose smiles, like rays of sunlight, had illumined his poor home, lit up his lonely path, and encouraged all his grand enterprises; but now she was no more in this world. "Columbus," writes the Count de Lorgues, "remained silent and looked up to Heaven."

The death of his wife dissolved the last tie that bound him to Portugal. Taking his little son, James, by the hand, he shook the very dust from his feet, and turned his back upon a country which had treated him with such meanness and little faith. This was at the close of the year 1484.

He sailed at once for Genoa, and solicitously pressed his offer for the second time upon the Government of his native city, but the fleet of the Republic was required for home service and not a vessel could be spared. It was at this time he took the little James to see his grandfather.

Columbus now cast his eyes around the European thrones. The Christian spirit of Spain and her power on sea seemed to hold out hope of the help he sought.² His arrival in Spain is scarcely less mysterious than his first

² As he had already experienced the uncertain issue of application to kings and ministers, he took the precaution of sending into England his brother Bartholomew, to whom he had fully communicated his ideas, in order that he might negotiate, at the same time, with Henry VII., who was reputed one of the most sagacious as well as opulent princes in Europe.—*Robertson*.

landing in Portugal. He is first heard of as a wanderer asking for a little bread at the gate of the Franciscan Convent of La Rabida, close to the small sea-port town of Palos, in Andalusia. He had his dear little boy with him, and was on his way to Huelva to see a sister-in-law, with whom, in spite of her poverty, he no doubt, wished to leave the child.

Father John Perez, the Guardian of the Convent, found his friend, Dr. Garcia Hernandez, the physician of the house, in conversation with the stranger on the porch. Some good angel had certainly guided Columbus to La Rabida, for Father Perez was no ordinary man. There was scarcely another in Spain so well prepared by nature and study to appreciate the great thoughts of that singular mendicant.

Father Perez had been the confessor of Queen Isabella, but a Court life was less to his liking than retirement and study. His love for mathematics and cosmography was only the handmaid of his zeal for souls. He longed for the discovery of new lands, in order that Christ might be preached to more men, and with him, as with Columbus at Porto Santo, the place of his abode was well suited to feed his restless imagination and his Christian hopes. He had built a kind of observatory on the roof of his monastery, and he spent much of his spare time in contemplating the stars by night and the sea by day. Did that wide and gloomy ocean really bound the world, or had it a further shore with races of men to be evangelized? There was infinite room for speculation where all was conjecture. Some cosmographers thought that it could be sailed across in three years, and some thought it was of indefinite extent. Father Perez had reached the advanced stage of venturing to doubt the impracticability of a voyage across, when Columbus appeared at his convent gate, and soon the doubt of an alleged impossibility gave place to the ardent desire of an actual accomplishment.

From the first the Father Guardian was a good friend. He made Columbus live at his convent till a favorable opportunity should present itself for laying his plans before Ferdinand and Isabella; and we cannot doubt that it was at

this period of his life that the future great discoverer acquired that astonishing acquaintance with theology and the Fathers of the Church which must have seemed to the bishops and doctors of the Junta of Salamanca a curious result of a sailor's education. There is no record however, of his conventual life, for most unfortunately the archives of La Rabida perished utterly in some revolution of the present century, the library being pillaged and the manuscripts destroyed, and the convent itself was finally abandoned on the suppression of religious houses in 1834; but it is no unfair surmise that he spent his time in religious preparation for his great work.¹

Father Perez had an influential friend at Court, a Hieronymite, Father Ferdinand de Talavera, Prior of Our Lady of Prado at Valladolid, Confessor to the King and Queen, a priest of learning and virtue; and he felt that in recommending Columbus to the intercession of such a man, he was almost ensuring the successful issue of his application. But the learning of the Prior of Prado was not in the cosmographical line, and he was at all times unwilling to push his right of patronage.

The letter of Father Perez, it seems, only served to show that he himself had too readily assented to the dreams of this unknown enthusiast, and Talavera had no mind to assist the delusion. He listened with perfect politeness to the explanations of Columbus, but he did not intend at that time, more particularly, when the attention of the sovereigns was concentrated on the Moorish war, to allow any idle dreams to molest their sacred ears. Columbus was helpless, and had to fall back upon caligraphy and map-making for his support. This was at Cordova, where the sovereigns, always in movement, happened then to be.

It was during this painful suspense that Columbus married a young lady of rank, Doña Beatrix Euriquez, who became the mother of his son, and future biographer, Fernando.

¹ The Duke of Montpensier in 1854 undertook the restoration of the monastery and the church. The cell of the Father Guardian was especially cared for.—*Father Knight, S. J.*

"She was," writes De Lorgues, "of high descent. Her birth far surpassed her fortune, and her beauty, her birth. She was named Beatrix. This name so much loved by Dante, seemed to have been made for an Italian. Doña Beatrix Euriquez belonged to the noble house of Arana, one of the most ancient families of Cordovo, in which virtue was transmitted by right of birth, and which, notwithstanding its little opulence, enjoyed that respectability which riches alone can never confer."

This young lady would not have been willing to marry a poor man and a foreigner, who to less generous souls appeared no better than a needy adventurer or an eccentric visionary, unless she had received from Heaven unusual power of discerning real merit; and she would never have carried into effect the marriage with Columbus in the face of all the opposition and ridicule which she could not fail to encounter from her kinsmen of the powerful Arana family, unless she had been endowed with that lofty spirit and strong will, which are unknown to cold and feeble natures. Poverty and anxiety could never vulgarize Columbus, and a noble, kind-hearted, and somewhat romantic girl might easily find him worth loving.

His marriage did not change his plans. When he found that Talavera was a hindrance, not a help, he wrote with his own hand a characteristic letter to the king.

"MOST SERENE PRINCE:

I have been engaged in navigation from my youth. For nearly forty years have I voyaged on the seas. I have visited nearly all the known quarters of the world, and have conversed with a great number of learned men—with ecclesiastics, seculars, Latins, Greeks, and persons of all kinds of religion. I have acquired some knowledge of navigation, astronomy, and geometry; and am sufficiently expert in designing the chart of the earth, to place the cities, rivers, and mountains in their correct situations. To the study of works on cosmography, history and philosophy, I have also applied myself. At present, I feel strongly urged to undertake

the discovery of the Indies; and I come to your Highness to supplicate you to favor my enterprise. That those who hear it will turn it into ridicule, I doubt not; but if your Highness will give me the means of executing it, let the obstacles be what they may, I hope to be able to make it succeed."

In this style, firm, manly, concise, and straightforward—a style in which facts take the place of words—we see shining forth the solid mind of Christopher Columbus.

Of this letter no notice was taken. He succeeded, however, in making the acquaintance of Antonio Geraldini, formerly Papal Nuncio, who at the Queen's request had returned to Spain to be tutor to her eldest daughter, and was by him introduced to the great Cardinal Mendoza, Grand Chancellor of Castile.

The keen eye of Mendoza recognized at once the extraordinary merit of Columbus, and he felt it a duty to obtain for him an audience.

Notwithstanding the poorness of his dress, and his foreign accent, Columbus appeared before the sovereigns of Spain, without hesitation or awkwardness. The native dignity of his air and the grace of his deportment, together with the noble familiarity of his language, won their attention. He spoke with the confidence of one who brings his masters more than they can give him in return. "In thinking what I was," he wrote at a later period, "I was overwhelmed with humility; but in remembering what I brought, I found myself equal to crowned heads. I was no longer myself, but the instrument of God, chosen and marked out to accomplish a vast design."

He spoke to them of "serving our Lord, spreading the knowledge of His name and the light of faith among many nations." He had held out temporal motives to tempt Genoa and Venice, promising to lead their merchants by a shorter path to the spice-groves of the eastern world. Perhaps he thought that Isabella was less mercenary, or perhaps his stay with the Franciscans had made him more unworldly. Now, the service of God evidently held the

first place in his esteem, and that is a point too lightly passed over by most writers on Columbus. Isabella seems from that moment to have entertained an enthusiastic esteem for Columbus. She was his friend for life.

Ferdinand, with his usual caution, commissioned Talavera to call a council of learned men to examine into the case. The court was then at Salamanca, a place of great learning. To the council were summoned all the men of science of the University of Salamanca,¹ professors present and past. They met in the Dominican Convent of St. Stephen.² Father John Perez, unhappily, was not one of the board, and the chief cosmographer of Spain, James Ferrer, the learned lapidary of Burgos, was absent in the East.

Talavera was not quite the president Columbus would have chosen, and all came disposed to judge harshly of a man who in his pride preferred his own conclusions to the united learning of mankind. As every body knows, many silly objections were made. Texts from Scripture and the Fathers were quoted to disprove the roundness of the earth, and the existence of men with their feet above their heads. Some thought, with Seneca, that the ocean might turn out to be infinite; some were inclined to judge by appearance, and deemed it possible to descend the western slope, but hopeless to climb up the hill of waters on the voyage back. In short, too many of the learned commissioners showed a great deal of childish confusion of thought upon subjects which had formed no part of their studies. As his son Fernando drily remarks, "The more powerful the Admiral's reasons were, the less they understood them through their ignorance; for when a man grows old upon ill principles in mathematics, he cannot conceive the true cause of the false notions imprinted in his mind."

Columbus was likewise a little hampered in his answers by his resolve not to be too minute in relating his plans for fear of exposing himself a second time to the perfid-

¹ At that time, nearly 8,000 students had their names registered on the books of the University of Salamanca.

² It was in November, 1496.

ious treatment he had experienced from King John of Portugal; but he displayed marvellous erudition of an unexpected kind, and seemed to have the writings of the philosophers and Fathers of the Church at ready command.

His sense of the grandeur and the sacredness of the cause for which he pleaded, increased the native dignity of his demeanor; and, when from technical replies he passed to the exposition and elucidation of the great thought which possessed his soul, he rose at once to the full sublimity of the theme, and in words to which strong conviction, based upon human study and completed by supernatural faith, gave force and beauty, he tried to show that his proposal was in harmony with the mind of the Church, and he claimed for it the sanction of prophecy. His eloquence and learning took his judges by surprise, but he quite failed to convince the greater part of them; for it was not to be expected that a lifelong prejudice of learned men would yield to a few sensible and well-directed words.

The Dominican Fathers, in whose house the conferences were held, were almost alone in their favorable judgment of his cause; and they also, though the examination lasted long, generously entertained him all the time, and even paid the expenses of his journey. Father Diego de Deza, O. P., their first Professor of Theology, was completely convinced by the reasoning of Columbus, and gained over the leading men of the University. But the majority voted the project chimerical, while the rest thought it scarcely practical, and the council broke up with no very definite declaration at the time. Before the council dispersed the Court had left Salamanca.

One consequence, at all events, was the increased consideration for a man who had given so much trouble. He was regarded henceforth as an important person. Several times he was summoned to court, his expenses being paid. This is seen in the accounts of the royal treasurer. At the date of May 5th, 1487, we read: "Pay Christopher Columbus, a *foreigner*, three thousand maravides, for things done in the

service of their Highnesses.'"¹ On the third of June following, we find that an equal sum was paid him by the treasurer Gonzales.

But nothing further was done. For Columbus it was an unpropitious time. Far from dreaming of the conquest of some problematic regions beyond unknown seas, Ferdinand and Isabella were engrossed in recovering their own dominions from the Moors. These victorious Mussulmen, after a long and prosperous possession, beheld themselves stripped, one by one, of the towns and provinces they had appropriated as their own. In spite of their exploits they were everywhere defeated, and were now compelled to occupy the mountains and valleys around Granada, the Capital and wonder of their empire. Ferdinand and Isabella employed all their powers, all their efforts, and the resources of their united kingdoms to wrest from the Moors the citadel of Spain.

United by a marriage of policy which love had sealed, and which was radiant with a common glory, the one had brought the Kingdom of Arragon, the other that of Castile as a marriage portion to this union of crowns. But although the King and Queen, had blended their separate provinces into one country, they yet preserved a distinct and independent dominion over their hereditary kingdoms. They had each a council and ministers for the separate interests of their ancient personal subjects. These councils were only united in one common government when patriotic interests common to the two Kingdoms and the two sovereigns were at stake.

Ferdinand, a little older than Isabella, was an able politician and an accomplished soldier. Before that age when by experience man learns to know men, he had already divined them. His greatest fault was a certain coldness which sprung from mistrust, and which closed his heart to enthusiasm and magnanimity.

His royal companion, however, more truly deserves our attention and our admiration. Of all the illustrious women of

¹ The title at that time given to the sovereigns of Spain.

history, Isabella alone is honored with the beautiful title of *The Catholic* in consideration of her greatness and illustrious piety. In the annals of the past, hers is one of the brightest names.

In person she was of the middle height, and well proportioned. She had a clear, fresh complexion, with light blue eyes and auburn hair—a style of beauty exceedingly rare in Spain. Her features were regular and uncommonly beautiful. The illusion which attaches to rank, more especially when united with engaging manners, might lead us to suspect some exaggeration in the praises so liberally lavished on her. But they would seem to be in a great measure justified by the portraits that remain of her, which combine a faultless symmetry of features with singular sweetness and intelligence of expression.¹

Her manners were most gracious and pleasing. They were marked by natural dignity and modest reserve, tempered by an affability which flowed from the kindness of her disposition. She was the last person to be approached with undue familiarity; yet the respect which she imposed was mingled with the strongest feelings of devotion and love. She showed great tact in accommodating herself to the peculiar situation and character of those around her. She appeared in arms at the head of her troops, and shrunk from none of the hardships of war. During the reforms introduced into the religious houses, she visited the nunneries in person, taking her needle-work with her, and passing the day in the society of the inmates. In short, she gained an as-

¹ Contemporary authors have been enthusiastic in their description of Isabella, but time has sanctioned their eulogies. She is one of the purest and most beautiful characters in the pages of history.—*Irring*.

Methinks I can still see her beautiful majestic face—with broad brow, and clear honest loving eye—as it looks down upon the beholder from one of the chapels in the Cathedral of Granada: a countenance too expressive and individual to be what painters give us that of an angel, and yet the next thing to it.—*Sir Arthur Helps*.

Isabella was the living personification of the chivalrous genius of her time and of her nation. No lady on the throne joined a more sincere faith to a most consummate prudence, or shone there with a more unaffected loyalty. A kind of benediction appeared manifestly to attend her projects as well as her acts. She could always do when she willed and she always willed when she could do. Success crowned all her undertakings. While surrounding herself for her service with persons of the highest capacity and of sincere devotedness, God willed that the wisdom of her counsels should still surpass that of her counsellors.—*Count de Lorgues*.

cendency over her turbulent subjects which no king of Spain could ever boast.

She spoke the Castilian language with elegance and correctness. She had an easy pliancy of discourse, which though generally of a serious complexion, was occasionally seasoned with agreeable sallies, some of which have passed into proverbs. She was most temperate in her diet seldom or never tasting wine; and so frugal in her table that the daily expenses for herself and family did not exceed the moderate sum of forty ducats. She was equally simple and economical in her apparel. On all public occasions, indeed, she displayed a royal magnificence; but she had no relish for it in private, and she freely gave away her clothes and jewels as presents to her friends. Naturally of a sedate, though cheerful temper, she had little taste for the frivolous amusements which make up so much of a court life; and, if she encouraged the presence of minstrels and musicians in her palace, it was to wean her young nobility from the coarser and less intellectual pleasures to which they were addicted.

Among her moral qualities, the most conspicuous, perhaps, was her magnanimity. She betrayed nothing little or selfish in thought or action. Her schemes were vast, and executed in the same noble spirit, in which they were conceived. She never employed doubtful agents or sinister measures, but the most direct and open policy. She scorned to avail herself of advantages offered by the perfidy of others. Where she had once given her confidence, she gave her hearty and steady support, and she was scrupulous to redeem any pledge she had made to those who ventured in her cause, however unpopular. She sustained Cardinal Ximenes in all his obnoxious, but salutary reforms. She seconded Columbus in the prosecution of his arduous enterprise, and shielded him from the calumny of his enemies. She was incapable of harboring any petty distrust, or latent malice; and although stern in the execution and exaction of public justice, she made the most generous allowance, and even sometimes advances, to those who had personally injured her.

But the principle, which gave a peculiar coloring to every feature of Isabella's mind, was piety. It shone forth from the very depths of her soul with a heavenly radiance, which illuminated her whole character. Fortunately, her earliest years had been passed in the rugged school of adversity, under the eye of a mother, who implanted in her serious mind such strong principles of religion as nothing in after life had power to shake. At an early age, in the flower of youth and beauty, she was introduced to her brother's court; but its blandishments, so dazzling to a young imagination, had no power over hers; for she was surrounded by a moral atmosphere of purity,

Driving far off each thing of sin and guilt.*

But to come back to Columbus. He still felt that confidence in success which is at once the illusion and the star of genius.

Following the Court as it moved about for the better prosecution of the war, he must have watched with aching heart the long round of festivities, which greeted at Seville, first the capture of Baza, and then the marriage of the young Isabella of Spain with Don Alonza, heir presumptive to the Crown of Portugal. Columbus knew that there would be no peace till Isabella the Catholic had Granada in her hands, and that the recommencement of the war, would mean an indefinite postponement of his cause, so he pressed at once for the formal reply of the Junta of Salamanca. The Prior of Prado, appointed in the interval, Bishop of Avila, was instructed to furnish it, and it was to the effect that "the project rested on a false basis, since the author of it asserted as a truth what was an impossibility." Even after this answer, Isabella would not dismiss the case, and Talavera was instructed to say, that as soon as the war was over, there should be a fresh discussion.

Columbus, by this time, was well inured to delay, scoffs, and ridicule; but the *delay* now seemed likely to be endless, and still he could not leave Catholic Spain without one more

* Prescott.

effort. Spain was even now fighting the infidel, and Spain deserved to be the Patron of the Cross.

If the King and Queen were too busy with the campaign, there were other Spainards of almost regal power and wealth, who could fit out his little armament. He applied to the Duke of Medina Sidonia, but he also was busy with the war. He turned to the Duke of Medina Celi, and this great nobleman consented to furnish him with all things needful, but at the last moment he bethought him that such an enterprise scarcely belonged to a subject, and he asked the Queen to give her sanction. She returned a gracious answer, but begged him to leave the expedition to the Crown, and she summoned Columbus and told him that he really must wait till the close of the war, and he should then receive full satisfaction. But the end of the war was an event of the uncertain future, and Columbus felt that his time was growing, with every wasted year, more precious.

He made up his mind to go at once to the King of France, who had written an encouraging letter. But he went first to La Rabida, to take James from the care of Father Perez and leave him with little Fernando, in his wife's hands, at Cordova. We may imagine the grief of the good Franciscan, to see his friend, after so many years of patient hope, return with his prayer unheard. He called in the learned village doctor, Garcia Hernandez, and they put Columbus steadily through his proofs, with the objections to them and solutions, like another Junta of Salamanca. The monk and the physician were both completely convinced. Father Perez felt that it was time for prompt action. As the former confessor of the Queen, he felt that he could speak and be listened to, and so he wrote a letter to Isabella; but he was determined that it should be placed without delay in her royal hands, and they sent it accordingly by the hands of Sebastian Rodriguez, an experienced sailor and a trusty envoy. It found the Queen at Santa Fé.

In a fortnight Rodriguez returned with an invitation to the Franciscan Father and a message of encouragement to Columbus. The poor monk had no mule of his own to sad-

dle, as our Irving supposed, so Columbus had to borrow one for him. He obtained the ear of the Queen, and his pleading was irresistible. Columbus was summoned to Court anew, but now fate was hanging over the famous city of Granada, and all things human might wait a few days to watch the death agony of a war that had lasted for eight hundred years. He arrived just in time to witness the memorable surrender of that Capital to the Spanish arms. On the 2nd of January 1492, he beheld Boabdil, the last of the Moorish Kings, sally forth from Alhambra, and yield up the keys of that favorite seat of Moslem power; while Ferdinand and Isabella, with all the chivalry and magnificence of Spain, moved forward in proud and solemn procession, to receive this token of submission. The air resounded with shouts of joy, songs of triumph, and hymns of thanksgiving. The Cross had finally triumphed over the Crescent, and the power of the Arabian Prophet was forever destroyed in the beautiful plains and valleys of Andalusia.

During this brilliant and triumphant scene, remarks an elegant Spanish writer, "a man, obscure and but little known followed the Court. Confounded in the crowd of importunate applicants, and feeding his imagination, in the corners of antechambers, with the pompous project of discovering a world, he was melancholy and dejected in the midst of the general rejoicing, and beheld with indifference, almost with contempt, the conclusion of a conquest which swelled all bosoms with jubilee, and seemed to have reached the utmost bounds of desire. That man was Christopher Columbus."

In the midst of the rejoicings, Isabella kept her promise, and sent for Columbus. She had full faith in him. She accepted his project, but the terms had to be agreed upon and it so happened that the Bishop of Avila was appointed to arrange them. Years of waiting had not changed the exalted views of Columbus. To Talavera's narrow mind, the price was too high to pay. "A beggar," said he, "made conditions like a king to monarchs." The Queen, against her better judgment, was even persuaded to tell Columbus that his demands were too large, and he took his departure. Spain

would not pay the price, and the price could not be altered !

But Columbus was incomparably greater than any monarch of his age, and what were his conditions ? As became him, they were not insignificant. He asked to be made an Admiral at once, to be appointed Viceroy of the countries he should discover, and to have an eighth of all the profits of the expedition. The best way of accounting for the extent of these demands and his perseverance, in making them—even to the risk, of total failure—is that the discovery of the Indies was but a step in his mind to what seemed to him a far grander undertaking ; namely, raising a large army and making another crusade for the recovery of the Holy Land from the dominion of the infidel Turk. If we would not entirely misunderstand Columbus, we must constantly remember the *lofty motives* that guided his life's labors. To him the great things of this world were very trifling. His piercing glance analyzed them, and stripped them of all illusion. He looked beyond the stars. God, Heaven, Religion—these were the supernatural ideas that filled that capacious intellect, raising it far above the low plain of common thoughts, thus imparting an iron resolution to a will naturally strong, and giving marvellous elevation to a character naturally grand and fearless. The discoverer of America was, indeed, a true Catholic son of the old Crusaders—pious and enthusiastic as Peter the Hermit, bold as the Cœur de Lion, patient and dauntless as Godfrey de Bouillon, and a partaker in the holy wisdom of St. Louis and St. Bernard.

Columbus now mounted his mule and rode from Santa Fé in the direction of Cordova, fully convinced, at last, that *eighteen* good years of life had been spent to no purpose, and that he would have to begin all over again at some other Court, the thankless task of suing for the loan of three little ships and a handful of men ; for this was really all that he had asked the Spanish sovereigns to pay him in advance. The haughty demands which the Bishop of Avila could not brook depended upon the success of a design which, if it were ever realized, would make Ferdinand and Isabella the debtors of their long-suffering petitioner beyond all their

power to pay him back. A vice-royalty to him and his heirs in the event of great discoveries, would not be deemed an excessive recompense, and in the event of slight success or failure would not press heavily upon the donors.

If he was human, Columbus must have included in one grand sweeping condemnation Court and courtiers, learned men and selfish politicians ; and even Isabella could scarcely hope to escape censure. His feelings as he rode away would be worth the analysis, but he kept them to himself, and conjecture unsupported by word or sign is to little purpose. A man of his deep, earnest temperament would need all his Christian philosophy to bear up against such a disappointment. But he never lost faith in his cause, for he felt that the cause was God's, in Whose hands are the hearts of rulers, and the destinies of nations.

Fortunately for Isabella, the Bishop of Avila was not the only counsellor at hand. Luis de St. Angel, Receiver of Ecclesiastical Revenues, and Alonzo de Quintanilla, Comptroller-General of Finance, at whose house Columbus had been staying, were full of grief. St. Angel rushed into the presence of the Queen, and in the fervor of his zeal for Christendom and Spain he even reproached her for the unworthy part she was playing under evil dictation. Isabella thanked him for his frankness. Alonzo de Quintanilla supported the remonstrance. Father John Perez was in the Queen's chapel close by on his knees before the Blessed Sacrament, praying with all his heart and soul that God, for the Five Sacred Wounds of Jesus, would vouchsafe to guide her decision.

Her eyes were opened. The thought of the vast interests at stake darted into her mind with the force of an inspiration, and her resolve was formed. No power on earth could change it then, not even her husband's unwillingness to move in the matter; for she was a sovereign in her own right, and as such, and for her own crown of Castile, she undertook the enterprise, and as the war had drained the royal coffers of Castile, she was ready to pledge her jewels to raise the funds required. "I undertake it," exclaimed this

noble and generous lady, "for my own crown, of Castile, and I will pledge my jewels to raise the necessary funds!" This was the brightest moment in the life of Isabella. It stamped her renown forever as the patroness of the discovery of the New World.

The money, however, was a very small consideration at that stage of the proceedings. Ferdinand of Aragon agreed to lend to Isabella of Castile the sum required, and in due time was careful to exact repayment. An officer was sent in haste to overtake Columbus. When he came up with him at the bridge of Pinos, two leagues from Granada, his first summons failed to induce the fugitive to retrace his steps; but as soon as Columbus heard of Isabella's noble declaration, he turned his mule, and hastened back to Sante Fé. And well he might.

This illustrious Catholic Queen had set aside the verdict of the Junta, representing as it did the learning of Spain; she had rejected the advice of her confessor, to which she usually showed a ready deference; she had acted against the opinion of Ferdinand, whose wishes at other times had for her the force of laws. Surely she deserved that her royal word, once given, should be trusted. Good Father Perez, now that his prayer had been so fully heard, fancied his work was done, and hurried back to his convent of La Rabida; but it was only as the event showed, to make himself scarcely less useful to Columbus by his business-like co-operation at Palos than by his valuable prayers at Sante Fé.

Columbus was now almost another man. He was high in favor. Indeed, the Queen gave him so warm a welcome that it was evident she wished to make amends for all past neglect. No more time was taken up in haggling about terms. All that had been asked for was conceded without a word, and Isabella, with delicate thoughtfulness, gracefully added to the more formal grant a personal favor which must have been particularly grateful to a sensitive and wounded spirit, appointing Don James' one of the pages of honor to

¹ Columbus' eldest son.

Prince John, a distinction coveted for their sons by the highest grandees of Spain.

The terms of agreement were, with all convenient dispatch, drawn up by the Queen's secretary, and Ferdinand affixed his signature conjointly, according to the Articles of Marriage, but he took no further interest in the matter, and Isabella singly was the life and soul of the whole enterprise. It was to the following effect:—

The favors which Christopher Columbus has asked from the King and Queen of Spain, in recompense of the discoveries which he has made in the ocean seas, and as recompense for the voyages, which he is about to undertake are the following—

1. He wishes to be made admiral of the seas and countries which he is about to discover. He desires to hold the dignity during his life, and that it should descend to his heirs.

This request is granted by the King and Queen.

2. Christopher Columbus wishes to be made viceroy of all the countries and islands.

Granted by the King and Queen.

3. He wishes to have a share, amounting to a tenth part, of the profits of all merchandise—be it pearls, jewels, or any other things—that may be found, gained, bought, or exported from the countries which he is to discover.

Granted by the King and Queen.

4. He wishes, in his quality of admiral, to be made sole judge of all mercantile matters that may be the occasion of dispute in the countries which he is to discover.

Granted by the King and Queen, on the condition, however, that this jurisdiction should belong to the office of admiral, as held by Don Enriquez and other admirals.

5. Christopher Columbus wishes to have the right to contribute the eighth part of the expenses of all ships, which traffic in the new countries, and in return to earn the eighth part of the profits.

Granted by the King and Queen.

SANTA FÉ, in the Vega of Granada, April 17th, 1492.

This agreement was written by Almazan, and signed by the secretary, Colona.

One of the great objects held out by Columbus in his undertakings, was the propagation of the Catholic faith. He expected to find barbarous and infidel nations in the unknown parts of the east, and to visit the territories of the Grand Khan, whose conversion had in former times been an object of pious missions. The Spanish sovereigns concurred with him in these ideas, and, when he afterwards departed on his voyage, they actually gave him letters addressed to the Grand Khan of Tartary.

Isabella without delay, issued her orders for the necessary arrangements. It happened that the little seaport of Palos, which Columbus knew so well, had been for some misconduct condemned to furnish to the Crown one year's service of two caravels, armed and manned. Advantage was taken of this existing obligation, and the caravels were now required to be in readiness in ten days, and to be placed at the disposal of Columbus. This might be a saving of actual expense, but it was an unwise economy, for it gave to what, at the best, would have been a sufficiently unpopular commission, the character of a penal conscription, and this upon an occasion when volunteers were most desirable, and forced men were sure to prove dangerous and possibly altogether unmanagable.¹

The royal mandate was read to the natives of Palos in the Church of St. George by the notary public, on the requisition of Columbus, who was accompanied as a matter of course, by the Franciscan Guardian, Father Perez. The authorities signified their submission; but seamen had wills of their own, and when they knew the nature of the service for which they were ordered to hold themselves in readiness, they showed extreme repugnance to give in their names. Not even a royal order, or the promise of immunity from legal prosecution and of four months' pay at a higher rate

¹ "The ship of Columbus," says Helpe, was, therefore, a refuge for criminals and runaway debtors, a cave of Adullam for the discontented and the desperate. To have to deal with such a community was not one of the least of Columbus' difficulties."

than usual, to be made in advance at the time of embarkation, could induce men to offer themselves for so mad a venture as a voyage due west into the vast and gloomy ocean. They valued their lives, and they did not wish to be sent off on a fool's errand, or agree to make up a forlorn hope for anybody's asking. Nor were these timid landsmen, but bold and hardy sailors.

CHAPTER III.

THE PATH THAT LED TO A NEW WORLD.

Obstacles in the way of preparation—Great services of Father Perez—The Pinzons—The three vessels—Religious preparations—Scenes at the departure—"The sea! the sea! the open sea!"—Terror produced by a volcano—Fears, dangers, and adventures of the voyage—A New World found—Ceremony of taking possession—The natives—Cuba and Hayti—Romantic incidents—Shipwreck—The erection of the fortress of La Navidad—Adieu to America.

Often have gifted pens recounted the story of this celebrated voyage—the most celebrated in the history of discovery. But never can it become threadbare, never can it cease to possess a thrilling interest for all, who can admire the heroic, for all, who love the good, the beautiful, the sublime.

It is, in truth, suggestive to think that the little port of Palos, in Andalusia, was assigned to Columbus, as the headquarters of organization for the expedition, and the point of departure for his squadron. There he first found a true friend in Spain. The idea discussed in the monastery of La Rabida, near Palos, by Father John Perez and Dr. Garcia Hernandez, when they first talked with Columbus, was thus brought home to them once more; and the learned Franciscan himself was going to preside over all the preparations, and see from his own hermitage, the first sail of his friend, spread towards that unknown world, which they had already contemplated together, with the keen, bright eye of faith and genius.

In spite of the kindness and authority of Isabella, many unforeseen obstacles threw themselves in the way of success.

The very beginning was up-hill work. The first proclamation was on the 23d of May, 1492. On the 20th of June more peremptory orders were issued, empowering the magistrates on the coast of Andalusia to press into the service at their discretion, any Spanish ships with their crews. John De Peñalosa was sent to enforce the execution with pains and penalties, and acting upon his orders, he at once seized a vessel named the *Pinta*, joint property of two citizens of Palos, who gave themselves up for lost and cursed the Genoese adventurer. It was no easy matter to fit out the *Pinta*. Materials were not forthcoming; ship-carpenters were opportunely indisposed: every obstacle, which ingenuity could devise was thrown in Peñalosa's way. He did not make happy progress. Three ships were wanted, and as yet he had but one.

If it had not been for the active help of that first and firmest friend, the Father Guardian of La Rabida, Columbus might have seen his cherished project fall through finally, not for want of letters patent, but *for want of men*. A Franciscan by his vocation is at home among the poor. Father Perez, sometimes with and sometimes without his friend, made his rounds among the townspeople of Palos. Both his position and his personal character made him welcome and gave him influence. He maintained the feasibility of the voyage and made light of imaginary terrors; nor did he fail, priest as he was and speaking to Catholics, to insinuate motives of a loftier kind than mere thirst for discovery or desire of profit. He was defending his own profound convictions all the time. He was thinking also of souls to be saved, far away beyond that mysterious ocean, which barred them from the light of the Gospel. If he could not communicate to lesser souls the noble confidence he felt himself, at least, he did much to weaken prejudice and soften down hostility; and when glorious success had crowned that westward voyage, his energetic efforts were gratefully remembered.

One service, rendered by Father Perez in Palos, was the introduction of Columbus to Martin Alonso Pinzon. The

meeting would assuredly have taken place in any case, but we may reasonably doubt, in the first place, whether the Pinzon family would have entered so warmly into the views of Columbus, and in the second place, whether they would have been able to overcome the reluctance of uneducated sailors, if Father Perez had not brought his scientific reputation and his local popularity to the aid of the stranger. Peñalosa, with his royal warrant to impound ships and impress sailors, would soon have made Columbus an object of general execration. The Pinzons might have shared the common feeling, or might have had little power to allay it. It is not necessary to determine the exact value of the Franciscan's intervention, but there can be no doubt, that he once again made himself very useful at a critical moment.

The three brothers Pinzon, all experienced mariners, lived in the best house at Palos. Martin Alonzo, the eldest, had lately returned from Rome with seemingly some fresh information, which predisposed him to favor the idea of Columbus. He brought a map given him by one of Innocent VIII.'s librarians, upon which an unnamed land was marked in the far west. Whether it be that some of the many floating ideas, such as had already arrived at some definiteness of conception in the brain of Father John Perez, had taken shape also in the mind of the Pope's librarian; or, by a still more simple hypothesis, that Dr. Paul Toscanelli, who was a frequent visitor in Rome, had mentioned the speculations of Columbus to the librarian or his friends, and that the map was constructed from the ideas so communicated, it is in any case easy to account for the existence of such a map at that time.¹

Martin Alonzo Pinzon entered heartily into the scheme, and agreed to accompany Columbus, and to provide a fine little caravel² named the *Niña*, with lateen-sails, belonging

¹ Humboldt sneers at the idea that any such map ever existed, and even accuses Pinzon and Columbus of having concocted the story to deceive the simple sailors. This is ridiculous. It is a *fact* that the map existed; and certainly the ill-natured sneers of a great man cannot disprove this fact. Those who read Humboldt on Columbus will do well to remember that the knowledge and infallibility of the German savant are by no means equal to his bigotry and dogmatism.

² A kind of light, round, and old-fashioned ship, with a square poop, rigged like a galley, and not much above a hundred tons in burden—formerly used by the Spaniards and Portuguese.—*Webster*.

to Vincent Yañez Pinzon—the youngest of the three brothers—who made himself famous in the sequel, as the discoverer of Yucatan, and as the first of the Spanish captains who crossed the equinoctial line. Columbus had engaged to furnish an eighth part of the expenses, and the brothers Pinzon enabled him to fulfil his engagement.

Public opinion now began to change. For the demand made on it, Palos offered as a second vessel a carack¹ named the *Galleya*, large, heavy, and very solid. She had four masts, was decked throughout, and her long boat is said to have been thirty feet in length. Although unsuited for the service assigned her, neither Columbus, nor his counsellor, Father Perez, dared to refuse her, fearing to add to delay already too greatly extended. Rapidly she was equipped. Columbus even chose her for the erection of his pavilion as admiral, but he first changed her name. Placing the ship under the protection of the Immaculate Virgin, he had her blessed and called the *Santa Maria*.²

Thus the expedition consisted of three vessels—the *Santa Maria*, the *Pinta*, and the *Niña*—each having a good armament and provisions for a year.

The *Santa Maria* carried sixty-six persons. Among these, in order of rank, were *Christopher Columbus* as commander-in-chief and grand Admiral of the Ocean; his nephew by marriage, the *Hon. James de Arana*; *Peter Gutierrez*, the king's yeoman of the stores; *Roderic Sanchez*, controller of the armament; *Roderic de Escovedo*, the notary royal; *Bernard de Tapia*, the historiographer of the expedition; *Lewis de Torrez*, a converted Jew, who knew Latin, Greek, Hebrew, Arabic, Coplia, and Arminian, as interpreter of the expedition; *Castillo*, a goldsmith from Seville, as the official metallurgist; *Dr. Alonzo and Dr. Juan* composed the board of health. There were also several pilots, and among the crew was an Irishman named *William*

¹ A large ship of burden, such as the Portuguese formerly used in trading to the East Indies.—*Weber*.

² It is worthy of notice that the chief vessel of the small squadron by which Columbus discovered America, was named the *Holy Mary*.

Rice. Of those on board the *Santa Maria*, none were from Palos.

Martin Alonzo Pinzon, with his brother Francis Martin Pinzon, for a lieutenant, had command of the *Pinta*, which numbered thirty on board, all from the neighborhood of Palos, except one, and that one the ill-fated Roderic de Triana. Even Dr. Garcia Hernandez, in spite of his close intimacy with Father Perez, sailed as surgeon in the *Pinta*, not in the *Santa Maria*, so that there was evidently an arrangement in virtue of which the men of the expedition were divided into those from Palos and Moguer and those from other places, Columbus commanding the latter division and the two brothers Pinzon the former.

The *Niña*, commanded by Vincent Yañez Pinzon, carried the remainder of the Palos contingent, twenty-four souls.

It cannot be doubted that in finishing his review of the equipage, Columbus, as was his custom, made an address, and that yielding to the emotions of his heart, he spoke to his hardy hearers of God, into whose hands they were about to commit their souls, and the fate of the expedition.

Fear and danger turned their hearts to Heaven. Each confessed his sins, and obtained absolution. With Columbus at their head, the crews marched in procession to the monastery of La Rabida, to implore the divine assistance, and to put themselves under the special protection of the Most Blessed Virgin. Mass was said, and from the hands of Father Perez they all received Holy Communion—true bread of Saints and heroes.

Before departing, Columbus took his son James from the convent of La Rabida, and sent him under convoy to his wife Beatrix, at Cordova, having himself called there on his way from Santa Fé. Having thus carefully provided for all that was dearest to him in this world, the Admiral shut up in his "cell" to wait for a good east wind. He had previously spent the chief part of his time in the Franciscan monastery, leaving the lesser details of arrangement to the Pinzons, who were in every way competent to undertake the direction, and who had too large a stake in the enterprise to

be suspected of negligence. Everything was ready, the baggage on board, and the signal flag flying. No one was allowed to step ashore except the Admiral himself, and he was to be summoned as soon as the first breeze should begin to blow. He was at this period a member of the Third Order of St. Francis, and it is probable that he had only a short time previously been enrolled. He attended choir. His favorite book was the Gospel of St. John. We may well imagine that his own meditations would have had, at such a time, a tinge of sublimity.

“The morning is breaking on Palos bay,
On its town, and wharf, and ramparts grey,
On three barks at their moorings that gallantly ride,
With the towers of Castile on their flags of pride.”

It was about three o'clock in the morning on Friday, the 3rd of August, 1492. Columbus was awakened by the rustling of the tall pines, whose tops were agitated by the land breeze; and at once the keen, practised ear of the veteran mariner recognized the expected favorable wind. Quitting his cell, he quietly rapped at the door of the Father Guardian. The Brother Sacristan was soon up, and the candles lit, preparatory to the celebration of Holy Mass. On board the caravels, the watch-guards might, through the stately pine-trees, see the high window-panes of La Rabida shine at that unusual hour. While the community was peacefully slumbering, Columbus, with gentle step, entered the chapel of Our Lady. For him it was a morning of joy and deep solemnity. Father Perez, robed in his sacerdotal vestments, ascended the steps of the altar, and offered up the august Sacrifice for an intention, perhaps until then, unheard of since the institution of the Blessed Eucharist. At the time of Holy Communion, Columbus received the Bread of angels by way of *viaticum*.

Thanksgiving over, the Admiral and the priest noiselessly passed out of the convent, and, absorbed in thought and silence, wended their way, perhaps, down the declivity that leads to Palos. The last stars still glittered in the sky, and the first faint glimmerings of dawn began to appear in the

east. Together they arrived at the town; and without delay the cutter of the *Santa Maria* was seen approaching the shore to receive the Admiral. The inmates of the neighboring houses were awakened by the shrill voices of the pilots and boatswains. In a moment doors and windows flew open. "They go!" "They go!" resounded from house to house. Mothers and sisters, wives and children hurried to the quay with mingled sighs and sobs and tears. Friends and relations threw themselves into the barks to bid a sad adieu—perhaps, the last forever! It was a touching scene. Columbus pressed the Father Guardian to his heart, bid a silent farewell, and, with tears in his great eyes, stepped into the waiting cutter. On reaching the *Santa Maria*, he was received with all the honors due to an Admiral of Castile. He ascended the poop, and took a careful glance at the arrangements. The sign was given, the boats hoisted aboard, and the anchors drawn up to the prows. Columbus waved a final adieu to his friend, Father Perez, and the crowd on the shore, took his place on the quarter-deck, and with a loud voice ordered the sails to be unfurled in the name of Jesus Christ. Every eye in Palos gazed anxiously on the white canvass, as the little squadron pushed out to sea, and rapidly sped on its dangerous journey.

Columbus was now fairly afloat. The great work was really commenced. Eighteen years of weary toil, and suffering, and watching, and waiting had passed away, the white hairs of fifty-seven winters crowned his manly, and venerable head, and now

"With the world all before him,
And providence his guide,"

he began anew to battle with man and tempest, on the broad bosom of the unknown and mysterious Atlantic. His choice was made, and his Guide did not fail him.¹ After ordering the sails to be unfurled, this greatest of Admirals entered his cabin, and with pen in hand, opened the Journal of his voy-

¹ The following sentence sums up a great truth in relation to the Discoverer of America—a truth too often forgotten by his biographers: "The superiority of Columbus, of his genius, and of his grandeur, was owing to his religious faith.—*Count de Lorgues*."

age. The first words he wrote were: "*In nomine Domini nostri Jesu Christi.*"¹

Of the one hundred and twenty men on the three vessels there was but *one* calm brow, *one* heart that knew not fear, *one* mind "constant as the northern star." Though no longer young, this extraordinary man was convinced that his life yet lay before him, and felt within himself the youth of hope and an immortal future. But he was well aware that even then little was needed to ruin everything. If his men refused to sail forward, what could he do? In many breasts the old reluctance had been only smothered, not properly quenched, and the smouldering fire of disaffection might burst into flames at the slightest provocation. On Monday the *Pinta* ran up a signal of distress. The rudder was disabled. The same thing had occurred before in the course of the preparations, and it was clearly a trick of the owners—who were on board—to force a return. They were ready to sacrifice a part to save the whole. Martin Alonzo Pinzon patched up the rudder temporarily, and Columbus steered for the Canaries. He tried for three weeks to pick up another vessel, but failing, had to content himself with refitting the *Pinta*. The *Niña* was fresh rigged with square sails. Danger followed danger. Three Portuguese caravels were in waiting at Ferro to stop further progress; but Columbus would delay no longer, and, on the 6th of September, he set sail and boldly struck out to sea without meeting any of his supposed enemies.

After leaving the Canaries, the hearts of the sailors were stricken with terror at the sight of the volcano of Teneriffe, an eruption from which was just then filling the sea and sky

¹ Unhappily this historic Journal is lost. There remains but an abstract of it made by Bishop Láz Cárdenas.

The good Bishop had not a poetical temperament like Columbus, and could not in the least appreciate flights of fancy, so under the idea that it was doing good service, instead of multiplying copies of the Journal of Columbus and securing the safe transmission of an original work of incalculable value he detached the hard facts from the accompanying commentary, and a sort of log-book is the result. Hard facts to him were precious stones, and comments even by Columbus were tinsel setting. The Journal has perished, and only the compendium remains. The preamble of the Journal, however, is extant; and from it may be guessed what a treasure has been lost. *Father Knight, S. J.*

This preamble can be found in Irving. Vol. I. Book III.

with a lurid glare. They thought they beheld in this the flaming sword of the Angelic Guard who drove the first man out of Paradise, waving before the sons of men to warn them from the entrance of these forbidden seas and shores. Columbus went from ship to ship, in order to dispel the general panic, and to explain scientifically to those simple men, the physical laws which govern this seemingly awful phenomenon. But when the peak of Teneriffe disappeared beneath the horizon, the mariners bemoaned its loss with a degree of sorrow equal to their former fear. For them it was the last sea-mark, the last beacon of the old world; and in losing sight of it they seemed to have lost the very traces of their route across a now immeasurable space. They felt as if detached from this earth altogether, and as sailing through the ether of the planet. A general prostration of soul and body seized upon them, and they were as spectres who had lost their very tombs! Once more the Admiral gathered them around him and tried, in words soft and eloquent, to infuse into their souls some of his fire and energy.

But the distance alone was enough to terrify the crews. In order to keep them in ignorance of the extent sailed over, Columbus was accustomed every night in calculating the day's progress to subtract a part of the distance, thus keeping two reckonings—the correct one for his own private use, the other to satisfy the enquiries of his officers and seamen. The sequel showed the worldly wisdom of the contrivance.

When the squadron had sailed about two hundred leagues west of Teneriffe, a new and most singular phenomenon began to puzzle the Admiral.¹ Gladly would he have concealed it

¹ On the 13th of September the genius of Columbus endured a rude shock. His attentive eye notices the earliest sign of magnetic variation. It was the *first* time, since the commencement of history that the like observation was made. The Admiral remarked, at nightfall, that the magnetic needle, in place of pointing to the north star became directed to the northwest; and that early the next day the variation was greater.—*De Lorgues*.

Some writers on science hold that magnetic variation was known before the time of Columbus. In support of this they refer to the Latin letter of Peter Adsigier, written in 1569, and contained in a volume of Mss. in the library of the University of Leyden. It is true that in this letter Adsigier distinctly refers to the variation of the needle; but it is yet an open question whether the letter itself is authentic.

The early history of the compass is shrouded in obscurity. It seems that the attractive power of the loadstone over small pieces of iron was known from remote antiquity. It is clearly re-

from all his companions. This was the *variation* of the needle of the compass—his last and hitherto infallible guide—which now seemed to fail him on the borders of an unknown hemisphere. For a few days he carried in his own mind, this secret and terrible misgiving; but the pilots who visited the binnacle as anxiously as himself, soon noticed these singular variations. Sharing fully in his astonishment, but less determined to brave nature herself in the prosecution of their enterprise, they concluded that on the border of illimitable space, even the elements themselves were no longer governed by invariable laws. Pale and terrified they gave utterance to their doubts, and resigned their ships to the mercy of the winds and waves, as thenceforth their only guides. All the sailors were filled with consternation on perceiving the panic which had seized the pilots. Columbus—who had vainly endeavored to satisfy his own mind on the reason of a phenomenon¹ which may be ranked among the mysteries of science—now had recourse to that rich and lively imagination with which as an internal compass, Heaven had gifted him. He invented for these untutored minds a hasty explanation. He told them that the direction of the needle was not to the pole star, but to some fixed and invisible point. The variation, therefore, was not caused by any fallacy in the compass, but by the movement of the north star itself, which, like other heavenly bodies, he said, had its changes and revolutions, and every day described a circle around the pole. The high opinion the sailors entertained of Columbus as a profound astronomer gave weight to his theory, and their alarm subsided.

The change of the constellation also helped to alarm them. All things were strange—a new earth and a new sky and

ferred to by Homer and Aristotle. St. Augustine mentions a statue suspended in the air in a temple at Alexandria. But it is certain that this great invention was known in the twelfth century, about the year 1150. This is proved by notices of it in various authors particularly in an old French poem called *La Bible Guyot*. Cardinal De Vitri, who wrote about the year 1200, mentions the magnetic needle in his history of Jerusalem. It is generally stated, however, that an Italian, named Flavio Gioja, who lived in the thirteenth century, was the inventor of the mariner's compass.

¹ On the history of the compass and the theories of magneticism, see Art. "Magnetism" in *Encyclopædia Britannica*, Vol. XIV., Art. "Terrestrial magnetism," Appleton's *America Cyclopædia*, Vol. XI.

new laws of nature. Columbus, however, seemed to know no fear, or only to fear the fears of his companions. A magnificent meteor filled him with admiration, but the crews, with terror. His trust was not in compass or constellations, but in the guiding hand of God and in a Star of the Sea shining from a higher heaven than the eyes of the body could reach. The standard of the Cross was floating overhead to disconcert the spirits of darkness and to rectify all malignant influences of the elements, and every evening the sound of the *Salve Regina* and the *Ave Maris Stella* sanctified those vast solitudes where never from creation's dawn the voice of man had sounded until then—

They were the first that ever burst
Into that silent sea.

The Admiral shut himself up at stated times every day, to make his meditation and recite his office, like a Franciscan. He was pretty nearly all the remainder of the day and night at his station on the poop, keeping watch. The weather was charming, the trade wind steady, and the progress rapid. But the hearts of the wanderers sank within them. The fair wind began to be the chief of all their ocean terrors. They were driving along before the breeze gaily to their doom, for if the wind blew always from the east they could never sail back!

Already, towards the end of September, the crews were ripe for mutiny. Argument had been exhausted; authority was little regarded. No effort was made to disguise the general discontent. But Columbus held on his course. The wind shifted to the west, to the immense relief of all. Next day, a calm ensued. Then light breezes came and went. As the caravels advanced slowly they encountered great masses of sea-weed, for they had arrived at the *Mar de Sargasso*, where, over an extent of surface which Humboldt declares, to be more than seven times the area of France, the ocean plain is thickly covered with floating verdure, and sometimes resembles a vast undulating meadow. At first the greater abundance of sea-weed was noticed with delight,

as a sign that the land was not far away. Then great fears began to be felt lest, perchance, the only land might be found to be those hidden ledges and drowned islands, of which many fearful tales were told. Serious alarm reigned in the minds of the crews. They believed they had got to those endless swamps of the ocean, which were said, to serve as boundaries to the world, and as tombs for the curiosity of those, who dared to enter them. The crowds of plants growing in infinite numbers, presented the aspect of an unbounded marsh, which the Almighty Creator had placed as a limit in the ocean, in order to stop the temerity of mankind.

The most fearless turned pale. It seemed, as if, these indescribable latitudes had been marked, as the last limit of navigation, and that this small herbage, becoming more and more dense and matted, the caravels would soon be completely in its bounds, and return would be impossible. Might they not also become the prey of sea-monsters, hidden under that verdure? Might not famine soon stare them in the face, as during the conflict of their prows with the herbage, their sea stores would become exhausted, little by little? Thus questioned the sailors, their heads being freely haunted with frightful visions, the natural consequences of stories heard in other days, around the fireside, during the long watchings of winter. They had heard of the submarine giant, of the north, of the terrible Kraken who with one arm embraced the White Sea, while with the other he grasped the German Ocean! Nor did they forget the nameless monsters, that eat seamen and dragged ships into whirlpools! Even the gigantic *roc* of the Arabians, might some day suddenly pounce down on them from the air. It was represented as moving on immense wings in those distant latitudes; and the story went, that it could seize with its bill, not only a man or a bark, but even a large ship with all its equipage. This dreadful bird was said to soar, with its vast burdens up to the clouds, and from that dizzy height amused itself by tearing and breaking them to pieces, and letting them fall—men, and masts, and planks—into the hideous waves of the

gloomy and boundless ocean ! Now, at last, they had reached the place of their doom. No breath was in the air, no ripple marked the green sea, which stretched away without limit—a level plain on every side. They felt that they had brought their fate upon themselves, and had themselves to thank. Had they not really known all the time that such a voyage was the extreme of madness ?

Fortunately, the surface did not long remain smooth : great billows rose and fell, and the phantom of perpetual stagnation vanished, as the phantom of perpetual east wind had done. On the 25th of September, the *Pinta* being close to the *Santa Maria*, Martin Alonzo Pinzon, deceived by a cloud upon the horizon, cried out, "Land ! land ! I claim the prize." All his crew were shouting with joy ; the men of the *Niña* ran up the rigging for a better view, and confirmed the announcement. Columbus fell on his knees, and intoned the *Gloria in excelsis*. When the mistake was discovered, the revulsion of feeling was terrible. Signs of land for the next few days kept a glimmering hope alive ; but the distance which severed them from the world of human beings—580 leagues they were told,¹ but really 707, as Columbus well knew—seemed to shut out all chances of return.

Nor must it be imagined that these mariners were without stout hearts ; but what a daring thing it was to plunge, down-hill, as it were, into

"A world of waves, a sea without a shore,
Trackless, and vast, and wild,"

mocked day after day with signs of land that neared not. They had left at home all that is dearest to man here below, and did not bring out any great idea to uphold them, and had done enough to make them important men in their towns, and to furnish ample talk for the evenings of their lives.

Still we find Columbus, as late as the 3d of October saying "that he did not choose to stop beating about last week

¹ "On the first of October, at daybreak, writes the Count de Lorgues, the lieutenant of service, with an accent of terror which he could not control, declared that they had made 578 leagues westward from the Island of Ferro. This figure cast the crews into the greatest dejection."

during those days that they had such signs of land, although he had knowledge of their being certain islands in that neighborhood, because he would not suffer any detention, since his object was to go to the Indies; and if he should stop on the way it would show a want of mind."

During all this long voyage the Admiral held communion only with his own thoughts, the stars, and Heaven, under whose protection he felt himself to be. Almost without sleep, he spent his days in his cabin, taking note of the degrees, the latitudes and distance he reckoned he had passed, in characters, no one but himself could decipher; and spent his nights on deck, beside the pilots, studying the stars and the appearance of the sea. He was almost utterly alone. Like Moses of old, leading God's people through the desert, his pensive gravity impressed his companions with a mingled respect, distrust and fear, which held them aloof from him. And thus lived the discoverer of America in that state of solitude and separation which is frequently the fate of men superior to their fellows in object, grasp of mind, and grandeur of idea.

"The sea is always fine," wrote Columbus in his Journal; "be infinite thanks given to God." But he was now fated to need all his strength and presence of mind. The hour of trial and fearful test was at hand. The illusion of land seen but never found, and the iron purpose of Columbus in pursuing his way without turning either to the right or the left, exasperated the officers who counselled a different course. Murmurings were changed into hatred. The crews daily grew more and more sullen—a mark of the greatest discouragement. Unknown to the officers, the sailors would gather in groups of three or four to console one another. These meetings grew more frequent. Discontent became general. Soon no pains were taken to disguise their pent-up feelings of fear and wrath. As spaniards they naturally detested this eccentric *foreigner*, who had madly resolved, they said, to find what only existed in his over-heated imagination. In order to be able to speak ill of him—even in his very presence—they gave him the nicknames of "*braggart*"

and "*humbug*." The old sailors whispered to one another that he was a fool. All agreed that to push on further was to go to certain destruction.

Was it right, they said, that one hundred and twenty men—most of them Castilians—should perish through the whims of this dreaming Genoese? Never! He must be told to turn back to Spain; and in case of his refusal—why heave him into the sea which he so much admired. This rigorous course was unavoidable. Necessity knew no law. Then, it would be easy on their return to publish that he fell of accident into the ocean, while observing the stars. There was even a secret agreement between the crews of the three caravels. This conspiracy had almost every sailor as an accomplice, while it had nobody as chief.

The captains' of the *Pinta* and *Niña* were not ignorant of the plot which was hatching against the Admiral, but their superior intelligence prevented them from participating in the fears of the common seamen. They carefully abstained, however, from saying a word. But, it appears, that many times, in their communications with Columbus, the three Pinzons by their lofty airs and haughty proceedings made him sorely feel their strength, and his own unhappy isolation.

The evening of the 10th of October—two days before Columbus doubted the size of the world's map—saw the crews in a state of open revolt. Their feelings, so long dammed up, now burst forth like the roar of a cataract. Each night, according to the Admiral's orders, the three vessels drew quite close to each other; and, in the present instance, no sooner had they drawn near than the Pinzons followed by their men, all armed, jumped on the deck of Columbus' ship, and with fury in their looks, and steel in their hands loudly summoned him at once to turn the prows of the caravels to Castile. His own crew and pilots—even the crown officers and his wife's nephew—had joined in the revolt. He was "alone against all!" He had exhausted words; besides terror-stricken men neither hear nor reason. Yet this great

¹ The Pinzons.

man, equal to every emergency, calmed the fury of those rebellious spirits; but far from yielding to their demands he boldly declared in a tone of authority which only a hero of iron resolution can assume, that their complaints were in vain—that he had started to go to the Indies—and that neither man nor devil could turn him from his course until, with the assistance of Heaven, he would reach the shores he sought. Wonderful to relate this surging mass of enraged Spaniards became suddenly hushed before a lone man—a foreigner whom they detested! Philosophy cannot explain such a phenomenon. It stands alone in history. The finger of God was there.¹

Several writers go to the trouble of stating that Columbus, when threatened by his crews, promised to return if he did not find land in *three* days. This is a fiction. The keen and learned Count de Lorgues, after carefully examining the whole matter, declares that the assertions about the three-days promise, “are destitute of any foundation.”

Irving also writes: “There is no authority for such an assertion.”

From the dawn of the next morning, the supernatural aid which sustained him against such an outburst of wrath, became manifest. Though the breezes were soft and balmy, yet the sea swelled, and the speed of the caravels increased. Numbers of petrels were seen. A reed, a green bulrush, a small plank, a branch of a tree bearing some red fruit, and a stick which appeared to be carved with a knife, were observed on different occasions during the day. Such signs sustained the drooping hopes of the sailors.

The sun went down flaming into the vast and solitary ocean. Naught but the horizon on its pure azure were presented to the eye. No vapor indicated that land was near; but suddenly—as if by inspiration—Columbus changed his course somewhat, and ordered the helmsman to steer due west. As the caravels came together, all joined, according

¹ Writing of this event several months afterwards Columbus said that when his crews “were all resolved with one accord to return, and had revolted against him, setting at naught his threatenings, the eternal God gave him the strength and courage he needed, and sustained him alone against all.”

to custom, in singing the *Salve Regina*, at the conclusion of which the Admiral made them a touching discourse. He spoke of the mercy of that good God who had enabled them to reach seas never cut by keel before. He asked them to raise their hearts in gratitude, and vanquish their fears, for that the fulfillment of their hopes was near at hand. That very night, he said, would see the end of their memorable voyage. He finally recommended all to watch and pray as their eyes would behold land before morning. He ordered the pilots to lessen sail after midnight, and promised, besides the Queen's premium, to give a velvet doublet to the person who would first announce land. Columbus then returned to his cabin. What passed there in the secret of his heart has not been given to history.

The greatest animation prevailed throughout the ships; not an eye was closed that night. About ten o'clock, the Admiral mounted the poop. Scarcely had he got there, when his eagle glance seemed to discern a light glimmering in the distance. Fearing that his eager hopes might deceive him he called to one of his officers named Peter Gutierrez, and demanded whether he saw a light in that direction; the latter replied in the affirmative, Columbus, yet doubtful whether it might not be some delusion of the fancy, called Roderic Sanchez of Segovia, and made the same inquiry. By the time, however, the latter had ascended the round-house, the light had disappeared.

They saw it once or twice afterwards in sudden and passing gleams, as if it were a torch in the bark of a fisherman, rising and sinking with the waves; or in the hands of some person on shore, borne up and down as he walked from house to house. So transient and uncertain were these gleams, that few attached any importance to them. Columbus, however, considered them as certain signs of land, and, moreover, that the land was inhabited.

After midnight they proceeded cautiously, the *Pinta* being considerably in advance. Every eye was straining through the gloom—every heart throbbing. What must have been the feelings of the great and good man, whose

mind had schemed, whose single will had compassed, so sublime a deed? Before him wrapped in darkness, lay a world awaiting discovery of the light of morning! His name was now the heritage of fame. No history of mankind could pass him by unnoticed. God was to be glorified. The memory of that night would live till the end of time.

At two A. M., by the clock of the *Santa Maria*, a flash came from the *Pinta*, followed by a loud report—the signal gun. It was no false alarm this time Roderic de Triana a sailor on the *Pinta*, had sighted land. Columbus, at the sound of the gun fell on his knees and chanted the *Te Deum*, his men responded with full hearts. Then they went wild with joy. The Admiral ordered the sails to be furled, and the ships to be put in a state of defence, for it was impossible to say what the next daylight might reveal. His officers came crowding round to offer their congratulations and their genuine reverence. Now they no longer blamed his obstinacy, or spoke of his infatuation.

It was Friday,¹ the 12th of October, 1492. At dawn there was seen issuing from the mists, a flowery land whose groves, colored by the first golden rays of the morning sun, exhaled an unknown fragrance, and presented smiling scenes to the eye. In advancing, the men saw before them an island of considerable extent, level, and without any appearance of mountains. Thick forests bounded the horizon, and in the midst of a glade gleamed the pure and sparkling waters of a lake. Green willows and sunny avenues gave half glimpses into these mysteries of solitude, and revealed many a scattered dwelling, seeming by its rounded form and roof of dried leaves, to resemble a human hive, from which the curling smoke ascended in the air, greeting the glad sunbeams of that early hour. Groups of half naked men, women, and children, astonished rather than alarmed, came down amongst the trees upon the shore, now timidly advancing, and again returning, showing by their lively attitudes

¹ Friday—the day of the Redemption—was always a blessed day for Columbus. On Friday he sailed from Palos; on Friday he discovered America; on Friday he planted the first cross in the New World; and on Friday he re-entered Palos in triumph!

and gestures, mingled fear, curiosity, and admiration, at the sight of the ships and the strangers, which the previous night had sent them on the waves.

Columbus, after silently gazing upon the shore of that new land, so often pictured and so magnificently colored in his imagination, beheld it yet more beautiful than he had dreamed. Joy made his heart beat faster. He yearned impatiently to be the first to set a European foot upon these strange sands, and plant thereon the Cross and the Spanish flag, the standard of a conquest, made by his genius for God and his sovereigns. But he restrained his own anxiety, and that of his men to land, wishing to invest this taking possession of a New World, with all the solemnity befitting the greatest achievement ever accomplished by a navigator. Since human witnesses were wanting, he wished to call God and his angels, sea, and land, and sky, to bear testimony to his victory over the hitherto unknown world!

When all was ready, the anchors were let down, orders were given to man the boats, and Columbus with majestic countenance and great recollection—as one who walked in the presence of God—descended into his own cutter. He was richly attired in the costume of his dignities. A scarlet mantel hung from his shoulders, and he held displayed in his hand, the image of Jesus Christ, on the royal flag. The Captains of the *Pinta* and *Niña*, Martin Alonzo Pinzon and Vincent Yanez Pinzon, likewise put off their boats, each bearing the banner of the enterprise emblazoned with a green cross, and accompanied by a well-armed detachment.

With mute delight and all the elastic ardor of youth, the Admiral stepped on shore. Scarcely had he touched the new land, when he planted in it the standard of the Cross. His heart—great, noble heart that it was—swelled with gratitude. In adoration, he prostrated himself before God. Three times bowing his head, with tears in his eyes, he kissed the soil to which he was conducted by the divine goodness. The sailors participated in the emotions of their Commander, and kneeling, as he did, elevated a crucifix in the air. Raising his countenance towards Heaven, the gratitude

of his soul found expression in that beautiful prayer the first accents of which have been preserved by history :

*"Lord! Eternal and Almighty God! who by Thy sacred word hast created the heavens, the earth, and the seas, may Thy name be blessed and glorified everywhere. May Thy Majesty be exalted, who hast deigned to permit that by Thy humble servant, Thy sacred name should be made known and preached in this other part of the world."*¹

Standing up with great dignity, he displayed the standard of the Cross, offering up to Jesus Christ the first fruits of his discovery. Of himself he thought not. He wished to give all the glory to God, and he named the island *San Salvador*, which means "Holy Savior."

Columbus then drew his sword, and all the officers doing the same, he declared that he took possession of that land in the name of our Lord for the Crown of Castile. The notary royal was ordered to draw up the proceedings in prescribed form. He then called upon all present to take the oath of obedience to him as Admiral, Viceroy, and representative of Ferdinand and Isabella.

Not only did his lieutenants, his pilots, and his crews swear obedience to the Admiral, but they were overcome with wild joy, and filled with intense reverence for one whose wonderful glance had penetrated beyond the limits of the visible horizon, and whom they had so lately outraged by their blind rebellion. Overawed by his mental superiority, they now fell at his feet, kissed his hands and clothes, and, for a moment, recognized the dignity and true grandeur of genius. But yesterday, they considered themselves the victims of his obstinacy; to-day they felt they were the companions of his success—radiant with the glory against which they had so lately blasphemed! Such is human nature. Those who open the way to truth are persecuted, but the unthinking world gladly inherits their victories.

We shall now glance at the natives. When, at the dawn

¹ This prayer of Columbus was afterwards repeated by order of the Sovereigns of Castile, in subsequent discoveries. Cortés, Balboa, and others had to use it: officially.—*Count de Lorgues*.

of day, they had beheld the ships hovering on the coast, they supposed them to be some monsters, which had issued from the deep during the night. Their veering about, without any apparent effort, and the shifting and furling of their sails, resembling huge wings, filled them with astonishment. When they beheld the boats approach the shore, and a number of strange beings, clad in glittering steel, or raiment of various colors, landing upon the beach, they fled in affright to the woods. Finding, however, that there was no attempt to pursue or molest them, they gradually recovered from their terror, and approached the Spaniards with great awe, frequently prostrating themselves, and making signs of adoration.

During the ceremony of taking possession, they remained gazing, in timid admiration, at the complexion, the beards, the shining armour, and splendid dress of the Spaniards. The Admiral particularly attracted their attention, from his commanding height, his air of authority, his scarlet dress, and the deference paid to him by his companions. When they had still further recovered from their fears, they approached the Spaniards, touched their beards, and examined their hands and faces, admiring their whiteness. Following the example set them by Columbus, the mariners received with smiles of kindness those artless children of the forest, and quietly submitted to their examinations.

The wondering savages were won by this benignity; they now supposed that the ships had sailed out of the crystal firmament which bounded their horizon, or had descended from above, on their ample wings, and that these marvellous beings were natives of the skies.

The people of the island were no less objects of curiosity to the Spaniards, differing, as they did, from any race of men they had ever seen. They were entirely naked, of a moderate stature, well-shaped, of a copper hue, with agreeable features, lofty foreheads, and fine eyes. The hair was coarse and straight; they had no beards, and were painted with a variety of colors. They appeared to be a simple and artless race, and of gentle and friendly dispositions.

Their only arms were lances, hardened at the end by fire, or pointed with a flint or the bone of a fish.¹ Columbus distributed among them, colored caps, glass beads, hawk's bells, and other trifles, which they received as inestimable gifts, and, decorating themselves with them, were wonderfully delighted with their finery.

After Columbus had completed the formalities of taking possession of the island, he ordered the carpenters to construct a large wooden Cross. This was soon done. At his desire, the hole in which the pole of the banner had been planted in this shore was enlarged. Into this hole was placed the end of the erected cross, which was sustained by the Admiral himself, while the hymn *Vexilla Regis*,

"The banners of Heaven's King advance,
The mystery of the Cross shines forth,"

was chanted by the whole party. When the sacred sign was solidly fixed in the soil, he intoned that grand hymn of victory, the *Te Deum*. Thus did the great Columbus erect the Sign of Redemption in the New World, not merely as a mark of prior occupation, but as a memorial of the fact that he took possession of this land in the name of Jesus Christ. As the day was now growing late, he said evening prayers before the rough Cross, and on finishing this pious act, he took up the flag of the expedition, and returned on board the *Santa Maria*. How grandly did this immortal Catholic hero occupy his *first* day in America!

The island which Columbus had just offered to God, and named San Salvador,² was called in the language of the natives "Guanahani." It is one of that group which geographers now term the Bahama Islands. The Admiral supposed it to be at the extremity of India, and therefore called the inhabitants *Indians*—a name which has since

¹ There was no iron to be seen, nor did they appear acquainted with its properties; for, when a drawn sword was presented to them, they unguardedly took it by the edge.—*Ireland*.

² "Not finding the name *San Salvador* fine enough for their marine charts" writes Count de Lorgues, "English Protestants have substituted *Cat* for it; and in their atlases the Island of the Holy Saviour is nobly called *Cat Island*!" Could the blindness of bigotry and the dullness of materialistic stupidity go further?

been extended to all the aborigines of the New World. In his earlier explorations it seems that the Asia of Marco Polo was ever present to his thoughts.

San Salvador was soon explored. Among its natural advantages, is noticed "stone for building churches." The poor natives in all parts of it received the strangers with the most sincere hospitality. Seven of the Indians were easily induced to go with Columbus, and he seems to have distributed them among the three vessels. One of them deserted, but others were added from Cuba and San Domingo. He designed to present them to their Catholic Majesties to have them instructed in the Faith, and then to send them back to their country to help forward the work of conversion.

When he sailed away from San Salvador, the Admiral, at once found himself in an archipelago, pleasantly embarrassed by the multitude of islands offered to his choice. He steered for the largest, which he named *Santa Maria de la Concepcion*. Another island he named *Fernandina*, and one *Isabella*.

The inhabitants approached the Spaniards with offerings of fruit, and birds, and cotton, regarding them as superhuman beings. When they landed, in quest of water, the simple Indians took them to the coolest springs, and sweetest and freshest runs, filling the casks, rolling them to the boats, and seeking in every way to gratify them.

The lovely scenery of these islands enchanted Columbus. "I know not," he wrote, "where to go first, nor are my eyes ever weary of gazing on the beautiful verdure. The singing of the birds is such, that it seems as if one would never desire to depart hence. There are flocks of parrots that obscure the sun, and other birds of many kinds, large and small, entirely different from ours. Trees also of a thousand species, each having its particular fruit."

Everywhere he treated the natives with studious kindness, repressing the least attempt at harshness on the part of his men. He thus succeeded in inspiring complete confidence. The faith was his first thought, but gold was the second. In every place he touched he inquired where gold was to be

found. He had a keen eye to every little ornament of gold. He candidly announced that he should only stop where there was a prospect of collecting gold; and he adds that, with the help of our Lord, he felt sure of success in his search for gold. It is a curious manifestation of character. Love of gold is not one of the usual signs of sanctity. But Columbus wanted gold for two great reasons: (1) He wished to enhance the importance of the discoveries, for all his loftiest dreams depended for their realization, as he in his ignorance of the future fondly thought, upon causing a stream of European enterprise to flow into the dominions of the Great Khan. (2) He desired to amass treasure for the second great object of his life, the recovery of the Holy Sepulchre, an object early contemplated and never abandoned to his last breath.

From Isabella, Columbus stood across to Cuba, convinced that it must be the Island of Cipango, mentioned by the famous Marco Polo'. Martin Alonzo Pinzon succeeded in persuading him that it was the mainland of Asia. If it was Asia, then the Grand Kahn was accessible. He understood the Indians to speak of a great king, four days' journey distant, and he sent off two ambassadors, one of whom was De Torres, whose knowledge of Arabic might help him with the Grand Kahn or some of his vassal sovereigns. Two Indian interpreters made up the party. They only found a village of fifty huts, but the natives everywhere greeted them kindly. It was on this journey, the Spaniards discovered that humble but most useful root, the *potato*; and for the first time, they witnessed that now familiar but curious practice known as *smoking*.¹

¹ Cuba broke upon Columbus like an elysium. "It is the most beautiful island," he says, "that eyes ever beheld, full of excellent ports and deep rivers."—*Ireing*.

² On their way back, they for the first time, witnessed the use of a weed, which the ingenious caprice of man has since converted into a universal luxury, in defiance of the opposition of the senses. They beheld several of the natives going about with fire-brands, in their hands, and certain dried herbs, which they rolled up in a leaf, and lighting one end, put the other in their mouths, and continued exhaling and puffing out smoke. A roll of this kind they called a *tobacco*, a name since transferred to the plant of which the rolls were made. The Spaniards although prepared to meet with wonders, were struck with astonishment at this singular and apparently nauseous indulgence. *Ireing*.

The pitiful age of pipes and cigars, and the days that were to witness the abomination of chewing the vile weed, had not yet come!

During the absence of his envoys Columbus industriously collected information. The Cubans, in reply to his inquiries about gold, kept pointing eastward and repeating the name *Babeque*. Although he was not a little perplexed to find gross ignorance of the ways of civilized life instead of oriental splendor, and although he must have thought the great monarch very careless about some of his subjects, he still did not doubt that he was on the confines of Asia, and it might be that Babeque was Cipango. He determined to try, for he was anxious to solve the mystery, and to discover some more satisfactory traces of imperial government. He, therefore, abandoned his north-west course, which would soon have proved Cuba to be an island, and, still dreaming of gold, coasted in the opposite direction. He named the beautiful archipelago near *Puerto del Principe*, at the east of Cuba, "Sea of our Lady." As he went along he erected crosses and scattered pious names, but of these very few have come down to our times.

As Columbus was finishing the coasting of the isle of Cuba, the *Pinta* cruelly deserted him. Martin Alonzo Pinzon tried to make out afterwards that the separation was accidental; but there is no doubt that he yielded to temptation, and went away to find gold for himself. He deliberately disobeyed the Admiral's signal to return, and as the *Pinta* was well able to outstrip the other vessels, he was soon out of sight. Columbus was indignant, but even in his distress he remained keenly alive to the beauty of nature in that favored land. His emotions were described in their first freshness in an enthusiastic letter to the sovereigns. The glorious scenery, the wild exuberance of vegetable life, the perfumed breeze, the water pure as crystal, all the gifts of the Creator scattered with generous hand seemed to speak of peace and happiness. The passions of men can make the fairest land into a hell upon earth.

Columbus for several days continued exploring the coast of Cuba until he reached the eastern end, to which, from supposing it the extreme point of Asia, he gave the name of *Alpha* and *Omega*, the beginning and the end. While

steering at large beyond this cape, undetermined what course to take, he descried high mountains towering above the clear horizon to the south-east, and giving evidence of an island of great extent. He immediately stood for it, to the great consternation of his Indian guides, who assured him by signs that the inhabitants had but one eye, and were fierce and cruel cannibals.

It was the first island to which he gave the name of *Hispaniola*, and which is now known as San Domingo, or Hayti. Thither he turned his course, and reaching the western point coasted slowly along the northern side of the island, everywhere conciliating the good will of the natives. He even received visits from several caciques¹ and a very pressing invitation with rich presents from Guacanagari, one of the five principal caciques of the island.

The mountains of Hispaniola were higher and more rocky than those of the other islands, but the rocks rose from among rich forests. The mountains swept down into luxuriant plains and green savannahs, while the appearance of the cultivated fields, with numerous fires at night, and the columns of smoke which rose in various parts by day—all showed it to be populous—it rose before them in all the splendor of tropical vegetation, one of the most beautiful islands in the world, and unhappily doomed to be one of the most unfortunate.

On the evening of the 6th of December Columbus entered a harbor at the western end of the island, to which he gave the name of *St. Nicholas*. Not being able to meet with any of the inhabitants, who had fled from their dwellings, he coasted along the northern side of the island to another harbor, which he called Conception. Here the sailors caught several kinds of fish similar to those of their own country; they heard also the notes of a bird which sings in the night, and which they mistook for the nightingale, and they fancied that the features of the surrounding country resembled those of the more beautiful provinces of Spain. It was in

¹ Indian Chiefs.

consequence of this idea that the Admiral had named it Hispaniola, or "Little Spain."

After various attempts to obtain a communication with the natives, three sailors succeeded in overtaking a young and handsome female, who was flying from them, and brought their wild beauty in triumph to the ships. She was treated with the greatest kindness, and dismissed finely clothed, and loaded with presents of beads, hawk's bells, and other baubles.

Confident of the favorable impression her treatment, and the sight of her presents, must produce, Columbus, on the following day, sent nine men, with an interpreter, to her village which was situated in a fine valley, on the banks of a beautiful river, and contained about a thousand houses. The natives fled at first, but, being re-assured by the interpreter, came back to the number of two thousand, and approached the Spaniards with awe and trembling, often pausing and putting their hands upon their heads in token of reverence and submission.

The female also, came borne in triumph on the shoulders of her countrymen, followed by a multitude, and preceded by her husband, who was full of gratitude for the kindness with which she had been treated. The natives conducted the Spaniards to their houses, and set before them cassava bread, fish, roots, and fruits of various kinds; for a frank hospitality reigned throughout the island, where as yet the passion of avarice was unknown.¹

The Spaniards returned to the vessels enraptured with the beauty of the country, surpassing, as they said, even the luxuriant valley of Cordova; all that they complained of was, that they saw no signs of riches among the natives.

Continuing along the coast, Columbus was visited by a

¹ Of these Indians Columbus wrote to a friend; "True it is that after they felt confidence, and lost their fears of us, they were so liberal with what they possessed, that it would not be believed by those who had not seen it. If anything was asked of them, they never said no, but rather gave it cheerfully, and showed as much friendship as if they gave their very hearts; and whether the thing was of value, or of little price, they were content with whatever was given in return. . . . The women seem to work more than the men; and I have not been able to understand whether they possess individual property; but rather think that whatever one has all the rest share, especially, in all articles of provisions."

young cacique, apparently of great importance, who came borne on a litter by four men, and attended by two hundred of his subjects. He entered the cabin where the Admiral was dining, and took his seat beside him, with a frank unembarrassed air, while two old men, who were his councillors, seated themselves at his feet, watching his lips, as if to catch and communicate his ideas. If any thing were given him to eat, he merely tasted it, and sent it to his followers, maintaining an air of great gravity and dignity. After dinner, he presented the Admiral with a belt curiously wrought, and two pieces of gold. Columbus made him various presents in return, and showed him a coin bearing the likenesses of Ferdinand and Isabella, endeavoring to give him an idea of the power and grandeur of those sovereigns. The cacique, however, could not be made to believe that there was a region on earth which produced such wonderful people and wonderful things, but persisted in the idea that the Spaniards were more than mortal, and that the country and sovereigns they spoke of must exist somewhere in the skies.

It was Christmas Eve, and the sea was as calm as a lake, with a light wind blowing off the shore—no rocks were near—Columbus felt that he might now safely seek the sleep he so much needed. The man whom he left in charge thought he might safely follow the example, and with gross disregard of a standing order, delegated his duty to a boy on board, and like the Admiral went to sleep. The rest of the mariners on duty did the same, and in a little while the whole crew was buried in repose. In the meantime the treacherous currents—which run swiftly along this coast—carried the ship smoothly, but with great violence upon a sand-bank. The boy, feeling the rudder strike, and hearing the rushing of the sea, cried out for help. Columbus—who even in sleep forgot not his heavy responsibility—was the first to take the alarm, and was soon followed by the master of the ship, and his delinquent companions. The Admiral ordered them to carry out an anchor astern, that they might warp the vessel off. They sprang into the boat, but, being confused and seized with a panic, instead of obeying the

commands of Columbus, they rowed off to the other caravel. Vincent Yañez Pinzon, who commanded the latter, reproached them with their cowardice, and refused to admit them on board; and, manning his boat, hastened to the assistance of the Admiral.

In the mean time, the ship swinging across the stream, was set more and more upon the bank. Efforts were made to lighten her, by cutting away the mast, but in vain. The keel became bedded in the sand; the seams opened, and the breakers beat against her, until she fell over on one side. Fortunately, the weather continued calm, or both ship and crew must have perished. The Admiral abandoned the wreck, and took refuge, with his men, on board of the caravel.

All this happened but a few miles away from the harbor of Guacanagari, and when the Admiral sent to inform the Indian chief of the misfortune, he met with ready sympathy and the most delicate kindness. When Guacanagari heard of the mishap of his honored guest, he was so much afflicted as to shed tears; and never, in civilized country, were the rites of hospitality more scrupulously observed, than by this uncultured savage. He assembled his people, and sent off all his canoes to aid in unloading the wreck. The effects were landed, and deposited near his dwelling, and guard set over them, until houses could be prepared, in which they could be stored.

There seemed, however, no disposition among the natives to pilfer or conceal the most trifling article. On the contrary, they manifested as deep a concern as if the disaster had happened to themselves, and their only study was how they could administer relief and consolation. Columbus was greatly affected by this unexpected goodness. "So loving, so tractable, so peaceable are these people," he wrote, "that I swear to your Majesties, there is not in the world a better nation nor a better land. They love their neighbors as themselves; and their discourse is ever sweet and gentle, and accompanied with a smile; and though it is true that they are naked, yet their manners are decorous and praiseworthy."¹

¹ Irving.

When the chief met with Columbus, he was much moved at beholding his dejection, and offered him every thing he possessed that could be of service to him. He invited him on shore, where a banquet was prepared for his entertainment, consisting of various kinds of fish and fruit, and an animal called *Utia* by the natives, which resembled a cony. After the collation, he conducted him to a beautiful grove, where upwards of a thousand of the natives were assembled, all perfectly naked, who performed several of their games and dances. When the Indians had finished their games, Columbus gave them an entertainment in return calculated to impress them with a formidable opinion of the military power of the Spaniards. A Castilian, who had served in the wars of Granada, exhibited his skill in shooting with a Moorish bow, to the great admiration of the cacique. A cannon and an arquebus were likewise discharged; at the sound of which the Indians fell to the ground, as though they had been struck by a thunderbolt.

When they saw the effect of the ball rending and shivering the trees, they were filled with dismay. On being told, however, that the Spaniards would protect them with these arms, against the invasions of their dreaded enemies, the Caribs, their alarm was changed into confident exultation, considering themselves under the protection of the sons of heaven, who had come from the skies, armed with thunder and lightning. The cacique placed a coronet of gold on the head of Columbus, and hung plates of the same metal round his neck, and dispensed liberal presents among his followers. Whatever trifles were given in return were regarded with reverence as celestial gifts, and were said by the Indians to have come from *Turey*, or heaven.¹

When Guacanagari perceived the great value which the Admiral attached to gold, he informed him, that there was a

¹ Everything from the hands of the Spaniards, even a rusty piece of iron, an end of a strap, or a head of a nail, had a hidden and supernatural value. Hawk's bells, however, were sought by the Indians with a mania only equalled by that of the Spaniards for gold. They could not contain their ecstasies at the sound, dancing and playing a thousand antics. On one occasion an Indian gave half a handful of gold dust in exchange for one of these toys, and no sooner was he in possession of it, than he bounded away to the woods, looking often behind him, fearing the Spaniards might repent of having parted so cheaply with such an inestimable jewel!—*Irring*.

place, not far off, where it abounded; and he promised to procure him, from thence, as much as he desired. This golden region, was called Cibao, and lay among high and rugged mountains. The cacique who ruled over it owned many rich mines, and had banners of wrought gold.

Three houses had been given to the shipwrecked crew for their residence. Living on shore, and mingling freely with the natives, they became fascinated by their easy, idle mode of life. They were governed by their caciques with an absolute but patriarchal and easy rule, and existed in that state of primitive and savage simplicity which some philosophers have fondly pictured as the most enviable on earth.

"It is certain," says old Peter Martyr, "that the land among these people, is as common as the sun and water; and that 'mine and thine,' the seeds of all mischief have no place with them. They are content with so little, that, in so large a country, they have rather superfluity than scarceness; so that they seem to live in a golden world, without toil, in open gardens, neither intrenched, nor shut up by walls or hedges. They deal truly with one another, without laws, or books, or judges."

In fact, they seemed to disquiet themselves about nothing; a few fields, cultivated almost without labor, furnished roots and vegetables, their groves were laden with delicious fruit, and the coast and rivers abounded with fish. Softened by the indulgence of nature, a great part of the day was passed by them in indolent repose, in their luxury of sensation inspired by a serene sky and voluptuous climate, and in the evening they danced in their fragrant groves, to their national songs, or the rude sound of their sylvan drums. When the Spanish mariners looked back upon their own toilsome and painful life, and reflected upon the cares and hardships that must still be their lot, should they return to Europe, they regarded with a wistful eye the easy and idle existence of the Indians, and many of them, representing to the Admiral the difficulty and danger of embarking so many persons in one small caravel, entreated permission to remain in the island.

Columbus consented, for he began to look upon the shipwreck as a Divine interposition, guiding him to the most advantageous spot for establishing a colony. The wreck of the caravel would furnish materials and arms for a fortress; and the people who should remain in the island could explore it, learn the language of the natives, and collect gold, while the Admiral returned to Spain for reinforcements.

Guacanagari was overjoyed at finding that some of these wonderful strangers were to remain for the defence of his island, and that the Admiral intended to revisit it. He readily gave permission to build the fort, and his subjects eagerly aided in its construction, little dreaming that they were assisting to place on their necks the galling yoke of perpetual and toilsome slavery. In ten days the fortress was completed. It consisted of a strong wooden tower, with a vault beneath, and the whole was surrounded by a wide ditch. It was supplied with the ammunition and mounted with the cannon saved from the wreck. Columbus gave the fortress and harbor the name of *La Navidad*, or The Nativity, in memorial of having been preserved from the wreck of his ship on Christmas day.

From the number of volunteers that offered to remain, he selected thirty-nine of the most trustworthy, putting them under the command of De Arana, notary and alguazil of the armament. In case of his death, Peter Gutierrez was to take the command, and he in like case, to be succeeded by Roderic de Escobido. Columbus then charged the men to be obedient to their commanders, respectful to Guacanagari and his chieftains, and circumspect and friendly in their intercourse with the natives. As their safety would depend upon their united force, he warned them not to separate nor to stray beyond the territory of the friendly cacique. He enjoined it upon the officers, to employ themselves in gaining a knowledge of the island, in amassing gold and spices, and in searching for a more safe and convenient harbor.

Before his departure, he gave the natives another military exhibition, to increase their awe of the white men. The Spaniards performed skirmishes and mock fights, with

swords, bucklers, lances, crossbows, and firearms. The Indians were astonished at the keenness of the steeled weapons, and the deadly power of the crossbows and muskets: but nothing equalled their awe and admiration when the cannons were discharged from the fortress, wrapping it in smoke, shaking the forests with their thunder, and shivering the stoutest trees.

When Columbus took leave of Guacanagari, the kind-hearted chief shed many tears; for he had been completely won by the benignity of his manners. The seamen too had made many pleasant connections among the Indians, and they parted with mutual regret. But the saddest parting was with the comrades who remained behind. The signal-gun was fired. The crew of the caravel gave a last ringing cheer for the gallant band of volunteers who were thus left on the wild shores of an unknown island, and who were destined alas! to welcome their companions no more.¹

¹ Among the mariners who were left behind at La Navidad, was the Irishman, *William Rice*, who in the language of the documents was "*natural de Galney en Irlanda*"—a native of Galway in Ireland.

CHAPTER IV.

HOMeward BOUND.

A truant—The first bloodshed—Storms on the wild waves—Religious vows—The cask—Land—An upstart Governor—"Home, sweet home!"—Genius honored—Preparations for a second voyage.

It was on the 4th of January, 1493, that Columbus set sail. On the 6th as he was beating along the coast, with a head wind, a sailor at the mast-head cried out that there was a sail at a distance, standing towards them. It proved to be the truant Martin Alonzo Pinzon and the *Pinta*. From the natives he had heard of the shipwreck of the Admiral; but instead of hastening to the aid of his Commander, he quietly continued to push his private traffic, finding it very lucrative. With a part of his profits he bribed his crew to give a false account of his proceedings. He had also made slaves of some of the Indians intending to sell them; but Columbus exerted his authority, and forced him—not without high words passing between them—to send the captives home with presents.

Though, as regarded the act of desertion the Admiral prudently suppressed the signs of his just indignation, he could feel no further confidence in the man who might at any time, under renewed temptation, repeat a perfidy which he did not seem to regret. That one disloyal act had ruined a campaign. The only safe course now was to make the best way back to Spain, and leave further discoveries for future expeditions. The resolve was a painful one, but it was more important to secure the discoveries already made than to enlarge them.

After standing for some distance further along the coast of Hispaniola, the Admiral anchored in a vast bay, three

leagues in breadth, extending far into the land, and bordered by the mountains of Ciguay. Here the Spaniards had a sharp skirmish with the natives, in which several of the latter were slain. These Indians were a hardy and warlike race of mountaineers, in aspect fierce, hideously painted, and their heads decorated with feathers. They fought with war-clubs, bows and arrows, and palm-wood swords, so hard and heavy as to cleave through a helmet to the very brain. Several of the savages were killed. This was the first contest with the people of the New World, and the *first* time that native blood was shed by the white men. From this skirmish the place received the name of the Gulf of Arrows—now the Gulf of Samena. The encounter caused much grief to Columbus, nor would he leave the island until friendly relations had been restored.

The Discoverer of a New World, could not without bitter regret, turn his back after three short months upon those sunny shores, which had expected him so long, guarded from petty intruders by all the terrors of the mighty ocean. Yet it must be. He owed it to mankind to run no needless risk. Others, perhaps, before him had found their way by accident or design to the land in the West, but, if it were so, none had returned to Europe to tell their tale; and so it might also be in his own case. All that he had so far done might lie for ever hid behind that waste of waters, and his fate might be only one dark example added to the rest to warn rash mortals not to try to read the secrets of the deep. He wished, indeed, at first to make the homeward voyage include a little lateral exploring, but this design he soon found himself forced to relinquish.

New dangers were at hand. About the 20th of January, abandoning all secondary plans, he steered for the Azores, and the sea, before so tranquil, was soon beset with wind and storms. On the 12th of February a fearful storm overtook them, and became more and more furious, until, on the 14th it rose to a hurricane, before which Pinzon's vessel, the *Pinta*, could only drift helplessly, while the *Niña* was able to set a close-reefed foresail, which kept her from being bur-

ied in the trough of the sea. In the evening both caravels were scudding under bare poles, and, when darkness fell, and the signal light of the *Pinta* gleamed further and further off, through the blinding spray, until at last it could be seen no more—when his panic-stricken crew, gave themselves up to despair, as the winds howled louder and louder—then, indeed, without a single skilled navigator to advise or to aid him, Columbus must have felt himself alone with the gloomy night and the awful tempest. But his brave heart bore him up, and his wonderful capacity for devising expedients on sudden emergencies did not forsake him.

As the stores were consumed, the *Niña* felt the want of the ballast which Columbus had intended to take on board at one of the islands. "Fill the casks with water," he said, and let them serve as ballast"—an expedient which has grown common enough now, but which *then* was probably original.

Nor, while he did all that human skill could suggest for the safety of his vessel, did the dauntless Admiral neglect to invoke the aid of that Almighty Power at whose special inspiration he felt he had undertaken the expedition. With his whole crew he drew lots to choose one of their number to perform a pilgrimage to the shrine of Our Lady of Guadalupe. Columbus was chosen. Twice more were the lots drawn with a similar object, and once again the lot fell to the Admiral. Afterwards, he and all his crew made a vow to go in procession, clothed in penitential garments, to the first church, dedicated to the Immaculate Virgin, which they should meet with on arriving at land—a vow, that we shall presently see, was followed by quite unexpected circumstances.

When, in truth, the chances of weathering the storm had become small, Columbus determed that if possible, the tidings of his discoveries should not perish with him. He wrote a short account of his voyage on parchment, and this he inclosed in wax, and placed in a cask, which he committed to the waves.¹ Thinking, probably, that his crew would inter-

¹ About the year 1852, writes Sir Arthur Helps, a paragraph went the rounds of the English press, announcing the discovery of this cask on the African coast, by the bark *Chieftain* of Boston, MASS. Lamartine has accepted this story as correct, but it has never been authenticated. *Life of Columbus*, p. 116, note.

pret this as an abandonment of all hope be concealed from them the real nature of the contents of the cask, so that the mariners believed that their Commander was performing some religious ceremony which might assuage the fury of the angry elements.¹

As the Admiral continued to view the wild storm, great was his agony of mind. "I could have supported this evil fortune with less grief," he wrote, "had many person alone been in jeopardy, since I am a debtor for my life to the Supreme Creator, and have at other times been within a step of death. But it was a cause of infinite sorrow and trouble to think that after having been illuminated from on high, with faith and certainty to undertake this enterprise, after having victoriously achieved it, and when on the point of convincing my opponents and securing to your Highnesses great glory and vast increase of dominions, it should please the Divine Majesty to defeat all by my death." He adds that he deeply felt the fate of those for whose death he was responsible.

On the 15th of February the storm abated to some extent, and at last they came in sight of some land. It was one of the Azores. The reception of the tempest-tossed Spaniards in St. Mary's of the Azores by the Christian Portugese was in strange contrast to the kind and generous contrast of the poor Indians of Hispaniola, when the *Santa Maria* ran ashore and became a wreck.

The Governor sent amicable messages to Columbus, and

¹ Of this incident Columbus writes to the Spanish Sovereigns: "While in this confused state, I thought on the good fortune which accompanies your Highnesses, and imagined that although I should perish, and the vessel be lost, it was possible that you might somehow come to the knowledge of my voyage, and the success with which it was attended. For that reason I wrote upon parchment with the brevity which the situation required, that I had discovered the lands which I promised, in how many days I had done it, and what course I had followed. I mentioned the goodness of the country, the character of the inhabitants, and that the subjects of your Highnesses were left in possession of all I had discovered. Having sealed this writing, I addressed it to your Highness and promised 1000 ducats to any persons who should deliver it sealed, so that if any foreigners found it, the promised reward might prevail on them not to give the information to another. I then caused a great cask to be brought to me, and wrapping up the parchment in an oiled cloth, and afterwards in a cake of wax, I put it into the cask, and having stopped it well, I cast it into the sea. All the men believed that it was some act of devotion. Thinking that this might never chance to be taken up, as the ships approached nearer to Spain, I made another packet like the first and placed it at the top of the poop, so that if the ship sunk, the cask remaining above water might be committed to the guidance of fortune."

announcing his intention of visiting him. But when—in fulfillment of their vow—half the crew went barefooted, on a pilgrimage to the Church of St. Mary, which was not far from the harbor, the treacherous Governor and his satellites lay in ambush on the road, and, alleging royal orders, captured the whole band of pilgrims. The crowns of Portugal and Castile were still at peace, but it appears that this man “dressed in a little brief authority,” thought that the capture would gratify his sovereign. Of no avail were the remonstrances of Columbus. But though the Governor spoke with scorn and lofty contempt of Ferdinand and Isabella, still the cringing sycophant found it convenient to allow his guests to depart. The pitiless storm broke upon them again, and persued the gallant little caravel with ever-increasing fury, till, kept afloat by a sort of miracle, it staggered into harbor at the mouth of the river Tagus.

Columbus did not like the situation, but no choice was given. He sent a message immediately to the Spanish sovereigns, and another to the King of Portugal. Crowds came to look at him and his Indians. He was treated from the first with marked respect. The King invited him to Court, and though the Portugese ruler must have been tortured by remorse when he thought of all he had allowed to slip from his grasp, he did not permit Columbus to feel any effects of his displeasure, but congratulated him kindly and gave him many marks of his esteem.

King John even offered to escort his guest overland to Spain, but the storm had now passed, and Columbus preferred to continue the voyage. He ran into Palos on Friday, the 15th of March, 1493. Great was the excitement in the little town. The inhabitants had been gradually settling down into sombre resignation, and scarcely dared to think of the terrible fate to which so many who were dear to them had been consigned; and now, when they saw their own little caravel, the *Niña*, actually sailing up the Odiel, they were almost as much taken by surprise as the poor Indians of San Salvador had been. The bells were rung in rejoicing, all Palos came to the river-side to welcome back friends and

relatives, as if they had risen from the dead, and to hear the tale of wonder.

By a strange accident, a few hours later, before the first burst of enthusiastic welcome had subsided, while the bells were still ringing to tell the country round, and the Admiral was receiving fresh felicitations every moment, the *Pinta*, well known in Palos, stood up the river and cast anchor by the side of the *Niña*. Martin Alonzo Pinzon was not on board. The *Pinta* had been driven by the gale into the Bay of Biscay, and from Bayonne, Pinzon had hastily dispatched a letter to the Spanish sovereigns, arrogating to himself all the merit of the discoveries, for he felt quite sure that the poor little *Niña* and Columbus had perished in the storm. His own crew would not contradict his statement, he thought, for their interests were identified with his, and dead men tell no tales. The *Niña*, lying off Palos, was hidden by the bend in the river, and it was only at the last moment, when he was almost in the act of landing, that poor Martin Alonzo Pinzon saw the *Niña* riding at anchor with the Admiral's flag at the masthead. He had come to reap a harvest of glory in his native place, while he waited for the royal answer summoning him to Court. Never was applicant for royal favor so crestfallen since Aman made over his honors to Mardocheus and was hanged in his stead. The unhappy man crept over the side of his vessel, made off in his boat as fast as he could, and kept out of sight till Columbus left Palos. Then he made his way silently home, to die very soon of a broken heart. It was not fear of any punishment which the Admiral might inflict, but a self-accusing conscience which made him shrink from public notice. He had just enough greatness of soul to feel the full shame of his own meanness and defection.

The *Pinta* and *Niña* had between them brought back every man belonging to Palos who had joined the enterprise. Of the thirty-eight who stayed at La Navidad, not one was from Palos. Only one man, an Indian, had died on the voyage. The general exultation was not sullied, as the joy of victory invariably is, by private grief.

Not all the congratulations that pressed in upon him, or all the anticipations of higher glory in a wider sphere, could make the faithful servant of Holy Mary forget the vows pronounced in the hour of his deep distress. One of these was to go with all his men of the *Niña* in procession, in penitential garb, to the nearest shrine of our Lady, after landing. He had made the attempt to keep the vow when he landed in the Azores, but had been prevented as we saw by the attitude of the Portuguese Governor. The Admiral then reserved its fulfillment for the final landing, and so it happened that the procession marched to the Convent of La Rabida, and it fell to good Father John Perez to say the Mass of Thanksgiving.

The men were then permitted to rejoin their families, and each one must have been at once a hero on his own account, the center of a circle of admiring friends who hung with rapt attention on his words as he delivered his oracular account of the cruise. Columbus naturally fell back upon La Rabida. His "family" lived there, for he was a son of St. Francis. The pious day-dreams of Father Perez had found indeed their fulfillment, and there really were in the far west nations to be evangelized. The Cross had already been planted there, but that was only the beginning. It was not enough to find a new world. Grave responsibilities devolved upon the finder.

Columbus could now speak and be listened to. Kings and Popes would value his advice, perhaps shape their conduct upon it. The destinies of millions of immortal souls were delivered to his keeping. In that convent once already a more important junta had been held than that of Salamanca, and now the monk and the Admiral laid their heads together again to devise great things. Columbus in his cell supplemented by a full narrative the brief despatch sent from the Tagus, and counselled Isabella to come to terms with the Holy See, suggesting a line of demarcation between the East, which belonged to Portugal, and the West, which ought to belong to Spain.

It is easy to sneer at the "sage device" of the Pope. "It

seems never to have occurred to the Pontiff," writes Living, "that by pushing their opposite careers of discovery they might some day or other come again in collision and renew the question of territorial right at the Antipodes." If it had occurred to the Pope, he might have also had some light from Heaven to know that before the collision of Spaniards rounding the world to the West and Portuguese to the East took place at the Antipodes, England might have something to say to lines of demarcation. It was the truest wisdom to deal with the difficulty as it presented itself, and seldom has a vast international problem been so trenchantly solved.

The penitential procession, however, was only one of many vows which had been made in that long series of terrible storms. Out of four other vows proposed to the acceptance of all on board the *Niña*, three had by lot fallen to Columbus himself. They involved a journey to Santa Maria de Guadalupe, where he promised the monks to call one of his islands after their convent, another to Santa Clara at Moguer, where he spent the night before the Blessed Sacrament, and a third to Santa Maria de la Centa in Huelva. Then he received Holy Communion, after eight months' privation. He remained a few days with Father Perez, and then went to Seville to wait for the answer of the King and Queen.

It came, addressed "*To Don Christopher Columbus, our Admiral of the Ocean Sea, Viceroy and Governor of the Islands discovered in the Indies.*" He was invited to proceed as soon as possible to Barcelona. The journey was a triumphal procession all the way. He had summoned his sailors from Palos to share the honors, and as by that time all the country had heard of the grand discovery, crowds flocked along the route to tender their respect to the great man as he passed. The Indians whom he carried with him were objects of special interest, and a monster iguana, harmless enough even when alive, but looking very diabolical even when stuffed, was an object of mingled wonder and fear.

The enthusiasm of the people was a suggestion to the Court, and a reception in the grandest style of the Spanish

ceremonial was carefully prepared. As he approached the town he was met by a noble escort of young cavaliers and a vast surging throng of citizens. He was himself on horseback, and seemed by his stately bearing and commanding presence fit to be the central figure of this almost Roman triumph.

"A thousand trumpets ring within old Barcelona's walls,
A thousand gallant nobles throng in Barcelona's halls—
All meet to gaze on him who wrought a pathway for mankind,
Through seas as broad to worlds as rich as his triumphant mind;
And King and Queen will grace forsooth the mariners' array—
The lonely seaman scorned and scoffed in Palos town one day!
He comes—he comes! the gates swing wide and through the streets advance
His cavalcade in proud parade, with plume and pennoned lance.
And natives of those new-found worlds, and treasures all untold,
And in the midst THE ADMIRAL, his charger trapped with gold;
And all are wild with joy, and blithe the gladsome clarions swell
And dames and princes meet to greet, and loud the myriads yell,
They cheer, that mob, they wildly cheer—Columbus checks his rein,
And bends him to the beauteous dames and cavaliers of Spain."¹

At the royal palace the first hall of audience had been thrown open. A seat splendidly adorned was placed close in front of the two royal thrones, which surpassed their usual magnificence. Ferdinand and Isabella were already seated, waiting for Columbus. When the conqueror of the ocean approached, they rose to greet him. In vain he tried to kneel and kiss their hands. Not till he was seated would they resume their seats. Then, they demanded his narrative, and with charming modesty and self-possession he told them of their new dominions. We do not possess the words of his discourse, but when he finished, the King and Queen, with all the vast multitude present, fell upon their knees and the choir of the royal chapel chanted the *Te Deum* in thanksgiving to God for the mighty deeds of Christopher Columbus!

During the whole of this sojourn at Barcelona, the Sovereigns took every occasion to bestow personal marks of high consideration on the Admiral. He was admitted at all

¹ G. H. Supple.

times to the royal presence, and the Queen delighted to converse with him on the subject of his enterprises. The King, too, appeared occasionally on horseback with the Prince John on one side, and Columbus on the other. To perpetuate in his family the glory of his achievement, a coat of arms was assigned with his proper bearings which were a group of islands surrounded by waves. To these arms were afterwards annexed the motto:

A Castilia y á Leon
Neuvo mundo dio Colon.¹

None now spoke more loudly the praises of the man whom the Court and the nation agreed to honor, than those who had mocked him in his distress, when a kind word would have reached his heart and been forever remembered. Well did Columbus know the value of their protestations of goodwill. The Dominican Father Diego de Deza, who had pleaded his cause at Salamanca, shared with Father John Perez, his undying gratitude; but he was well assured that the base spirits, who, after trying to crush him in his poverty, now came to flatter him in his prosperity, would desert him again if he ever needed their assistance. His enemies hitherto had done nothing worse than waste his time and health and strength, and delay his work. It was now to be their part to ruin his benevolent schemes, to bring his gray hairs in sorrow to the grave, and heap reproaches on his illustrious memory.²

The active vigilance and continual anxiety of eight eventful months must have made repose almost a necessity. There

¹ To Castile and Leon.
Columbus gave a New World.

The news of the discovery—the greatest and the most important event for science and for humanity that had ever occurred—spread along the shores of Europe reached the center parts, and soon extended to the East. The celebrated Sebastian Cabot, who was then at the English Court, acknowledges that the discovery was there considered a divine rather than a human work, and the great navigator considered it so himself.—*Count de Lorgues*.

² A minor mistake may be corrected here. The anecdote of the egg made to stand on end, which is as well known as the name of Columbus, is found to be a pure fabrication of Italian origin.—*Father Knight S. J.*

None of the Spanish historians have mentioned such a circumstance. For the dignity of history, we beseech our readers to rectify no longer this miserable anecdote and not to impute to the revealer of the globe so unworthy a trick.—*Count de Lorgues*.

was indeed no time to lose, for wasted years had made all that might yet remain of life very precious. But it seems that Columbus did actually contemplate a flying visit to Rome, to tell with his own lips the story of his voyage to the Vicar of Jesus Christ, to whom, in the truthful judgment of those days, the discovery of new races of men was a matter of more vital interest and grave concern than even to Ferdinand and Isabella, or to John II. A journey from Rome to Genoa, to see his aged father, Dominic, who was yet alive, would have been in the natural course of things. If any such design had been formed, it had to be set aside, for the threatening attitude of Portugal made even a short delay unwise. King John II., although he had not molested Columbus when he had him in his power, was fully determined to secure for himself some portion of the Western World; and it seemed likely, by the reports which reached the Court of Spain, that he would solve the diplomatic difficulty by fitting out an expedition without further ceremony. Columbus was therefore ordered to push the preparations for a second voyage. Instead of visiting his father, he sent an affectionate message, begging at the same time that his brother James might be allowed to join him in Spain. The young man accordingly passed straight from the wool-comber's shop to the Spanish Court, and became Don James Columbus. His first public act was to stand godfather to one of the Indians, who received his name. In this pious work King Ferdinand, Prince John, and the first nobleman of Spain were his associates.

CHAPTER V.

THE TRIALS, ADVENTURES, AND HEROISM OF THE SECOND VOYAGE.

New officials and the final preparations—A singular mistake—A powerful enemy of Columbus—On the ocean again—Adventure in Guadalupe—At Hispaniola once more—A sad tale of La Navidad—The progress of affairs in Hispaniola—The City of Isabella—The Royal Plain—Revolution of lazy insolence—Difficulties with Father Boil—Exploration and Adventures—Sickness of Columbus—Character of Don Bartholomew—Villiany of Margarite—Ojeda and Caonabo—Battle of 200 against 100,000—Calumny—Diaz and his dusky bride—The Admiral sails for Spain.

Ferdinand and Isabella issued their instructions for the second voyage, and placed the fitting out of the fleet and the management of Indian affairs under the superintendence of John Roderiguez de Fonseca, Archdeacon of Seville, who had the administration for thirty years. The choice was very unfortunate. Francis Pinelo was made treasurer, and John de Soria comptroller. The Admiral was directed to establish a similar office in Hispaniola. Father Bernard Boil from the Benedictine Monastery of our Lady of Montserrat, received the mission to evangelize the new nations, with the assistance of twelve priests of his own choice.

The appointment of this worldly-minded monk had not the blessing of Heaven upon it, and, as it now seems, *no authorization from Rome*. It was apparently a culpable error on the part of Ferdinand, the true history of which never came to light till 1851, when the labors of Count de Lorgues cleared up the matter. The sterility of these first

missionaries to the New World is no longer surprising. Father Bernard Boil, the Benedictine, who went out with Columbus on his second voyage, was well known at the Court of Aragon, and highly esteemed for skillful management of business. Ferdinand sent his name to Rome, praying that the spiritual interests of the expedition might be confided to his care. But the Holy Father knew that Columbus was deeply attached to the Franciscans; so setting aside the King's nominee, he appointed, it seems, a Franciscan Father of the same name. When the Bull arrived, bearing the address, *Dilecto filio, Bernardo Boyl, fratri ordinis minorum, Vicario dicti ordinis in Hispaniarum regnis*, Ferdinand seems to have thought that the Holy Father had made a mistake, and that although Father Bernard *Boyl* was styled a Friar Minor, he must surely be that Bernard *Boil* for whom solemn application had been made.

The King did not feel quite certain about his interpretation, but it would never do to delay the departure of the fleet till a rectification could be procured from Rome. He therefore persuaded himself that he could with safe conscience take the benefit of the doubt, for after all he was doing very little violence to the document by changing the title of the reverend Father, and in those days it could not have even entered his mind to consider the different spelling of the name. Moreover, it surely did not matter much in any case, he might easily think, whether one saintly Order or another had to provide a Vicar-Apostolic. Having thus forced his conscience to agree with his inclination, he suppressed the Bull, for it was not impossible that theologians might attach more value to what the Pope had actually said, than to what the King thought the Pope had intended to say. Father Boil the Benedictine received due notice of the arrival of the Bull confirming the King's nomination, but the document itself was retained by the King, for fear, it was stated of exposing it to any unnecessary risk. Later it vanished altogether, and is not to be found in the collection of diplomatic papers published by the Spanish Government.

A tell-tale copy, however, has been faithfully preserved in the archives of the Vatican.¹

The fleet for this expedition was made up of seventeen vessels—three large carracks and fourteen caravels. Great activity was displayed in furnishing, provisioning, and arming the ships, and in selecting suitable crews from the crowd of volunteers of all conditions who pressed forward to demand admission. It is easy to understand that men of very various character would eagerly desire to visit distant shores, so lately forming part of the land of dreams, and suddenly transferred to waking life. Many motives were at work. The ambitious, the covetous, the curious, the restless became conscious of a vocation, for a short way had been found to fame and fortune, scientific research, and thrilling adventure. Few men can open a new field to human thought, but many can improve a first success. In the first voyage Columbus stood alone in his confidence. In the second voyage every man in the seventeen ships had the soul of a discoverer.

Columbus stayed in Barcelona till the 28th of May, receiving continual proofs of the complete confidence which Isabella placed in his judgment; and the solemn instructions delivered to him by the sovereigns to guide him in his government of the colonies were really nothing but his *own suggestions*, adapted without an amendment or an addition, and ratified by royal authority. He was named Captain-General of the fleet of the Indies, and received authority for the direct appointment of all the officers of the new Government. The royal seal was committed to him to be used at his discretion, and the articles agreed upon at Santa Fé were solemnly confirmed.

The Queen showed great solicitude for all that concerned the personal comfort of the Admiral and required that the greatest deference should be paid to all his wishes. She provided generously for his expenses; wherever he went, he was to have free lodgings for himself and five servants, and free transport for his baggage. Fonseca and

¹ Through the researches of Count de Lorgues this document was brought to light in 1831.

Soria thought the Queen was going a little too far, and they quietly disobeyed her injunctions, treating some of the demands of Columbus with contempt. Father Boil, who was at this time a sincere admirer of the great man, wrote to the sovereigns to complain, and drew down a severe reprimand upon Juan de Soria, with fresh instructions for Fonseca. They never forgave Columbus, and Fonseca had ample opportunity to make him feel the full weight of his vengeance.¹

During the Admiral's stay in Barcelona the prize for the first sight of land was adjudged to him, because he had descried the moving light upon the shore.

Isabella was careful to provide Father Boil and his brethren with all things needful for the efficient discharge of their sacred duties; and she repeatedly commended her dear Indians to the protection of Columbus, ordering him to punish with severity any Spaniards who should injure them.

The equipment of the fleet, under the active encouragement of the Queen, was conceived in a large spirit, and carried out vigorously. The event proved that Soria was not above the temptation of profiting by fraudulent contracts. The outfit included domestic animals, agricultural implements, grain, lime, bricks, iron, and a large supply of glass ornaments. Horses, destined to play an important part in the Spanish conquest of America, were carefully selected, munitions of war were, of course, not forgotten. The arquebuse was not yet a very efficient weapon, but though crossbows and lances were considered more really useful, firearms and artillery, so well calculated to strike terror into savages, could not be omitted.

The number of men was at first fixed at one thousand, but an extension to the number of twelve hundred was permitted, and at the last moment about three hundred more contrived to stow themselves away out of sight, so that about

¹ Fonseca was, it seems, a person of much ability, but of despicable character—vindictive and malignant in an extreme degree. He contributed, perhaps, more than any other man to break the heart and embitter the declining years of the illustrious discoverer of America. True history has not failed to brand his name with the stigma of infamy.

fifteen hundred eventually sailed. Care had been taken to form an active corps of engineers and artisans.

There is reason to think that another priest, not included in Father Boil's company of twelve, was sent out by the Queen, as her astronomer royal; and this was no less a man than Father John Perez, Guardian of La Rabida. Count de Lorgues makes it appear very probable that here there has been some confusion of names, and that Father Perez not only accompanied Columbus on his second voyage, but also was, as he deserved to be, the first priest who set foot in the New World.¹

Twenty days before the departure of the expedition, Isabella sent back to Columbus that much regretted journal which Las Casas was content to epitomize. She said that she had read it through and through, and with ever-increasing admiration; she asked for further instruction upon several points; she begged him to send her a map with the degrees marked, promising to keep it secret, if he so desired. Finally, she advised him to take with him a skillful astronomer, and, with that thoughtful kindness which was a part of herself, she as usual tried to interpret his wishes, and convert them into royal decrees.

Columbus named his ship once more after our Blessed Lady. The *Maria-Galanta* had on board the Court physician, Dr. Chanca, a learned man, whose letters are very valuable, and Anthony Casaus, the father of Las Casas, who has been by some writers confounded with his illustrious son. The "Friend of the Indians" was then a student at Seville. Among the passengers were many young gentlemen, who thought it a fine thing to join in an adventurous search for gold, but never meant to soil their dainty hands by manly toil. Firmin Zedo, the worker in metal, had gained by much boasting a high reputation for scientific skill, but in the event it appeared that he was as ignorant as he was conceited. The brother of the Admiral, Don James Co-

¹ George Cardoso, in the *Portuguese Hagiography*, says that Father Perez was the first priest who landed in the New World, and the first who said Mass there.—*Father Knight, S. J.*

² *The Gracious Mary.*

lumbus and his godson were also on board the *Maria-Galanta*.

On the 25th of September, 1493, the fleet set sail, steering for the Canaries. After taking in large supplies of live stock, already partially acclimatized, Columbus gave to all the captains of the caravels sealed orders, which were only to be opened in case of necessity, and then fixed his course further south than on the previous voyage. He wished to light upon the land of the redoubted Carib tribes, whom the Hispaniola Indians had with one accord placed to the south-east of their own island.

On the 13th of October, the Spanish fleet lost sight of the island of Ferro. The voyage was most prosperous, with a fair breeze almost all the way. On the 2d of November, the signs of land made it prudent to advance cautiously after nightfall, and with the first light on the following day, a mountainous island was seen. The Admiral gave it the name of *Dominica*, from having discovered it on Sunday. On their way, another island appeared to the right, and received the name of *Maria-Galanta*.¹

The first landing was effected, and the first cross planted on this island.

Other islands lay near, and they visited the next day the largest of the group, to which Columbus gave the name of *Santa Maria de Guadalupe*,² according to his promise, before mentioned. Here they found some women and children, and many dreadful relics of cannibalism. At that very time the men of the island were engaged in procuring captives for their horrible banquets.³ There is, unfortu-

¹ It is worth noticing, says Father Knight, S. J., that Columbus observed the same order in conferring names on both voyages. His devotion to the Blessed Virgin was ardent, but well regulated. In both instances, the *first* tribute of discovery was offered to Jesus Christ—the *second* to his Blessed Mother.

² To this island, that was called by the Indians Turugueira, the Admiral gave the name of Guadalupe, having promised the monks of our Lady of Guadalupe to call some newly-discovered place after their Convent.—*Irring*.

It was here that the Spaniards first met with that queen of fruits—the *pine-apple*.

³ What struck the Spaniards with horror was the sight of human bones, vestiges as they supposed of unnatural repasts; and skulls apparently used as vases and other household utensils. These diabolical objects convinced them that they were now in the abodes of the Cannibals, or Caribs, whose predatory expeditions and ruthless character rendered them the terror of these

nately, little reason to doubt that the account given by the first European visitors is true in its main features. Even the deliberate infamy of reserving children for future slaughter, and preparing them carefully till they reached a certain age seems to have been an established practice among those loathsome cannibals who, having depopulated the nearest islands, extended their ravages to more distant shores. Theories of autonomy are much disturbed by facts like these. Just or unjust, it would at least have been merciful, not only to their victims, but likewise to themselves, to subjugate or even to enslave such a tribe.

Guadaloupe was the very centre of the Carib settlement; so that Columbus had made his calculations well. Without a change of course, or a moment's hesitation, he had steered straight across the Atlantic to the object of his search. He sent exploring parties into the island. One of his captains, James Marquez, landing without the Admiral's permission, set off with eight of his men on a tour of inspection and lost his way in the tangled forest. Columbus sent the very brave and justly renowned Alonzo de Ojéda to try to find the missing men; but all his efforts were unavailing. The thought of leaving them in Guadaloupe to the mercy of the cannibals could scarcely be endured, but the length of time which had elapsed since their disappearance, and the failure of Ojéda's skillful and daring pursuit, convinced Columbus that he must submit to the sad necessity.

Just as the ships, however, were weighing anchor, the poor wanderers, starved and exhausted, struggled to the shore. Some Indian women, who had been captured by the Caribs, also escaped to the Spanish ships. The Carib women were as ferocious, and almost as expert in war as the men, and they were quite able to defend the island against any ordinary intruders. As the wonderful stories of Cathay had a very good foundation in the realities of the Celestial Empire, so the very ancient belief in a nation of amazons had a

reas. . . Awful sights met them in several villages. Human limbs were suspended to the beams of the houses, as if curing for provisions. The head of a young man recently killed, was yet bleeding; some parts of his body were roasting before the fire, others boiling with the flesh of geese and parrots.—*Irring*.

strange realization in the women-warriors of these cannibal islands, who for some considerable portion of each year were left in sole possession.

Leaving Guadaloupe, Columbus sailed to the north-west, for Hispaniola, and as he passed between the thickly clustered islands, he found pious names for them, one by one, till he came to a group so multitudinous that, without the aid of St. Ursula and her eleven thousand virgin martyrs, even his inventive genius might have been at fault. At *Santa Cruz*,¹ a boatful of Carib men and women gave signal proof of the fierce courage of that strange people. When their boat was upset by the Spaniards, the savages fought in the water; and if, in their flight, they found a moment's rest for their feet upon some hidden ledge, they rallied, and poured in a shower of arrows upon their pursuers.

Continuing his course the Admiral came on the 22d of November to Hispaniola. "By the grace of God," wrote the learned Doctor Chanca, "and the science of the Admiral, we steered as straight as if we had been following a well known and beaten track." In his anxiety to see once more the little colony at La Navidad, Columbus had allowed himself only two days on the island of Porto Rico, which well deserved a longer stay; and now that the much expected meeting was close at hand, a thrill of excitement ran through the fleet. At the gulf of Samana, where the unfortunate skirmish with the natives, which formed the closing scene of the first voyage, had taken place, Columbus put on shore one of the two young Indians, who had returned from Spain. He was never heard of again. The other, James Columbus,² who was a native of San Salvador, remained faithful to the end.

Near the mouth of the Rio del Oro an exploring party found two bodies with the arms fastened in the form of a cross, but their nationality was no longer distinguishable; the next day, not far from the same place, they saw two

¹ Holy Cross.

² Or Diego Colon. As will be remembered, he was named after the Admiral's brother, who was his godfather.

more dead bodies, certainly European. Gloomy suspicions were aroused. The ships pressed forward in all haste, but it was quite dark when they arrived off La Navidad. To keep clear of the dangerous shoals, the ships were anchored at some distance from the shore. No light was seen. Columbus fired off two of the heaviest guns, but, though the report echoed far along the shore, no answer was returned.

Towards midnight a canoe came alongside with two Indians inquiring for the Admiral. They were directed to his ship, but would not go on board till they had identified him by the light of a lamp. They said that the Spanish settlers were well, and by way of confirmation immediately added that some had died from disease, and some had been killed in their frequent quarrels among themselves, and others had gone to live in a distant part of the island. They also said that Caonabo and another cacique had made war on the friend of Columbus, Guacanagari, and had burnt his village and wounded himself. A little later, when the wine which they had drunk made them less prudent, they informed the young Indian, James Columbus, that all the little colony had been destroyed; but this was too dreadful to be believed, and the difference of dialects was supposed to have caused some misapprehension of meaning.

The next day showed that the story *was only too true*. Columbus waited for a visit from Guacanagari, which the Indians had promised in his name, but he did not come. A melancholy silence reigned over the place, so full of life a few months before. The fortress was a blackened ruin, littered with remnants of furniture and broken vessels. The Indian village close by had also been burnt, from which it seemed that at least the Indians of the neighborhood had not been treacherous.

Guacanagari was discovered in a village down the coast, confined to his hammock by a wound in his leg, and he sent to beg that Columbus might pay him a visit. The visit was made with all possible parade of power and magnificence. The wounded cacique gave a detailed account of Caonabo's attack, which exactly tallied with the information gathered

from other sources ; but, when Columbus made him submit his wound to medical inspection, no trace of any injury appeared.

Suspicion was at once aroused. Father Boil demanded that the perfidious chief should be punished on the spot. Columbus was unwilling to believe his guilt, but out of respect to the sacred character of his counsellor, he based his refusal to proceed to extremities upon the necessity of conciliating the Indians; and, as his officers for the most part agreed with him, Father Boil had to accept the affront with the best grace he could.

It would have been small matter for astonishment if the poor cacique had indeed cast off his Spanish allies on the first good chance, for his fidelity had been rudely tested. Irving, following Oviedo, states, that except the commander, James de Araña, and one or two others, the thirty-eight colonists were men whom it was the height of folly to leave in any responsible position, for that they were nearly all of the very lowest class, and for the most part common sailors, who can never be trusted to conduct themselves with discretion ashore. This is not the fact. About half of the number were either gentlemen or master-tradesmen, and it might have been presumed that for a few months, in so exceptional a position, all would be on their best behavior. If they had adhered to only a small portion of the wise instruction left by Columbus, they might have been found alive on his return.

By the Indian account, in which there was no conflicting testimony, the *Niña* was scarcely out of sight when the garrison of the fort began to do very much as they liked. They had found the Indians of Hispaniola so yielding and apparently so helpless that they probably thought themselves quite free from present apprehension, and fancied that it would be time enough for submitting to unpleasant constraint when some real danger should arise. They roamed about the country in parties of two and three together, extorting gold from the natives, often with violence, carrying off women, and by their incessant wrangling and

shameful licentiousness doing their best to prove that they were not celestials, and thus to destroy that superstitious reverence which had been their chief security.

Araña's authority was set at defiance. His lieutenants, Gutierrez and Escobedo, aspired to share his command, and, having killed a Spaniard in some quarrel, they took the law into their own hands, and marched away with nine malcontents and their Indian wives into the mountains, where Caonabo, a Carib by origin, slew them all at once. Others lived at loose quarters among Guacanagari's Indians, screened by his authority from the punishment which their sins deserved. Finally Caonabo, having fleshed his sword and found the invaders not invulnerable, came down from his hills, burnt the Indian village, and stormed the fort, killing the brave James de Araña and his remnant of ten faithful men.

Guacanagari returned the visit, going on board the Admiral's ship. Here, unfortunately, one of the Indian women, who had fled from the Caribs and had been detained for instruction and baptism, so captivated by her beauty the susceptible heart of the cacique, that he chivalrously determined to free her and her companions and to brave the consequences. He saw that he was no longer trusted by the Spaniards, and all the studied kindness of Columbus could not make him feel at his ease, especially now that he was actually scheming the liberation of Catalina and her friends. Father Boil read disaffection in the chief's looks, and was confirmed in his conviction that this was the real murderer of Araña.

When a few days later the Indian women effected their escape and Guacanagari and all his subjects disappeared from the coast, Father Boil was triumphant. Subsequently the cacique gave incontestable proofs of his friendship for Columbus, and he died in obscurity, hated by the Indians of other tribes for having welcomed and protected their destroyers. Columbus spoke to him of Jesus Christ and Baptism, but alas! he had seen more than enough of what Christianity meant, at least in practice, and he distinctly

refused to wear a medal of our Blessed Lady round his neck, though at last, upon the urgent entreaty of the Admiral—whom he really loved—he consented to keep one in his possession.

The misfortunes which had befallen the Spaniards, in the vicinity of this harbor, threw a gloom over the place, and it was considered as under some baneful influence, or malignant star. The situation, too, was unhealthy, and there was no stone in the neighbourhood for building. Columbus, therefore, removed to a harbor about ten leagues east of Monte Christi, protected on one side by a natural rampart of rocks, and on the other by an impervious forest, with a fine plain in the vicinity, watered by two rivers.

Here the troops and persons to be employed in the colony were disembarked, together with the stores, arms, ammunition, and live stock. An encampment was formed, and the plan of a city traced out and commenced, to which Columbus gave the name of *Isabella*, in honor of his royal patroness.¹ The public edifices, such as a church, a storehouse, and a residence for the Admiral, were constructed of stone; the rest of wood, plaster, reeds, and such other materials as could be readily procured.

For a time every one exerted himself with zeal; but maladies soon began to make their appearance. Many had suffered from sea-sickness, and the long confinement on board of the ships; others from the exhalations of a hot and moist climate, dense natural forests, and a new, rank soil. The maladies of the mind also mingled with those of the body. Many, as has been shown, had embarked in the enterprise with the most visionary and romantic expectations. What, then, was their surprise at finding themselves surrounded by impracticable forests, doomed to toil painfully for mere subsistence, and to attain every comfort by the

¹ The climate was bad and the new city had a short existence. At the present day, *Isabella* is quite overgrown with forests, in the midst of which are still to be seen partly, the pillars of the church, some remains of the King's storehouses and part of the residence of Columbus—all built of hewn stone. The small fortress is also a prominent ruin; and a little north of it is a circular pillar about ten feet high and as much in diameter, of solid masonry, nearly entire, which appears to have had a wooden gallery or battlement round the top for convenience of room, and in the centre of which was planted the flag-staff.—*Irving*.

severest exertion! As to gold, which they had expected to find readily and in abundance, it was to be procured only in small quantities, and by patient and persevering labor.

But to return. Soria's speculations were patent to Columbus when the cargoes were discharged. The provisioning had been "economized" in quantity and quality, for it is an error to suppose that short measure and adulteration are of modern invention.

Since it would be necessary, as soon as the weather improved, to send back the greater part of the fleet, Columbus dispatched without delay two exploring parties under Ojéda and Gorvalan. Both returned with enthusiastic reports of the vegetable and mineral wealth of the island, which came just in time to throw a gleam of sunshine upon the dark story of disaster.

Columbus sent off twelve of the ships under Anthony de Torres, giving him a letter to the sovereigns, full of sanguine anticipations, but ending with a petition for fresh supplies of all kinds. This letter, which is still extant, affords proof of the administrative wisdom of Columbus, and the marginal notes show that his suggestions received cordial approval, except that a proposal to enslave the cannibals with the two-fold object of saving their victims, and possibly by a little wholesome penal servitude reforming the criminals themselves, gave Isabella matter for careful meditation. After much thought and much consultation of learned theologians, she decided that all the Indians—even the Caribs—were to be won over by gentleness. Afterwards, however, Isabella changed her opinion in part, and withdrew her protection from cannibals.

As we have observed, the building of the new city of Isabella was undertaken with an enthusiastic industry which was soon to give way to disappointment. The much-coveted gold came in but slowly, and epidemic sickness completed the general dispendency. Columbus, although he was himself weak and suffering, tried to push forward the public works, and to encourage the workmen; but when the fleet had departed for Europe, discontent spread rapidly.

The mischief-making metallurgist announced with all the dogmatism of ignorance that the fancied gold was only iron pyrites, or something similar, that the golden ornaments of the natives were heirlooms, and could not be replaced, and that all the golden dreams were a delusion. A plot was concerted to seize the remaining five ships and return to Spain, but Columbus discovered it in time, and having arrested the chief conspirator, Bernard Diaz, an officer of high rank, who held a direct appointment from the Crown, sent him to Spain to be tried.¹ To prevent any further attempt, he put all the artillery and ammunition upon one vessel, which he consigned to trustworthy hands.

Then, leaving his brother James in charge of the ships and the town, he had a general expedition into the interior, forming a little army of infantry and cavalry, which observed strict discipline and moved in imposing array, always marching past the Indian settlements with drums beating and colors flying, towards the mountains of Cibao, where ruled the warlike Caonabo. Some of the natives came forward to propitiate them with presents, others took refuge in their huts, apparently deeming themselves safe behind the frail rampart of a wattled gate. Columbus did not permit his soldiers to dispel the innocent delusion. Suddenly they came to a mountain pass, and a view imposing and picturesque broke on their astonished vision.

The luxuriant landscape extended as far as the eye could reach, until it appeared to melt away, and mingle with the horizon. The Spaniards were filled with rapture at the sight of this beautiful country. Columbus gave it the name of the *Vega Real*, or Royal Plain.² To the ardent soul of the Admiral, as he gazed from the mountain pass across the glorious plain, the scene before him was as a glimpse of Paradise. It was, however, very much too soon to dream of Heaven.

¹ This was the *first* time Columbus exercised the right of punishing delinquents on his new government, and it immediately caused a great clamor against him. Already the disadvantages of being a *foreigner* was clearly manifested. He had no natural friends to rally round him: whereas the mutineers had connections in Spain, friends in the colony, and met with sympathy in every discontented mind.—*Irring*.

² According to Bishop Las Casas this noble plain is eighty leagues in length and from twenty to thirty in breadth.

When the Indians beheld this band of warriors, emerging from the mountains with prancing steeds and floating banners and glittering armor, and heard, for the first time, their rocks and forests echoing to the din of drum and trumpet, they were bewildered with astonishment. The horses, especially, excited their terror and admiration. They at first supposed the rider and his steed to be one animal, and nothing could exceed their surprise on seeing the horseman dismount. On the approach of the Spaniards, the Indians generally fled with terror, but their fears were soon dispelled; they then absolutely retarded the march of the army by their hospitality; nor did they appear to have any idea of receiving a recompense for the provisions they furnished in abundance. The untutored savage, in almost every part of the world, scorns to make a traffic of hospitality.

After marching for two or three days across this noble plain, they arrived at a chain of lofty and rugged mountains, amidst which lay the golden region of Cibao. On entering this vaunted country, the whole character of the scenery changed, as if nature delighted in contrarieties, and displayed a miser-like poverty of exterior, when teeming with hidden treasures. Nothing was to be seen but chains of rocky and sterile mountains, scantily clothed with pines. The very name of the country bespoke the nature of the soil; Cibao, in the language of the natives, signifying a *stone*. But what consoled the Spaniards for the asperity of the soil, was to observe particles of gold among the sands of the streams, washed down, no doubt, from the mines of the mountains.

Columbus with much skill selected a strong position, and traced out the plan of a fortress intended to protect the passage from Isabella to these gold-fields. He directed the work in person, and having named the fort after St. Thomas—in order it is said to remind his followers of their wrong-headed incredulity¹—he appointed Peter Margarite, a nobleman of Catalonia and a Knight of the Order of St. James,

¹ To the fortress he gave the name of St. Thomas, intended as a pleasant though pious reproof of the incredulity of Cedo and his doubting adherents, who obstinately refused to believe that the island produced gold, until they beheld it with their eyes and touched it with their hands.—*Irring*.

to the command, with a garrison of fifty-six men. He himself returned with the rest to Isabella.

The island of Hispaniola at that time was divided into five little kingdoms, under five independent caciques. News did not spread rapidly from one principality to another, and the Indians of the Royal Plain still regarded the strangers with veneration. Caonabo was not once heard of in the course of the excursion. A messenger from Peter Margarite very soon brought intelligence that the Indians showed signs of hostility, and that Caonabo was preparing an attack. It was the old story. As soon as the protecting presence of the commander-in-chief was withdrawn, it had fared ill with the poor Indians. The Spaniards had learned to obey him, but they obeyed no one else, and Margarite even set the example of licentious conduct. A reinforcement of twenty men was considered quite sufficient for the occasion, and thirty more were told off to make a road for the passage of troops.

The real anxiety of Columbus, however, lay in the new city. Strange maladies caused by noxious vapors, and helped by vicious indulgence, spread rapidly among the Spaniards. The supply of flour failed, and hands to grind the wheat were growing scarcer every day. It was no time, the Admiral thought, for standing upon pride of rank. He ordered all the able-bodied men, gentle and simple, to take their turn at the grinding, under penalty of having their rations diminished. This was an indignity not to be borne by the "blue blood" of Spain, even though no other course could save the little colony from famine and pestilence.

Father Boil, the Vicar-Apostolic, sympathized with the young cavaliers, and reproved Columbus for his "cruelty" when, according to his threat, the Admiral punished the refractory by diminution of rations. By loudly proclaiming his disapprobation of the measure adopted, the Vicar-Apostolic, perhaps thoughtlessly, did much to foment disaffection.

When, in spite of his remonstrances, the Admiral persisted in his conscientious efforts to save his people from de-

struction, Father Boil committed the extravagant folly of excommunicating him, for doing what Columbus felt to be his duty. He was altogether incapable of understanding the great soul of Columbus. Either the theological course of study at La Rabida, or common sense was enough to certify to the Discoverer of America that the censures of the Church only fall upon sinful acts, and that where no fault exists excommunication only causes external annoyance, and imposes *no* obligation binding in conscience beyond the general duty of receiving even an unjust sentence with respectful demeanor. Under very peculiar circumstances acquiescence may be sinful. Even ecclesiastical superiors must be disobeyed if they command an injustice, and spiritual penalties in such case fall harmlessly upon the soul, which in good faith disregards them at the bidding of conscience.'

Father Boil was resisting legitimate authority in a civil matter,' and deserved chastisement. As he did not possess the spirit of a martyr, a little fasting on bread and water had the effect of reducing him to silence, though, of course it did not improve his temper.

Many proud spirits had been offended beyond forgiveness, but a more conciliatory policy might have been even more disastrous, and probably was not feasible. The hidalgos were not open to argument where their pride was touched. To exempt them from a share in the burthen was to throw it all upon a few poor men, who with their decreasing numbers would have had to be literally worked to death to supply the growing wants of the invalids and privileged idlers. Columbus in this emergency showed once more that indomitable will which clings to duty at all costs, and braves popular clamor rather than commit injustice or depart the breath of a hair from principle.

When by the unflinching energy of the Admiral good order had been to some extent restored, the garrison of Isabella was sent under Ojéda to St. Thomas, where Peter

¹ See Gury, "Compend. Theol. Mor. V. II.

² It must not be forgotten that Columbus was Viceroy of the Indies, and as such the civil superior of the whole colony, lay and clerical.

Margarite and Ojéda were to exchange commands, Ojéda remaining in charge of the fortress, and setting Margarite free for a military progress round the island. He sent many admirable instructions to Peter Margarite, whose virtue he had not yet found cause to doubt. He ordered him to be most circumspect in his dealings with the natives, to treat them with scrupulous justice, and to do his best to win their affections and predispose them for becoming Christians. Suggestions are added in curious detail for capturing Caonabo by stratagem.

The next thing was to provide for the maintenance of good order, and to this end Columbus appointed a council consisting of Father Boil and three leading men, under the presidency of his brother Don James, to govern the colony in his absence. Finally he set sail with three of the five remaining ships, selecting those of the lightest draught. The one which he took for himself was the same brave little *Niña* which had served him so faithfully before. It seemed almost ungrateful to change that now famous name; but to confer the name of the great Franciscan saint was in the judgment of Columbus only to add honor, and so the *Niña* became the *Santa Clara*.

Independently of all the grief and anxiety which the misconduct of the Spaniards had caused, the delay itself must have been a severe trial to the impetuous spirit of a discoverer. At last, however, Columbus was able to continue his voyage. On the 24th of April, he sailed from Isabella, taking with him three small vessels, fit to run in the shallow water of coasts and rivers. The plan of this expedition was to revisit Cuba at the point where he had abandoned it on his first voyage, and thence to explore it on the southern side. As has already been observed, he supposed it to be a continent, and the extreme end of Asia, and by following its shores, trusted to arrive at Mangi, and Cathay, and other rich countries, forming part of the territories of the Grand Khan, described by Marco Polo.

Having arrived at the eastern end of Cuba, he sailed along

• St. Clara.

the southern coast, touching once or twice in the harbors. The natives crowded to the shores, gazing with astonishment at the ships as they glided gently along at no great distance. They held up fruits and other provisions, to tempt the Spaniards to land; while others came off in canoes, offering various refreshments, not in barter, but as free gifts. On inquiring of them for gold, they uniformly pointed to the south, intimating that a great island lay in that direction, where it was to be found in abundance.

On the 3d of May, therefore, Columbus turned his prow directly south. He had not sailed many leagues before the blue summits of Jamaica began to rise above the horizon. It was two days and a night, however, before he reached it, filled with admiration, as he gradually drew near, at its vast extent, the beauty of its mountains, the majesty of its forests, and the great number of villages which animated the whole face of the country. He coasted the island from about the centre to the western end. The natives appeared to be more ingenious as well as more warlike than those of Cuba and Hayti. Their canoes were constructed with more art, and ornamented at the bow and stern with carving and painting. Many were of great size, hollowed from trunks of the mahogany and other magnificent trees, which rise like verdant towers amidst the rich forests of the tropics. Every cacique had a large state canoe of the kind. One measured ninety-six feet in length, and eight feet in breadth, formed of a single tree.

Being disappointed in his hopes of finding gold in Jamaica, Columbus determined to return to Cuba. As he was about to leave the island, a young Indian came off to the ship, and begged that the Spaniards would take him with them to their country. He was followed by his relatives and friends, supplicating him to abandon his purpose. For some time he was distracted between concern for their distress, and an ardent desire to see the home of the wonderful strangers. Curiosity, and the youthful propensity to rove, at length prevailed; he tore himself from the embraces of his friends, and took refuge in a secret part of the

ship, from the tears and entreaties of his sisters. Touched by this scene of natural affection, and pleased with the confiding spirit of the youth, Columbus ordered that he should be treated with especial kindness.

Having steered again for Cuba, Columbus, on the 18th of May, arrived at a great cape, to which he gave the name of *Cabo de la Cruz*,¹ which it still retains. Coasting to the west, he soon got entangled in a labyrinth of small islands and keys; some of them were low, naked, and sandy, others covered with verdure, and others tufted with lofty and beautiful forests. As the ships glided along the smooth and glassy channels which separated the islands, the magnificence of their vegetation, the soft odors wafted from flowers and blossoms and aromatic shrubs, the splendid plumage of scarlet cranes, flamingoes, and other tropical birds, and the gaudy clouds of butterflies, all resembled what is described of oriental climes. He persuaded himself, therefore, that these were the islands mentioned by Marco Polo, as fringing the coast of Asia, and he gave the cluster the name of the *Queen's Garden*.

Emerging from this labyrinth, Columbus pursued his voyage with a prosperous breeze along that part of the southern side of Cuba, where, for nearly thirty-five leagues, the navigation is free from banks and islands: to his left was the broad and open sea, whose dark-blue color gave token of ample depth; to his right extended a richly wooded country, called *Orncfay*, with noble mountains, frequent streams, and numerous villages.

The appearance of the ships spread wonder and joy along the coast. The natives came off swimming, or in canoes, to offer fruits and other presents. When, after the usual evening shower, the breeze blew from the shore, and brought off the sweetness of the land, it bore with it also the distant songs of the natives, and the sound of their rude music, as they were probably celebrating, with national chants and dances, the arrival of these wonderful strangers on their coasts.

If, instead of a busy politician like Father Boil and the

¹ Cape of the Cross.

virtuous but for the most part sadly unenterprising monks whom he had chosen to accompany him, there had been a few genuine apostles, a more glorious field for missionary labor than the fair island of Cuba could scarcely have been found.

Animated by the delusions of his rich fancy, Columbus now continued to follow up this supposed continent of Asia; plunging into another wilderness of keys and islets towards the western end of Cuba, and exploring that perplexed and lonely coast, whose intricate channels are seldom visited, even at the present day, except by the lurking bark of the smuggler and the pirate. In this navigation he had to contend with almost incredible difficulties and perils; his vessels having to be warped through narrow and shallow passages, where they frequently ran aground. He was encouraged to proceed by information which he received, or fancied he received, from the natives, concerning a country farther on, called Mangon, where the people wore clothing, and which he supposed must be Mangi, the rich Asiatic province described by Marco Polo.

His crews seem to have partaken of his delusion. One day, while a party on shore was employed in cutting wood and filling water-casks, an archer strayed into the forest with his crossbow, in search of game, but soon returned, flying in breathless terror. He declared that he had seen through an open glade a man dressed in white robes, like a friar of the Order of Mercy, so that at first he took him for the chaplain of the Admiral. He was followed by two others dressed in white tunics reaching to their knees, and all these had complexions as fair as Europeans. Behind them were others, to the number of thirty, armed with clubs and lances.

Two parties were dispatched, well armed, on the following morning, in quest of these people in white: the first returned unsuccessful; the other brought word of having tracked the footprints of some large animal with claws, supposed by them to have been either a lion or a griffin: but which most probably was an alligator. Dismayed at the

sight, they hastened back to the sea-side. As no tribe of Indians wearing clothing was ever discovered in Cuba, it is probable the men in white were nothing else than a flock of cranes, magnified by the fears of the wandering archer. These birds, like the flamingoes, feed in company, with one stationed at a distance as a sentinel. When seen through an opening of the woodland, standing in rows in a shallow glassy pool, their height and erectness give them, at first glance, the semblance of human figures.

Firmly convinced that he was coasting the shores of Asia, Columbus hoped by continuing on to arrive at the Aurea Chersonesus of the ancients, doubling which, he might return to Europe by the way of the Red sea; or, circumnavigating Africa, he might pass by the Portuguese, as they were groping along the coast of Guinea; and, after having navigated round the globe, furl his adventurous sails at the pillars of Hercules, the *ne plus ultra* of the ancient world!

But, though his fellow voyagers shared his opinion that they were coasting the continent of Asia, they shrunk from the increasing perils of the voyage. The ships were strained and crazed; the cables and rigging much worn; the provisions nearly exhausted; and the crews worn out by incessant labor. The Admiral, therefore, was finally persuaded to abandon all further prosecution of the voyage. Before he turned back, however, he obliged the officers and seamen to sign a deposition, declaring their perfect conviction that Cuba was a continent, the beginning and the end of India. This singular instrument was signed near that deep bay called by some the Bay of Philipina, by others, of Cortes.

At this very time, a ship-boy from the mast-head might have overlooked the group of islands to the south, and have beheld the open sea beyond. Had Columbus continued on for two or three days longer, he would have passed round the extremity of Cuba; his illusion would have been dispelled, and an entirely different course might have been given to his subsequent discoveries.

Returning now towards the east, the crews suffered greatly

from fatigue and scarcity of provisions, until they anchored one day in the mouth of a fine river, in an abundant country, where the natives soon supplied their wants. Here Columbus landed one Sunday morning to erect a cross, as was his custom in all remarkable places, in token of having brought the country under the blessed dominion of the Catholic Church. He was met by the cacique and by a venerable Indian, fourscore years of age, who presented him with a string of their mystic beads, and a calabash filled with delicate fruit. They then walked with him, hand in hand, to a stately grove on the river bank, where he had ordered grand mass to be performed. The assembled natives looked on with great reverence. When the ceremony was ended, the old man of fourscore approached Columbus, and thus addressed him: "I am told that thou hast come to these lands with a mighty force and hast subdued many countries, spreading great fear among the people. Be not, however, vainglorious. Know that the souls of men have two journeys to perform after they have departed from the body; one to a place dismal, foul, and covered with darkness, prepared for such as have been unjust and cruel to their fellow-men; the other full of delight, for such as have promoted peace on earth. If, then, thou art mortal, and dost expect to die, beware that thou hurt no man wrongfully, neither do harm to those who have done no harm to thee."

This speech being interpreted to Columbus, he was moved by the simple eloquence of the savage, and rejoiced to hear his doctrine of the future state of the soul, having supposed that no belief of the kind existed among the inhabitants of these countries. He assured the old man that he had been sent by his sovereigns to teach them the true religion, to protect them from harm, and to subdue their enemies, the terrible Caribs. The venerable Indian was astonished to learn that the Admiral, whom he had considered so great and powerful, was yet but a subject; and when he was told of the grandeur of the Spanish monarchs, and of the wonders of their kingdom, a sudden desire seized him to see this marvellous country, and it was with difficulty the tears and

remonstrances of his wife and children could dissuade him from embarking.

After leaving this river, Columbus stood over to Jamaica, and for nearly a month continued beating along its southern coast. Anchoring one evening in a great bay, he was visited by a cacique, who remained until a late hour conversing with the Indian interpreter, about the Spaniards and their country, and their prowess in vanquishing the Caribs.

On the following morning, when the ships were under weigh, three canoes issued from among the islands of the bay. In the centre one, which was large, and handsomely carved and painted, were seated the cacique and his family, consisting of two daughters, young and beautiful, two sons, and five brothers. They were all arrayed in their jewels, and attended by officers decorated with plumes and mantles of variegated feathers. The standard-bearer stood in the prow with a fluttering white banner, while other Indians, fancifully painted, beat upon tabors, or sounded trumpets of fine black wood ingeniously carved. The cacique, entering on board of the ship, distributed presents among the crew, and thus addressed the Admiral:

"I have heard of the irresistible power of thy sovereigns, and of the many nations thou hast subdued in their name. Thou hast destroyed the dwellings of the Caribs, slaying their warriors, and carrying their wives and children into captivity. All the islands are in dread of thee, for who can withstand thee, now that thou knowest the secrets of the land, and the weakness of the people? Rather, therefore, than thou shouldst take away my dominions, I will embark with all my household in thy ships, and will go to render homage to thy king and queen, and behold thy country, of which I hear such wonders." When, however, Columbus beheld the wife, the sons and daughters of the cacique, and considered to what ills they would be exposed, he was touched with compassion, and determined not to take them from their native land. He received the cacique under his protection as a vassal of his sovereigns, but dismissed him for

the present, promising that at some future time he would return and gratify his wishes.

After leaving Jamaica, he coasted the whole of the southern side of Hayti, and experienced great hardships in a storm, which raged for several days. The weather having moderated, he set sail eastward, with the intention of completing the discovery of the Caribbee islands. The fatigue, however, which he had suffered, both in mind and body, throughout his voyage, had secretly preyed upon his health; and the late tempest had kept him in a fever of anxiety. He had shared the hardships of the commonest sailor, nay more, for the sailor, after the labors of his watch, slept soundly, while the anxious commander had to maintain a constant vigil, through long stormy nights. Indeed, it is said, the Admiral had no sleep for *thirty-two* days. The moment he was relieved from all solicitude, and found himself in a tranquil sea, both mind and body sank exhausted by almost superhuman exertions. He fell into a deep lethargy, resembling death itself. His crew feared that death was really at hand. They abandoned, therefore, all farther prosecution of the voyage, and spreading their sails to a favorable breeze from the east, bore Columbus back, in a state of complete insensibility, to the harbor of Isabella.¹

When the venerable Admiral returned to consciousness, he found his brother Bartholomew standing by his bed. Bartholomew, who, it will be remembered, was sent to England, seems to have met with many delays before he arrived at the English court; but he was kindly received by Henry VII., and assistance in the prosecution of his design was actually promised.² On his way to bear the good tidings to

¹ Irving.

² Bartholomew Columbus left Lisbon 1485 to go, on the part of his brother, to propose to the king of England the project of discovery, which was rejected by Portugal. The ship he sailed in was captured by pirates, who robbed him of everything, and left him on an unknown shore. For a long time all his energy was taken to procure the necessaries of life, and renew his wardrobe to effect his voyage. He spent several years in an unprofitable labor—in constructing spheres and drawing charts for mariners—before he could succeed in reaching the coast of England. There, he had first to learn the language of the country, to provide for the means of existence to obtain the countenance of some patrons, and to learn the usages and etiquette of the court. It was only in the middle of the year 1493 that he obtained an audience of King Henry VII. The monarch liked the plan. To make the proof more striking, Bartholomew painted an atlas. His rea-

his brother, he heard in Paris that the expedition was already an accomplished fact, and the French King received him with high honor and assisted him liberally with money. He was welcomed with open arms at the Spanish court, and, as he was himself an experienced navigator, he was put in command of three vessels which were starting with supplies. His arrival was very opportune, for though James Columbus was a most estimable man, he was not formed by nature for coercing discontented spirits.

Bartholomew, on the contrary, was a man of powerful frame and unbending will, knowing by intuition the moment for action, and striking fearlessly. He had not the gentleness of his great brother, the Admiral, but his manly virtue, dauntless nature, and genuine nobility of character made ample amends for some harshness of manner and defect of refinement. Although he was a devoted Catholic, with unflinching faith and honest piety, the more spiritual gifts of the interior life were rather beyond his appreciation. James was naturally of a studious turn. He revered his brother Christopher as a second father, and looked upon it as a call from Heaven to help him in whatever way he could.

Christopher, thanking God for sending him the brave and noble Bartholomew at that critical conjuncture, at once appointed him *Adelantado* or Governor, and put all the power into his hands during his own convalescence. During the five months of his absence the affairs of the colony had grown all but desperate. If any proofs were wanting of the Admiral's remarkable ability to govern, it might be found in the invariable confusion which marked his absence. The wonder is not that one trouble followed another till ruin stared the Spaniards in the face, but that discipline could have ever been maintained at all among such wild and reckless libertines.

soning was so clear and convincing that the King welcomed the project, and entered on the preliminaries of a treaty with him. Bartholomew departed immediately to seek his brother.—*Count de Lorgues.*

Irving thinks that Bartholomew Columbus was not "highly educated," but we are not sure that many of the "highly educated" people of our day can speak *Latin, Italian, Portuguese, Danish, English, and Spanish*, as Count de Lorgues assures us Bartholomew could.

We must now turn our attention to another affair. Peter Margarite left Fort St. Thomas, as had been arranged, in the hands of Ojéda, but with that one act his obedience ended. Instead of making the prescribed progress round the island, he descended into the beautiful valley, and there set the example to his soldiers of every sordid vice, till the poor Indians of the Royal Plain in their turn learned to hate the very name of Spaniard. Then, terrified to think of what he had done, he concerted with the help of Father Boil, to whom of course he did not reveal his own misdeeds, a clandestine departure to Europe for the purpose of representing to the sovereigns the miseries which the misgovernment of Columbus had brought upon the poor deluded colonists and the poor persecuted Indians!

This was the general policy of the enemies of Columbus. By their own woeful misconduct they made peace and good order impossible, and then they demanded that *he* should be punished for *their* iniquities. The blackest feature in Margarite's dark villainy, is his base ingratitude. Columbus had treated him with marked kindness, and had written in his behalf to procure the favor of Isabella for the wife and children left in Spain by the Knight of St. James.

Father Boil was easily persuaded that it was his duty to inform the crown of what was going on in the colony, and when Columbus returned to Isabella, the deserters had made good their flight in the ships which brought Bartholomew Columbus. James's authority had been despised from the first by the hidalgo faction. Margarite had not even cared to delegate his command. The soldiers were suddenly left without any general, and could not long conceal their weakness. Ten Spaniards were killed in one place, and forty more were burnt in a hospital by order of Guatiguana, a vassal of Guarionex. If Father Boil had remained at his post, he would have seen with his own eyes a sufficient proof of the innocence of Guacanagari, whom he had wished to punish for the massacre of La Navidad. This faithful chief now came unbidden to visit Columbus, and, standing by his sick-bed, informed him of the coalition of all the

other great caciques. His refusal to join them had already cost him dear. Caonabo had made a hostile incursion into his territory, and the beloved Catalina was left among the slain.

Caonabo, who was undoubtedly the leading spirit in all the island, called his warriors together and moved to the attack of Fort St. Thomas; but Ojéda was a real soldier, and was on his guard. He maintained strict discipline within the fort, and by personal inspection secured the vigilance of all under him. Caonabo, finding it impossible to surprise him by day or night, took armed possession of the surrounding woods and tried to starve the garrison. Ojéda reduced the allowance of food, and, seizing his opportunity, made vigorous sallies, which cost Caonabo the bravest of his men, till the Indian chief, convinced that storming and starving were equally hopeless, decamped at the end of thirty days.

Guatiguana was answerable for the death of many Spaniards and could not be allowed to go unpunished. Ojéda soon met him in open field, and routed his army and took many prisoners, but did not capture the chief himself. Then Columbus, with politic mercy, made peace with Guarionex, refusing to hold him responsible for the misdeeds of his subordinate, but he also took care to build the strong fortress of *Concepcion*, that he might be prepared for any new insurrection in the Vega; for with Caonabo and Guatiguana still at large, peace could not be deemed secure.

Soon after this Ojéda executed one of the most daring stratagems on record. He went with nine cavaliers to seek Caonabo in the midst of his own people. He promised to bestow on him no less a gift than the Angelus bell of Fort St. Thomas, which was supposed to have the power to collect a multitude by the sound of its voice, if he would come to Isabella, and make terms with Columbus. The offer was too tempting, and Caonabo agreed to go, but he insisted on taking a large army with him. On the march Ojéda persuaded the chief to mount behind him, and have a ride on the proud war-horse, which had so often excited his admi-

ration. He anticipated no danger with his army round him, and gladly accepted the offer. Ojéda made a few circles with his delighted captive, before the eyes of all the Indians, and then set spurs to the horse, while the other cavaliers, closing in with the threat of instant death, secured Caonabo, and the raid was successfully accomplished.

From that time Caonabo had the most enthusiastic reverence for the brave Ojéda. In the presence of Columbus, the lordly savage, however, would not give the slightest sign of respect, but when Ojéda entered the room, he rose at once to salute the man who had dared to carry him off in open day with all his warriors looking on. His courage was not yet exhausted. He scowled defiance at the Spaniards—Ojéda always excepted—and gloried in the destruction of La Navidad, boasting moreover that he had been prowling round Isabella with the intent to strike a blow of the same kind there. Columbus treated him as kindly as was consistent with safe custody, and hoped to gain that proud spirit to Jesus Christ, subduing it first by the splendor of Castilian royalty, and then, in the strength of Christian charity, leading it forward, meek and humble, to the waters of Baptism.

It must have been a relief for the moment to have Caonabo safe, but when the first astonishment of the Indians had subsided, their hostility only became more bitter; for Manicootex, the brother of the captured cacique, who had assumed his authority, shared also his martial spirit, and tried to organize a general rising of the tribes for his release. Guacanagari alone, as before, refused to appear to the summons, not from love of the Spaniards, but from personal attachment to Columbus.

The arrival of Anthony de Torres with four shiploads of provisions improved the condition of affairs. He was the bearer of a gracious letter from Isabella, asking the Admiral either to come himself, or to send his brother Bartholomew or some one whom he judged competent, to be present at the final adjudication of a boundary line to separate the possessions of Spain and Portugal. Columbus was still ill in

bed, Bartholomew could on no account be spared, so James was sent to counteract as far as possible the misrepresentations of Father Boil and Peter Margarite. He took with him five hundred Indian prisoners, to be dealt with at the discretion of the sovereigns.

Isabella, besides writing to her Viceroy of the Indies, had sent a letter to the colonists, bidding them obey him as they would herself. These two letters would do more than much medical attendance to help the convalescence of Columbus, and he rapidly regained his health, sufficiently to be able to take the field in person against the confederate caciques. All the effective force he could muster amounted to two hundred infantry, twenty horsemen, and a few formidable bloodhounds, while word was brought that an immense multitude from all parts of the populous island was gathered in the Royal Plain within two day's march, ready to burst upon the little town, and sweep away the handful of detested invaders.

The crime of the Spaniards had put all conciliation out of the question, and Columbus, forced by self-defence to become a conquerer, assumed the offensive. He marched out with his brother Bartholomew. Ojéda, at the head of his twenty horse, was a host in himself. The infantry attacked in two divisions, and Ojéda came down like a whirlwind. The Indians, in spite of their number, fled panic-struck, yielding to the resolute little band of Europeans an easy victory, which, if we are to compare the numbers engaged on both sides, *two hundred men* against, it is said, *one hundred thousand*, may well be called wonderful. The campaign was thus virtually ended.

Guacanagari was present at the battle as an ally of the Spaniards, but he took no active part in the fighting. This encounter convinced the native princes that it was vain to struggle with their fate, and even Manicaotex sued for peace. Guarionex was a second time admitted to pardon. Columbus passed round the island, crushing with the help of Ojéda any lingering spirit of resistance, and the subjugation was nearly completed. Only the most western province

of Xaragua was left unvisited, and Behechio, who ruled over it, maintained his independence for a little time longer. His sister, the celebrated Anacaona, the wife of Caonabo, had taken refuge at his court, but although her husband had been so roughly handled by the Spaniards, she bore them no ill-will.

Columbus had been forced in spite of himself to become a conqueror, but however reluctantly he had gone to war, now that the war was over he recognized the altered state of things. The Indians were no longer open-hearted friends, but beaten and sullen foes. They had, under provocation assuredly, but not on that account less truly, intended to wage a war of extermination. They had been defeated and must pay the penalty. Columbus laid the caciques under tribute, and fixed a certain quantity of gold-dust to be regularly collected. The poor Indians, who had never known what real hard labor was till then, felt that an unsupportable yoke had been fastened upon their necks, and groaned in spirit as they gazed upon the grim fortresses and knew too surely that the hated strangers did not mean to go away again. In desperation they desisted from the little cultivation of the soil which had sufficed to satisfy their needs; but though they inflicted some suffering on the Spaniards, they suffered far more themselves from so suicidal a measure. Out of this regular apportionment of tribute grew in process of time the dreadful system of *repartimientos*.¹

Meanwhile Father Boil and Margarite were busily defaming Columbus to protect themselves. They charged him with tasking the community with excessive labor during a time of general sickness and debility; with stopping the rations of individuals on the most trifling pretext, to the great detriment of their health; with wantonly inflicting severe corporal punishments on the common people, and with heaping indignities on Spanish gentlemen of rank. They said nothing, however, of the exigencies which had called for unusual labor, nor of the idleness and profligacy of the commonalty, which required coercion and chastise-

¹ Partitions or distributions, especially of slaves.

ment; nor of the seditious cabals of the Spanish cavaliers, who had been treated with indulgence rather than severity. In addition to these complaints, they represented the state of confusion of the island, in consequence of the absence of the Admiral and the uncertainty which prevailed concerning his fate, intimating the probability of his having perished in his fool-hardy attempts to explore unknown seas and discover unprofitable lands.

Isabella, in truth, could not but feel her sublime confidence in Columbus somewhat shaken by the apparently disinterested statement of a man of the reputation and rank of the Vicar-Apostolic. It seemed clear that the affairs of Hispaniola required investigation in any case, and if the Admiral had really perished at sea, it became doubly necessary to take stringent measures. A fleet was on the point of starting with supplies, and Fonseca was ordered to choose some trusty officer for the command, and commission him to inquire into all abuses and make a full report of the same; but if he found that the Admiral had returned safe from his voyage, he was not to supersede him or interfere with his authority.

At this conjuncture Don James arrived, and not only bore witness to the fact that Columbus was alive, but gave quite a new coloring to his conduct. Isabella gladly admitted a more favorable judgment, and the royal orders were so far modified that instead of allowing Fonseca to select his own commissioner, John Aguado, supposed to be an especial friend of Columbus, was sent to ascertain the state of the colony.

Aguado, like Margarite, had experienced the marked favor of Columbus, and, like Margarite, returned evil for good. He had been chosen for his office with the express object of soothing, as far as possible, the unpleasantness of the measures which it had been judged necessary to adopt. The royal letters of credit were pompously vague; but instead of softening down their possible meaning, he pushed it to the extremest limit.

Columbus was engaged in suppressing a fresh revolt of

the brothers of Caonabo when Aguado arrived, and seemed to him, in his pitiful conceit, to be keeping out of the way in fear and trembling. He insolently ignored Don Bartholomew's presence, causing the terms of his appointment to be proclaimed with sound of trumpet: "Cavaliers, esquires, and other persons, who by our orders are in the Indies, we send to you John Aguado, our groom of the chambers, who will speak to you on our part. We command you to give him faith and credit." Instead of keeping to his instructions and collecting information, he at once proceeded to order numerous arrests, and had the presumption to send off a troop of horse to find the recreant Viceroy in his hiding-place and bring him to judgment.

Columbus needed no summoning. Aguado was preparing himself for the encounter, and meant to show who was master. He was quite disconcerted when his noble victim meekly signified his submission to the will of the sovereigns. Accusers were numerous, for the star of Columbus was declining, and as soon as Aguado had collected enough evidence to achieve the final ruin of the Genoese adventurer and his upstart family, he proposed to return to Spain. Columbus resolved to go with him. Just as they were preparing to start, the most fearful storm in the memory of man swept over the harbor, and destroyed all the caravels except the *Santa Clara*,¹ which bore a charmed life.

While she was being repaired for the Admiral's own use, and a new vessel was building for Aguado from the wrecks, an occurrence somewhat fortunate and romantic took place. One of the Admiral's young officers, Michael Diaz, having wounded a comrade in a duel, fled for refuge to a wild quarter of the island. Over the tribe inhabiting this region there reigned a young Indian female of great beauty, the widow of a cacique. She fell in love with the Spaniard, and married him; Diaz, though sincerely attached to his dusky bride, mourned in secret over his own country and his lost companions. Anxious to dissipate his gloom, the affectionate woman learned from him at length the passionate ardor with which

¹ Formerly the *Niña*.

the Spaniards sought after gold, and the fact that their continued residence in Hispaniola was prompted by the hope of discovering mines yet unknown.

Delighted at the thought of gratifying her lover, she immediately revealed to him this source of inexhaustible treasure, among the mountains. Diaz, certain of his pardon at such a price, hastened to Columbus and intrusted him with the important secret, which enabled him to take possession of vast wealth in his Sovereigns' name. He was persuaded that he had at length found out the land of Ophir. The grateful Diaz faithfully returned to his Indian beauty, who was baptized by the name of Catalina. Their marriage received the blessing of the Church, and he continued to share with her the government of the tribe.

The Admiral, leaving his brother, Don Bartholomew, in command, set sail with Aguado on the 10th of March, 1496. The two caravels were crowded with invalids and home-sick colonists.

The voyage was one tedious struggle against contrary winds, so that, after a month of tacking and veering, the Caribbee islands were still in sight. Not only community of interests kept the vessels together, but it would seem that, once at sea, Aguado surrendered his supremacy. Perhaps he felt it safer for himself to keep on good terms with a man who, slandered and outraged as he had been, was still the greatest of navigators, at a time when an ocean voyage was still a perilous enterprise. They landed in Guadalupe to take in supplies, nor did they make their second start till the 20th of April.

Again their progress was so slow that provisions began to fail when they had still far to go, and at the beginning of June they were reduced to such famine that only the strong hand of Columbus saved the Indians on board from being killed and eaten. When he would by no means permit this atrocity, a clamorous demand was made that the poor creatures might be thrown overboard, thus at least to lessen the number of useless mouths. Columbus stood firm, representing that Indians were fellow-men with souls to be saved, and

that these Indians in particular were being taken to Spain expressly to be instructed and baptized. He added that in three days they would sight Cape St. Vincent. There were many experienced seamen with him, not one of whom agreed with him in this declaration, though they were also widely at variance among themselves.

Once more, however, he was right. On the evening of the third day the Admiral maintained that the land was near, and gave orders to take in sail as a precaution, much to the displeasure of all his weary and famished men, who loudly protested that they could not bear their sufferings any longer, and would far rather run the risk of being dashed ashore in the dark than submit to any unnecessary prolongation of their cruel hunger. Daylight revealed Cape St. Vincent, and, with an involuntary impulse of returning reverence, they recognized the surpassing skill of their wonderful commander.

The invalids in the ships had experienced on the long voyage the fatherly solicitude of Columbus, and many who at first had thought favorably of Aguado had found out by constant intercourse his vanity and worthlessness. The poor and the afflicted, oppressed Indians or sick Spaniards, always seemed to be drawn by some secret sympathy nearer in their distress to the kind heart of the great Admiral, but their friendship was no protection to him against the plots and malice of powerful enemies.

CHAPTER VI.

A YEAR IN SPAIN.

Columbus as a monk—Activity of his enemies—Other difficulties—James Ferrer—The Admiral draws up his will—Delays, and preparations for another voyage.

The ships reached Cadiz on the 11th of June. Caonabo never saw Spain. The Admiral had hoped to win him by the display of the magnificence of Spanish power, and then restore him to his former influence to be a useful friend, but his wild nature pined in captivity, and the dusky warrior died on the voyage.

The wretched condition and dejected mien of the starved crews confirmed the sinister reports which had been widely spread, and Columbus was once again in popular esteem a visionary, cheating himself and his followers with golden dreams. His sanguine anticipations were met with a sneer of incredulity. Before the first voyage his speculations had appeared unfounded; after the second voyage his undeniable discoveries were declared to be worse than useless.

On his arrival at Cadiz, Columbus sent to inform the Sovereigns of his return with Aguado, and then waited a whole month for their answer. It was during this delay that he wore publicly the habit of St. Francis. The fact is incontestable, and the motive equally so. To a Protestant like our Irving, the idea of an Admiral walking about the streets in the cowl of a monk, with a rope round his waist, was so singular that to save his hero's sanity he felt himself bound to suppose that this was the fulfillment of another of those extravagant vows made at sea under stress of weather. There is no mention elsewhere of any such vow, and sensible Catholics do not think a man insane because he declares

that he is, or would like to be, a monk. Columbus had ample cause for being disgusted with the world and its ingratitude, and whether Father John Perez had just returned to La Rabida, or had never left it, Columbus might possibly have wished, with the consent of his wife, to end his days in the peace of the cloister; or, if he believed that the ungrateful world still needed his assistance, or felt with a touch of remorse that his poor wife had had already too much to suffer on his account, he might have wished to signify that he was, as far as the duties of his state of life permitted, a true son of St. Francis. We hear no more of good Father John Perez, ~~except the~~ solitary fact that he died before his illustrious friend. The records of the convent, as was said before, have unfortunately perished.

A month's interval gave the active enemies of Columbus—Father Bernard Boil, Peter Margarite, John de Aguado, and the potentate, Fonseca—time to do their worst. However, when the answer to his letter came at length, it was all that could be desired. The Sovereigns expressed their gratitude and congratulation, and invited himself to Court as soon as he had sufficiently recovered from the fatigues of his voyage. Isabella seems to have had all her doubts dispelled as soon as she was once more able to see and speak to Columbus. Not one word of blame seems to have been spoken in the interview at Burgos, and though we know from subsequent events that Ferdinand was even at this time unfriendly, yet Isabella was incapable of dissimulation, and soon after this she wrote to Columbus an unofficial letter, still extant, which bears witness to her undiminished veneration.

The time was almost as unpropitious for the prosecution of distant discovery as the closing period of the Moorish war had been. Isabella's gentle maternal heart was entirely occupied with matrimonial projects for the welfare of her children, and Ferdinand was entirely engrossed with his European wars. He cared, indeed, notably little about his new dominions, which hitherto had been more burthensome than lucrative to his treasury. King Ferdinand, though a shrewd man of business, was by no means a far-sighted

monarch. Columbus asked for eight vessels to follow up the Cuban explorations, and establish a firm footing on the mainland of Asia. It was not till the following spring (1497) that the proposal received real attention. In the meantime, the kind forethought of the Queen had arranged an interview, which gave him a new friend, worthy to stand by the side of Father John Perez, or to take his place.

James Ferrer, the lapidary of Burgos, is very briefly mentioned by Irving, who gives the substance of a letter written by him, at the command of Isabella, to Columbus, advising him to explore further to the South. He was a great traveler and a zealous Catholic, much esteemed by Isabella, and a personal friend of the great Cardinal Mendoza.

The list of Ferrer's accomplishments is given after the pretentious manner of those days, and ranges over everything knowable in human science, from mathematics to poetry, and, besides, he was a theologian. The versatility of his genius may be conjectured from the fact that the professional mineralogist and observant traveler wrote a theological treatise on the allegories of Dante,¹ and his learning seems to have been, in the judgment of his contemporaries, not less deep than varied. The fragments of his writings which remain confirm this opinion. He was a man worth knowing, and, as he had by this time returned from his travels in the East, Isabella summoned him to Court. He had formed from the first a high idea of the scientific value of the achievements of the venerable Columbus, and was one of the few who shared with Isabella an insight into the religious character of the enterprise, which he styled "more divine than human."

In January of the year 1495, Ferrer wrote to the Queen, offering some advice about the Papal line of demarcation, and in the letter he said: "I believe that God, in the high and mysterious designs of His Providence, has chosen him" as his accredited agent for this work, which seems to me nothing less than a prelude and preparation to the things

¹ *Sentencias Catolicas del diuo poeta Dante.* Barcelona, 1545.

² Columbus.

which God, according to His good Providence, proposes to make known to us in due time, to His glory, and to the salvation and happiness of the world."

In his letter to Columbus himself, his admiration is still more marked. He writes:

"The infallible Providence of God sent the great Thomas from the West to the East, to make known to the Indies our holy Catholic law; and you, sir, Providence has sent, by an opposite path, from the East to the West, in order that, by the Divine will, you may reach the East, the furthest limits of Upper India, to carry to the nations, which have not heard the preaching of Thomas, the knowledge of salvation, and to fulfill the words of the Prophet: *In omnem terram exivit sonus eorum*.

"Without fear of error, I affirm that you, sir, hold the office of an Apostle, of an Ambassador of God, sent by the Divine decrees to reveal His Holy Name to lands where the truth is still unknown. It would not have been beyond the claims of your mission, in dignity or importance, if a Pope or a Cardinal of Rome had shared your glorious labors in those lands. But the Pope is prevented by grave concerns, and the Cardinal by his relish of the comforts of life, from following such a course as yours. It is quite true, nevertheless, that with an object like yours the Prince of the Apostolic army came to Rome, and that his fellow-laborers, vessels of election, went about the world, spending their strength, severely tried, with sandals worn and garments rent, their bodies exhausted by the dangers, the hardships and fatigues of those travels, which often gave them only the bread of bitterness to eat."

The friendship of such a learned, whole-souled man as James Ferrer came when it was most needed to help Columbus in his old age, to keep up his courage to the end, through many tribulations.

Isabella's kind reception of Columbus somewhat deranged the plans of his calumniators. Fonseca saw that it was

¹ "This letter," says Father Knight S. J., "shows that James Ferrer, true Catholic and loyal son of the Pope, was no timid devotee."

necessary to proceed cautiously, for though his unforgiven foe was going down the hill, he was not quite near enough to the precipice yet, and a premature attempt to push him over might be dangerous to the assailant. No amount of royal favor could remove the disagreeable impression produced by the sallow faces and wasted frames of the unsuccessful Argonauts, and even when the Sovereigns were at leisure at last to give all requisite orders for a new expedition, much remained to be done before the orders were carried out, and the state of things sadly resembled what we have already described in speaking of the preparations for the first voyage, when sailors hung back in dismay, and ship-owners put all obstacles in the way of departure. Fonseca did not dare to disobey Isabella, but he could and did devise delays and impediments in the execution of unwelcome commands. The wedding of Prince John was followed exactly six months later by his death. Columbus would not break in upon the deep grief of his royal benefactress.

The Admiral, however, employed part of his forced leisure in executing a *Will*, or *deed of entail*, the terms of which reveal to us his inmost soul, and explain much that would otherwise want explaining.

He begins this document in the name of the Blessed Trinity,¹ to Whom he refers the *first idea*, and the complete conviction which succeeded it, that a passage to the Indies by sailing westward was possible. He recalls with gratitude that by the grace of our Lord he had discovered the land of the Indies and numerous islands, and, as great revenues are sure to come to him therefrom, he therefore founds this *Majoratus*.²

He places the deed under the protection of the Holy See, because his only object in framing it is the service of Almighty God. He appoints his son, Don James, his heir, and the property is to descend by primogeniture. He requires these who succeed him to use in their signature no

¹ Irving writes: 'Don Fernando, son to Columbus, says that his father, when he took his pen in hand usually commenced by writing '*Jesus cum Maria si nobis in via.*'''

² *Majoratus*, i. e., property so attached to an hereditary title of honor as to descend with it.

other title than that of *Admiral*, and to add always the formula which he had invented, and which was a prayer in itself, namely, "S. S. A. S. X. M. J. XPO Ferens," the letters being arranged in four lines.

The first stipulation is in behalf of the poor, to whom a tenth of all the revenues is to be assigned, "for the honor of God Eternal and Almighty." Among the poor, any destitute members of the family are to have a prior claim. In this last clause we may recognize the Christian virtues of humility and well-ordered charity.

Then the Admiral proceeds at once to the thought which lay nearest to his heart, the long-cherished purpose of recovering the Holy Sepulchre from the Turks. He bids his son and heir remember that when he was planning the voyage to the Indies, he had designed to petition the Sovereigns to devote all the profits to the conquest of Jerusalem, and requires him accordingly to strive to amass much treasure, in order to be able to assist the King, if he would undertake the enterprise, or, if he would not, then to fit out a large army and go without him; in which case, he hoped that the help refused for the commencement would be conceded for the prosecution of the crusade.

After having "liberated his soul" with regard to the Holy Sepulchre, he next shows his keen solicitude for the temporal power of the Pope:

"ITEM, I ordain that, if for the chastisement of our sins, any schism should come to be in the Church of God, and any person of any rank or nation whatsoever, should endeavor by violence to deprive it of its privileges and possessions, the said Don Diego, or whosoever shall possess the said Majoratus, do immediately under pain of disinherittance put himself at the feet of the Holy Father (unless, indeed, the latter should have turned heretic, a thing which God will not permit), and offer himself and his dependents to do him service with all their resources, with arms and money, interest and principal, to crush the schism and prevent the spoliation of the Church."

That nothing may be wanting to the true Catholic character of this interesting document, another obligation is imposed of building in the Royal Plain¹ in Hispaniola a church under the invocation of "St. Mary of the Conception," a mode of honoring our Blessed Lady which supposes the doctrine of her *Immaculate Conception*. Then a hospital is to be founded, and chairs of theology established for the instruction of those who shall devote themselves to the conversion of the Indians.

Isabella, during this interval of delay, tried to induce Columbus to accept a large tract in Hispaniola for his private property, with the title of Duke or Marquis, but he resolutely refused. Perhaps he thought it inconsistent with his sublime vocation to accept a reward which, while it injured his position, might also tempt him in his old age, under the specious pretext of attending to the interests of his children, to make a home for himself and them, and, sinking into dignified ease, to give up the further prosecution of his grand, but self-sacrificing and eminently "uncomfortable," designs. It seems scarcely likely that his sole motive in refusing Isabella's generous proposal was a prudent fear of increasing his unpopularity. Nor, on the other hand, was he guilty of foolish inconsistency in rejecting a new source of revenue, since the wealth which he desired for crusading purposes was sure to come sooner or later, he thought, from the "eighth" guaranteed to him in the capitulation drawn up at Santa Fé, if there was faith in a royal word and gold in the Indies. Unhappily, it was long in coming.

Fresh causes of delay now arose. Ferdinand was much distressed for money, but Isabella had actually set aside certain funds for the new expedition, when, in October, 1497, Peter Alonzo Niño returned from Hispaniola, and by his foolish boast that he brought much gold caused the immediate revocation of the royal grant, for it was supposed that this valuable freight would more than suffice to meet the demands of the Admiral. When the unfortunate

¹ Vega Real.

captain, who had gone to visit his family before forwarding his despatches, came to confess that his gold was in the shape of three hundred Indian prisoners of war, to be sold, Isabella and Ferdinand, for different reasons, were equally disgusted. Although the letter of the royal instructions ordained that Indians concerned in the death of Spaniards should be enslaved, yet Isabella was shocked at the number.

Arrangements had to be recommenced. Orders and counter-orders wasted much time. The anxiety of Columbus increased with every fresh delay, for he knew by sad experience how much the colony depended upon imported food, and how scarcity of provisions increased the difficulty of governing selfish and discontented and seditious men. Yet even his sagacious mind could not easily have conjectured the extent of the evils which tried to the utmost all the grand qualities, the high courage, the strong endurance, the vigilance, the practical wisdom, the mingled severity and mercy of his brother Bartholomew, the good *Adelantado*.

The more the Admiral displayed his anxiety to hurry forward the preparations, the more "his cold-blooded enemy Fonseca," who was now Bishop of Badajos, tried to interpose vexatious obstacles. In his despair, when volunteers could not be found, he proposed a measure which, though it met with the eager approval of the Sovereigns, must be allowed to have been even in that dire extremity a grievous error of judgment. This was to commute the imprisonment of lesser criminals into a term of service in the colony. Alas! there were bad men enough, and "basely bad," in Hispaniola already, without turning loose into the island men convicted of every kind of villainy.

Columbus, who to the end could never fully realize the deep wickedness of which the human heart is capable, no doubt thought that this plan might be regarded as the lesser of two evils, inasmuch as to send no ships at all was to consign the colony to certain destruction, while to send out men who had misdeemeaned themselves at home was to give them a chance of becoming honest men, a chance which many of

them, under the combined inducement of gratitude and interest, might be glad to seize. It was a melancholy mistake, and one which brought its own sad punishment.

By the most strenuous exertions, Columbus succeeded at last in fitting out two caravels early in 1498; but to accomplish this it was necessary for him, Viceroy as he was, to take much of the actual drudgery of the work upon himself, to go round to the storehouses and deal personally with the tradesmen. He speaks feelingly, in a letter written long afterward, of his laborious quest of provisions on this occasion. The two vessels arrived in Hispaniola at the beginning of February, bearing to Bartholomew the royal confirmation of his appointment, which gave strength to his government at such a critical juncture, that perhaps a few weeks of additional delay would have made reconstruction quite impossible.¹

¹ For the larger portion of chapters V. and VI., as also much of the preceding one, we take pleasure in acknowledging our great indebtedness to the concise and very accurate "Life of Columbus" by Father A. G. Knight, S. J., of England.

CHAPTER VII.

THE THIRD AND FOURTH VOYAGES TO AMERICA.

Columbus punishing insolence—Crossing the stormy ocean in the name of the Holy Trinity—Touches the mainland of America—At Hispaniola again—Quelling troubles—The din of calumny—Bobadilla and his mission—Columbus sent home in chains—Great schemes—A fourth voyage planned—Going to the relief of a fort—Columbus insulted again at Hispaniola—Awful fate of a fleet containing his enemies—Search for an imaginary strait—Sailing along the coast of Central America—Battle with a waterspout—A vision—Aground on Jamaica—Mendez and his adventures—Mutiny of Porras—The threatened famine—An historical eclipse of the moon—A singular visit—A fierce conflict—Relief comes—Columbus reaches Spain.

By the assiduous and watchful toil of the venerable Admiral, six more caravels were ready at the end of May, 1498. He was just about to sail. The malignity of Bishop Fonseca and the insolence of his underlings, however, pursued the Discoverer of America even to the water's edge. Of these annoying officials, the most bold and noisy was one Breviesca, treasurer to Fonseca, and a converted Jew. He grossly insulted Columbus to his very face. The great old man, in the hurry and indignation of the moment, forgot his usual self-command, and, raising his hand, he struck the despicable minion to the earth.

It may have been another error of judgment, for the wretched Breviesca had an official character, and Bishop Fonseca would be sure to take the chastisement as an insult to himself. But even if the infliction of this well-merited

punishment was a grave fault in diplomacy, the *moral* offense was surely a very small one; and, perhaps, to Columbus it seemed more important to vindicate his honor and assert his power before his own retainers, than to consider very nicely the effect of his act upon one who could scarcely become more insolent and bitterly hostile than he was. Certainly, Fonseca was not the personage to let slip such a golden opportunity, and Las Casas attributes the decline of the Admiral's influence at Court to this incident, which was represented in the darkest colors when he was no longer present to defend himself.

Nor, indeed, did Columbus himself fail to foresee the invidious use that would be made of it. It would be difficult to make, with equal brevity, a more direct and affecting appeal than that contained in one of his letters, wherein he alludes to this affair. He entreats the Sovereigns not to let it be wrested to his injury in their opinion; but to remember, when anything should be said to his disparagement, that he was "*absent, envied, and a stranger.*"

The much-enduring Admiral set sail from the port of San Lucar on the 30th of May, with six vessels, and two hundred men, in addition to the sailors that were necessary. It was no longer islands that he sought. He wished to make some great discovery, and started on his third voyage by placing it under the special protection of the Most Holy Trinity, whose sacred name he promised to give the first land he would discover.

In the course of this voyage he was obliged to avoid a French squadron, as France and Spain were then at war. From the Canary Islands Columbus dispatched three of his ships directly to Hispaniola, declaring in his instructions to their commanders, that he himself was going to the Cape Verde Islands, and thence, "in the name of the Holy Trinity," intended to navigate to the South of those islands, until he should arrive under the equinoctial line, in the hope of being "guided by God to discover something which may be to His service, and to that of our Lords, the King and Queen, and to the honor of Christendom." "I believe," he

adds, "that no one has ever traversed this way, and that this sea is nearly unknown."

With one ship and two caravels, the great Admiral made for the Cape Verde Islands—"a false name," he remarks, as nothing was to be seen there of a green color. He reached these islands towards the end of June, and left them on the 4th of July. All this time he was surrounded by such a dense fog that he writes, "It might have been cut with a knife."

The vessels had pushed along many leagues, when suddenly the winds abated and the heat became intolerable. Nobody dared to go below deck to look after the wine, water and provisions. This lasted eight days. The first day was clear, and had the others been like it, Columbus states that not a man would have been left alive. They would have been all burnt up.

The Admiral, in his distress, addressed himself to Heaven, and, at last, a favorable breeze sprang up, enabling him to pursue a more westerly course. Soon but a single barrel of water remained in each of the vessels. The distress of the crews was frightful. But, "as God had always been accustomed to show mercy to him"—to use the Admiral's own words—a mariner named Alonzo Perez happened to go aloft upon the maintop of the Admiral's ship, and suddenly saw towards the southwest, about fifteen leagues off, three summits of mountains, which appeared united at the base. It was the land desired! Wonderful it was, indeed, for it seemed at that distance to exhibit the mysterious emblem of the Trinity, whose name Columbus had vowed to bestow on it. It was an island, and he called it *Trinidad*.¹ The sailors sang the *Salve Regina* and the *Ave Maris Stella*, and when the Admiral landed, he planted, as was his usual custom, a large cross on the shore.

On the following day he continued in a westerly direc-

¹ The old chroniclers and historians are struck with astonishment at this incident. "Muñoz," says Comte de Lorgues, "who had under his eye the narrations and the documents, informs us that Columbus attributed this discovery to a signal favor from God." *Trinidad* is the Spanish for Trinity. This island is situated outside the delta of the great river Orinoco, having the Gulf of Paria on the west.

tion, in search of a port where he might take in water and refit his ships. The extreme heat had shrunk the timber, and caulking was sadly needed. The port he did not find, but came to deep soundings somewhere near Point Alcatraz. Here he took in fresh water. This was on Wednesday, the 1st of August, 1498. From the point where he now was, the low lands of the Orinoco¹ must have been visible, and Columbus for the first time beheld the mainland of America.

He pushed on towards the Gulf of Paria. It was just after the rainy season, and the great rivers which flow into the Gulf were causing its waters to rush with impetuosity out of the two openings which lead into the wide ocean. The fierce struggle between the fresh water and the salt water produced a high ridge of waters, on the top of which the Admiral was borne into the Gulf at such risk, that, writing afterwards of this event to the Spanish Court, he says: "Even to-day I shudder lest the waters should have upset the vessel when they came under its bows."

From the size of the Orinoco, Columbus felt sure that he had discovered a continent. He called it *Tierra de Gracia*, or the Land of Grace. Mass was celebrated, and possession taken of the newly-discovered territory in due form. A large cross was then raised on the most prominent part of the beach, and the holy name of the Redeemer resounded for the *first* time on the wild, unknown shores of South America.

Space will not permit us to follow Columbus at every point in this most memorable voyage. In the midst of trials, sickness, and adventures, the great man added a continent to the world's map; nor was the map more enlarged than truth, science and commerce.²

¹ Point Alcatraz is situated at the S. E. extremity of Trinidad.

² The Orinoco is an immense river which discharges itself by seven great mouths and forty smaller ones. Its *delta* covers an extent of about fifty leagues, divided and sub-divided into islands of various sizes.

³ "This voyage (the third), undertaken in the name of the Most Holy Trinity," writes Count de Lorgues, "was no less important than his first one. He made the peaceable conquest of three grand truths, which will ever be of utility to science: 1. The existence of a new continent; 2. The equatorial swelling; 3. The great oceanic current. The least of these three discoveries would have secured immortality for the discoverer. . . . Such was the importance of this third voyage

On the 30th of August the vessels reached Hispaniola. The Admiral's health was shattered, but he found a firm and affectionate friend in his brother, Don Bartholomew, who related to him the various calamities that had befallen the unhappy island since his departure. It was one long story of the excesses and insubordination of the Spaniards. Their cruelties to the Indians are too painful and far too tedious a tale to recount here. It must suffice to say that, on his recovery, Columbus found his genius heavily tasked in the labor of restoring some degree of order and good feeling.

An account of the disturbances, however, had already gone to Spain, and were charged to the account of the venerable man whose sole anxiety had been to heal them. Columbus wrote to the Court, entreating that a magistrate, empowered by royal authority, might be sent out to rule the lawless men who created such endless dissatisfaction. Hitherto the Spanish sovereigns had, upon the whole, behaved pretty well to Columbus. But he had bitter enemies at Court. People were forever suggesting to the monarchs that this foreigner was doing wrong. The Admiral's son, Ferdinand, gives a vivid picture of some of the complaints preferred against his father. "When I was at Granada," he writes, "at the time the Most Serene Prince Don Michael died, more than fifty of them—Spaniards who had returned from the Indies—as men without shame, bought a great quantity of grapes, and sat themselves down in the court of the Alhambra, uttering loud cries, saying that their Highnesses and the Admiral made them live in this poor fashion, on account of the bad pay they received—with many other dishonest and unseemly things, which they kept repeating. Such was their effrontery that when the Catholic King came forth they all surrounded him, and got him into the midst of them, saying 'Pay! pay!' and if by chance I

that there remained no longer any grand discovery to be made. The messenger of the Cross left but few for future generations. Thanks to him, the whole world was thenceforth open to the investigations of man. For three centuries no man has discovered in the laws of nature anything broader, more profound, or more fundamental for science. Three centuries have passed away, and no man has derived from any voyage so many intellectual acquisitions."

and my brother—who were pages to the Most Serene Queen—happened to pass where they were, they shouted to the very heavens, saying: ‘*Look at the sons of the Admiral of Mosquito Land, of that man who has discovered the lands of deceit and disappointment, a place of sepulchre and wretchedness to Spanish hidalgos,*’ adding many other insulting expressions, on which account we excused ourselves from passing by them.”

Thus clamor and calumny kept up an unceasing din against the great Admiral at the Spanish Court.¹

Ferdinand and Isabella chose Francis Bobadilla for the investigation of affairs in the New World. They authorized him “to ascertain what persons have raised themselves against justice in the island of Hispaniola, and to proceed against them according to law.” Among other documents the following remarkable letter to Columbus was given him:

“Don Christopher Columbus, our Admiral of the Ocean: We have commanded the Comendador Francis de Bobadilla, the bearer of this, that he speak to you on our part some things which he will tell you. We pray you to give him faith and credence, and act accordingly.

I, THE KING, I, THE QUEEN.

By their command, MICHAEL PEREZ DE ALMAZAN.”

On the 23rd of August, in the year 1500, Bobadilla made his appearance at San Domingo, Hispaniola. The Admiral was at Fort Conception. Bobadilla immediately summoned the Discoverer of America to appear before him, sending

¹ While Columbus was involved in a series of difficulties in Hispaniola his enemies were but too successful in undermining his reputation at the Court of Spain. Bishop Fonseca, and others who had frequent access to the Sovereigns, were enabled to place everything urged against him in the strongest light, while they destroyed the force of his vindications. Every vessel from the new world came freighted with complaints and calumnies; it was even alleged that Columbus intended to cast off allegiance to Spain, and either make himself sovereign of the countries he had discovered, or yield them into the hands of some other power, a slander which however extravagant was calculated to startle the jealous mind of Ferdinand. . . . The incessant repetition of falsehood will gradually wear its way into the most candid mind. Isabella herself began at length to doubt. . . . Isabella doubted, but the jealous mind of Ferdinand felt convinced.
—Irving.

him the royal letter. Columbus without delay obeyed the summons of this shallow and insolent man; but scarcely had he appeared before the gates of San Domingo, when he was rudely seized, put in irons, and confined in the fortress. His brothers were similarly treated. Accusations fell thickly on the venerable head of the Admiral. "The stones rose up against him and his brothers," says the historian Herrera.

With a stupid brutality, which we may charitably suppose he took for vigor, Bobadilla decided to ship Columbus and his brothers in chains to Spain.

The prisoners were given in charge of Alonzo de Villejo, an officer in the employ of Bishop Fonseca, who unhappily is thought to have been the secret instigator of all those violent proceedings. Villejo, however, was a man of honorable character and generous feelings, and showed himself superior to the low malignity of his patron. When he arrived with a guard to conduct the Admiral from the prison to the ship, he found him in chains, in a state of deep despondency, fearing that he should be sacrificed without a hearing, and that his name would go down to posterity sullied with imputed crimes.

Seeing the officer enter with the guard, Columbus thought it was to conduct him to the scaffold. "Villejo," said he, mournfully, "whither are you taking me?" "To the ship, your Excellency, to embark," replied the other. "To embark!" echoed the Admiral. "Villejo, do you speak the truth?" "By the life of your Excellency," replied the honest officer, "it is true!" With these words the Admiral was comforted, and felt as one restored from death to life. The caravels set sail early in October, bearing off Columbus, shackled like the vilest of culprits, amidst the scoffs and shouts of a miscreant rabble, who took a brutal joy in heaping insults on his venerable head, and sent curses after him from the island he had so recently added to the civilized world. Fortunately, the voyage was favorable and of moderate duration, and was rendered less irksome to Columbus by the conduct of those to whom he was given in custody.

The worthy Villejo, as well as Andrew Martin, the master of the caravel, always treated him with profound respect and assiduous attention. They would have taken off his irons, but to this he would not consent. "No," said he, with Christian dignity, "their Majesties commanded me by letter to submit to whatever Bobadilla should order in their name; by their authority he has put upon me these chains; I will wear them until they shall order them to be taken off, and I will afterwards preserve them as relics and memorials of the reward of my services."

"He did so," adds his son Ferdinand, in his History; "I saw them always hanging in his cabinet, and he requested that when he died they might be buried with him!"

How strange! Columbus gave Spain a new world; and, in return, Spain loaded him with fetters. Soon, however, there was a reaction. The nation became sensible of its ingratitude to its great benefactor. The nobility were shocked at this insult to one of their own order; and no sooner had Ferdinand and Isabella learned from Columbus of his arrival, and of his disgrace, than they issued immediate orders for his liberation, and summoned him to the Court at Granada, forwarding money to enable him to proceed there in a style befitting his rank. He was received with all possible marks of distinction. The Sovereigns repudiated Bobadilla's arbitrary proceedings, and promised the Admiral compensation and satisfaction. To signify their entire disapproval of the way in which Bobadilla had acted under their commission, they pointedly refused to inquire into the charges against Columbus, and dismissed them as not worthy of investigation.¹

The aged discoverer of America now found the rest for which he had so long sighed. That third voyage, which had seemingly terminated so disastrously, had really more than answered all his prayers. He had sailed in search of Asia, and had found America. To him who had been chosen to discover the first land in the West had been granted also

¹ An officer named Don Nicholas de Ovando was also sent to supersede Bobadilla in Hispaniola.

the first sight of the great continent, though this was in 1498, and already in 1495 the royal sanction had been given to private adventure. It is strange indeed, that in those three years no bold mariner was able to wrest from Columbus that secondary glory.

The Admiral was perfectly aware of the great results which he had achieved, and his active and vigorous mind, no longer occupied with ten thousand petty details of anxious government, reverted at once to the master-thought which gave epic unity to his entire career. In deep meditation in the Franciscan convents at Granada and Zubia, he traced the connection, to him so natural and so intimate, between the discovery of new nations and the re-conquest of Jerusalem. He had strongly grasped the fundamental truth that the actions of men have their meaning and value from reference to the life of Jesus Christ. The only thing really worthy of Christian ambition was to spread the kingdom of Christ. Dynastic wars were not worth one thought; but when it was proposed to rescue the holy places from the infidel Turk, a Christian, Columbus supposed, might well be glad to spend money and labor and life itself. He was filled with zeal. He saw in his own name, the "Christ-bearer," a symbol of his work. Whether he strove to extend the boundaries of the Church, or to restore to the Church her former possessions; whether he labored to convert poor ignorant pagans to the knowledge of Christ, or to wrest from obstinate enemies the objects of Christian reverence, he was always thinking how to advance the cause of Him whom in more than name he carried.

That this is no fancy of his Catholic admirers, the Admiral's own writings abundantly prove. The wealth of the Indies—to follow his train of thought—would insure the recovery of the Holy Sepulchre; the recovery of the Holy Sepulchre would increase charity, and send evangelists to the Indies. Distant nations must be added to the fold, and Christians must be free once more to worship Christ at Bethlehem and Calvary. The grand idea which filled the mind and claimed the whole soul of Columbus was to make

a highway round the earth, and bring the nations in willing homage to the feet of Jesus Christ, reigning once more in Jerusalem of the Christians.

He could not yet march against the infidel Turk, but he could continue his progress round the world; and thus very shortly we find him again, before he had recruited his strength, making application to the Sovereigns to be sent on a fresh expedition. The indomitable old man would rather die in harness than lead an idle life. Protestant historians show their inability to appreciate that profoundly religious character which they universally ascribe to Columbus, when they can only see in this desire of a fourth voyage the love of glory and the fear of being eclipsed by rival navigators. He himself solemnly asserts that these were not his motives.

In the course of his meditations, a great idea flashed upon the mind of Columbus. His conclusions, it may be said, were sometimes more correct than his premises. The great current setting westward from the Gulf of Paria must find an outlet somewhere, he supposed, to the west, and Irving asserts that he fixed in his mind the region of the *Isthmus of Darien* for the probable locality. He was mistaken, as it happened, but *the guess ran strangely near the truth*. It was to find this strait, and, having passed through it, to continue his voyage *around the world*, that he now proposed to resume the thread of his discoveries. The design found much favor with Ferdinand, for he envied Portugal her lucrative Asiatic expeditions.

Columbus, however, thoroughly distrusted Ferdinand. He felt that, in the event of Isabella's death, all his past services would be forgotten, and all solemn conventions would be disregarded, as far, at least, as public opinion might permit: and that if, as was not improbable, he himself should lose his life on this voyage, his children, with a crowd of loud and bitter enemies of their father round them, would be defrauded of their rights, and that in consequence his grand designs for the service of the Church would perish with himself. He took the most extraordinary precautions. At this time he was in actual poverty, living upon his

"expectations" of justice, and his claims of unpaid revenue. He wrote an anxious letter to the Sovereigns, recommending to them his children and his brothers after his death.

His evident solicitude gave real pain to Isabella, and once more all his rights were solemnly guaranteed by a joint letter of the Sovereigns. But even this could not calm his fears. Isabella's protestations were superfluous, Ferdinand's worthless. Columbus consigned a copy of all the rights conceded to himself and his heirs to the care of the Genoese Ambassador, and asked him to let his eldest son, Don James, know where it was to be found. Another copy he left with the Franciscans, and another with the monks of St. Jerome. He drew up, moreover, written instructions to help James in making good his claims, which were sure to be contested. He also wrote to the Holy Father at this time, expressing his regret at having been unable to relate to him with his own lips the story of the enterprise, originally undertaken and consistently prosecuted for the glory of God and the diffusion of the faith. He speaks, of course, of the Holy Sepulchre, and is sure that Satan is to blame for the thwarting of his pious purpose, which will require money and power, and that now he is possessed of neither.

He prayed that his son Ferdinand might be permitted to accompany him on the expedition, and Isabella gave the boy a naval commission. Don Bartholomew was at first disposed to hold back. Good Christian though he was, he thought that the ill-usage which they had experienced went beyond human endurance, and he was in no mood to continue to serve ungrateful Spain. But the sight of his noble brother, still serene and brave, untamed by disappointment, unconquered by opposition, faithful to the end, made him ashamed of his weakness. He would not let the Admiral go alone, just when most he needed the help of a strong arm and a loving heart. Don James obeyed another vocation. He had led in all the turmoil of Hispaniola a life worthy of the most sacred calling, and he now recognized the will of God, and began his studies for the priesthood.

In his fourth voyage, Columbus, as already stated, pro-

posed to circumnavigate the globe.¹ He pressed the Sovereigns² to provide him with four vessels and provisions for two years. On the 9th of May, 1502, the preparations were complete, and he set sail from Cadiz, having with him his brother, Don Bartholomew, and his son Ferdinand. As an instance of the great old Admiral's chivalrous love of adventure, it may be mentioned that upon hearing that the Portuguese fortress of Arzilla—on the African coast—was besieged by the Moors, he at once proceeded to its relief. When he reached it, however, the siege was raised.

Turning the prows of his ships towards the New World, he met with a prosperous voyage until near Hispaniola. He arrived off the harbor of San Domingo at an unfavorable moment. The place was filled with the most virulent of his enemies. In the harbor lay the fleet which had brought out Ovando. It was ready to put to sea. The experienced eye of Columbus beheld in the distance an approaching hurricane. He was anxious to shelter his own squadron in the harbor, and sent a message, asking permission to do so, and advising Ovando of the coming storm, and the danger of letting the fleet sail for Spain.

Ovando sternly forbade the Admiral to enter the harbor on any account; and he retired from the river indignant at being refused shelter in the very island which he had discov-

¹ Columbus conceived an opinion that beyond the continent of America there was a sea which extended to the East Indies, and hoped to find some strait or narrow neck of land, by which a communication might be opened with it and the part of the ocean already known. By a very fortunate conjecture, he supposed this strait or isthmus to be situated near the Gulf of Darien.—*Robertson*.

² Just before setting out on his fourth voyage, Columbus wrote a strong letter to Ferdinand³, reproaching the King with the treatment which he had received, and with the want of confidence manifested towards him now. Ferdinand, who well knew the use of words, sent a soothing reply.

³ "You ought to be convinced," wrote the Spanish King, "of our displeasure at your captivity, for we lost not a moment in setting you free. Your innocence is well known. You are aware of the consideration and friendship with which we have treated you. The favors which you have received from us shall not be the last that you will receive. We assure to you your privileges, and are desirous that you and your children may enjoy them. We offer to confirm them to you again, and to put your eldest son in possession of all your offices, whenever you wish. . . . We beg you to set out as soon as possible."

⁴ "Age," writes Irving, "was rapidly making its advances upon Columbus, when he undertook his fourth voyage of discovery. He was now about *sixty-six* years of age. His constitution, originally vigorous in the extreme, had been impaired by hardships in every clime, and by the mental sufferings he had undergone."

ered. Feeling confident, however, that a terrible storm was at hand, he kept close to the shore, thinking to shelter himself in some wild bay or river.

But scarcely a ripple passed over the sea, scarcely a breath stirred the luxuriant foliage on the shore. Ovando, filled with haughty ignorance, scorned the Admiral's suggestion in regard to delaying the departure of the ships for Spain. This fleet was the richest in cargo that had ever left the islands. It contained all the gold which had been wrung out of the natives by Bobadilla's harsh measures. Of one nugget, especially, the old chroniclers speak in the most glowing terms. According to them, it was the largest piece of virgin gold ever discovered. It was accidentally found by an Indian woman at the mines, while carelessly moving her rake to and fro in the water one day during dinner-time. Its value was estimated at 1,350,000 maravedis;¹ and in the festivities which took place on the occasion it was used as a dish for a roast pig, the miners saying that no King of Castile had ever feasted from a dish of such value. We do not find that the poor Indian woman had any part in the good fortune. Indeed, as Las Cases observes, she was happy if she had even any portion of the meat, not to speak of the dish. Bobadilla, though a scoundrel, was not a blockhead. He purchased the nugget for Ferdinand and Isabella, and carefully shipped it with other treasures valuable enough to go a long way towards compensating the Spanish Sovereigns for all their expenditure on the new Colony—if the fleet could only reach Spain in safety.

But, on the second day after its departure, the prediction of Columbus became terribly verified. A tornado of unexampled fury swept the seas. Those on shore could judge of the fate that was likely to befall the doomed squadron,² as many of the buildings and trees of the island were leveled with the ground by the cutting force of the wild tempest. Of all the ships, only *one*—and that the frailest of the fleet—ever reached the shores of sunny Spain. It was the *one*

¹ About \$2,000. ² It consisted of eighteen ships.

that carried the Admiral's property.¹ Bobadilla and his ill-gotten gold perished in the mighty deep; and it would not be safe to think that the famous nugget went far to plead his cause before the judgment-seat of God.

Columbus and his four little vessels braved the furious tempest on the coast of Hispaniola; and, though three of them had been severely strained, the Admiral's own ship received no damage of any kind. He succeeded in refitting, and set sail for Jamaica on the 14th of July. He passed that island, meeting with light winds and contrary currents.

For about nine weeks the Admiral made so little progress that his crews began to clamor for the abandonment of the expedition. The ships were leaky and worm-eaten. Provisions were running short. The seamen had seen their commander thrust away from what might be called his own door, and the sight of his powerlessness had strengthened their independence until it amounted to insubordination. Happily, however, before the discontent broke out into open mutiny, a breeze sprang up from the east, and the Admiral easily persuaded his unruly crews that it was better to prosecute their voyage than to remain beating about the islets waiting to return home. Yet, from that time forward, it was one long battle with winds and waves. Old age was beginning to make itself felt, and the discoverer of America became very ill; but, full of the sense of deep responsibility, he had his bed placed in a house on deck, from which he could direct the course of the ships, and superintend all arrangements which the public safety required.

They were soon gladdened by the sight of the pine-clad slopes of the little island of Guanaja, which lies off the coast of Honduras. Here there appeared a canoe, much more like the ships of the Old World than any they had seen before, manned by twenty-five Indians, who had come from the mainland on a trading voyage among the islands. Their cargo consisted of cotton fabrics, iron-wood swords, flint knives, copper axe-heads, and a fruit called by the

¹ This little vessel had on board of it 4,000 pieces of gold, the property of the Admiral, remitted to Spain by his agent.—*Irring*.

natives *cacao*,¹ to which the Spaniards were now introduced for the first time. Nor were they slow to appreciate its merits. The venerable Admiral treated these people with great kindness, and won their confidence at once by presenting them with some of the glittering toys which never fail to dazzle the childish eye of the barbarian.

Columbus by his interpreter made many inquiries, and was deeply interested in the account he received of the great and rich country to the west. But not even that golden prize could tempt him to renounce the predetermined object of his voyage, and surrender so soon his search after the all-important strait which was to disclose to Spain a pathway round the world, and give a suitable completeness to his own Heaven-appointed work. Within a day or two, says Irving, he would have arrived at Yucatan. The discovery of Mexico and the other opulent countries of New Spain would have necessarily followed; the Southern Ocean would have been disclosed to him, and a succession of splendid discoveries would have shed fresh glory on his declining age, instead of its sinking amidst gloom, neglect, and disappointment.

Steering along the coast of Honduras, he reached a cape to which he gave the name *Gracias a Dios*² in pious thanksgiving for the southerly turn taken by the land at that point. The east winds, which had hitherto obstructed him, were now favorable to his course along the coast. The Admiral himself was unable to move, but as it was Sunday, and the eve of the Feast of the Assumption, Don Bartholomew and the captains and many of the men went ashore to hear Mass.³ Then there soon followed a weary struggle against head-winds and contrary currents, with continual rain and water-spouts, and such dreadful lightning that death

¹ The chocolate tree; it grows to the height of twenty or thirty feet, with a brownish bark, and bears a pulpy fruit, containing seeds of a flat, oblong shape, from which chocolate is made.

² "Thanks be to God." This cape yet retains the name given it by the great Admiral. See a map of Central America.

³ The first Mass on the mainland was said on the coast of Paria in the previous voyage. The honor of having planted the first cross in the New World, by which possibly the mainland of America is meant, is claimed for a father of the Order of Mercy.—*Father Knight, S. J.*

and the end of the world were in the thoughts of all. Father Alexander, a Franciscan, the only priest on board, administered the sacraments to all on the same ship with him, and in the other vessels the men made their confessions to one another, and waited for death.¹

The Admiral says that the stoutest hearts quailed, and that he had never known a tempest so violent and so long enduring, and that in sixty days they had advanced only seventy leagues. He felt his own end approaching, and was distressed to think that he was directly responsible for the death of his brother and his son, whom he had persuaded to bear him company.

But though they had been pursued by rain, and storm, and lightning, the greatest danger was now at hand. On the 15th of December, while the Admiral was still in bed, and seemingly in his last agony, wild shrieks came from one of the vessels. The sounds of terror were re-echoed from the others. These cries of despair resounded in the sad but brave soul of the almost dying Columbus. He opened his eyes. He shuddered. He struggled on deck. What did he see?

At a certain point the ocean seemed to be agitated by violent movements. It swelled with the waves, which it attracted to this centre, and arose as a single mountain. Dark clouds descended in the form of a reversed cone, and stretched themselves down to the whirlpool, which gradually arose to meet the atmospheric cone. These two huge forms of cloud and sea suddenly met, and were soon locked together in the form of a whirling X. "It was one of these water-spouts," writes Charlevoix, "which seamen call *fronks*, which were then so little known, and which have since submerged so many vessels." A sharp, hissing noise preceded the fatal whiff of this frightful form—then without a name in our language—now known as the *typhoon*.

Columbus, who was always greatest in danger, and equal

¹ "For eighty-eight days the dreadful tempest never left me; my people were very sickly, all contrite for their sins, and many with promises to enter religion, and not one without vows of pilgrimage and the like."—*Letter of Columbus to Ferdinand and Isabella*.

to any emergency when battling with the unruly elements, became suddenly re-animated. He saw the monstrous form approaching. The sea appeared to be sucked up towards the very sky. What was to be done? It was a new danger. Art was useless; navigation, powerless; experience, nothing. To that noble mind, full of a grand and holy faith, there was yet one resource, and only one. He would call on God. He had blessed candles at once lighted, and placed in the lanterns. Though scarcely able to stand, the venerable Admiral girded his feeble frame with his sword, over the cord of St. Francis; and hastily seizing the New Testament, he stood boldly on the prow of his ship, facing the water-spout, which was coming near. He began to read the Gospel of St. John, trying to raise his voice above the howling of the awful tempest. When he came to the expression, "*And the Word was made flesh and dwelt amongst us,*" the aged Christian hero commanded the water-spout to spare the children of God who were laboring to carry the Cross to the ends of the earth; and, full of faith, he drew forth his sword and traced in the air the holy sign which once met the eyes of Constantine, and gave him the promised victory. The water-spout, which was coming straight towards the caravels, suddenly appeared to change its direction, passed between them, and went off bellowing, to lose itself in the immensity of the Atlantic!

When we come to consider the smallness of the caravels, and the fearful force of a tropical cyclone, we are quite justified in feeling that the escape of Columbus and his crews was nothing short of a miracle. At last, after eight days' tossing to and fro, the mouth of a river was gained. The Admiral named it *Bethlehem*, because he entered it on the day of the Epiphany.

Pains, trials, and disappointments—too numerous to relate here—now crowded around the thorny pathway of the great Admiral. His own strength was exhausted by sickness. His ships were leaky and very unsafe. The sea and the heavens persisted in their inclemency; and he saw only gloom and heart-rending anguish among the sailors. One

day, in the midst of this desolation, sleep closed his eyes. His afflicted soul heard a "tender voice" say:

"Oh, thou fool, slow to believe and to serve thy God—the God of all! What more did He for Moses, or for his servant David, than He has done for thee? From thy birth He has taken the greatest care of thee. When he saw thee come to a fitting age, He made thy name to resound wondrously throughout the earth. The Indies—those wealthy regions of the world—He gave thee for thine own, and empowered thee to dispose of them according to thy pleasure. To thee He delivered the keys of the ocean gates which were closed with mighty chains. Thy orders were obeyed in many countries, and among Christians thou didst acquire honorable fame. What more did He for the people of Israel when he led them from Egypt? Or even for David, whom, from being a shepherd, he made King of Judea? Turn, then, to Him, and acknowledge thy error. His mercy is infinite. Thy age shall be no impediment to any great undertaking. Thou urgest for succor despondingly. Answer! who hath afflicted thee so much and so many times—God, or the world? The privileges and promises which God hath made to thee, He hath never broken; neither hath he said, after having received the services, that his meaning was different, and was to be understood in a different sense. Never doth he inflict pain in order to show forth His power. He performs to the very letter. He fulfills all that he promises, and with increase. Is not this His custom? I have shown thee what thy Creator hath done for thee, and what he doth for all. The present is the reward of the toils and perils thou hast endured in serving others."

"In hearing this," writes Columbus, "I was as one almost dead, and had no power to reply to words so true. I could only bewail my errors. Whoever it was that spoke to me finished by saying: 'Fear not! Have confidence. All these tribulations are graven in marble, and it is not without cause.'"¹

¹ "In transcribing these words," says Count de Lorgues, "repeated by Columbus himself, with such charming artlessness, we are seized with an indefinable respect."

After various trials and adventures along the Isthmus of Panama, and having sustained the loss of two caravels, Columbus felt obliged to give up hunting after the strait which he fancied led to the Pacific. He steered northwards towards Cuba. A collision between his two remaining vessels rendered them still more unfit to cope with the powerful squalls and breakers of the West Indies. In the middle of June, however, with his crews in despair, nearly all his anchors lost, and his vessels worm-eaten so as to be "as full of holes as a honey-comb," he arrived off the southern coast of Cuba, where he obtained supplies of cassava bread from some friendly Indians.

The Admiral now steered for Hispaniola, but, failing to make head against the wind, he shaped his course for Jamaica. He reached the port which on a former visit he named Santa Gloria. This was to be the end of his voyage. As the ships could not float any longer, he ran them on shore, side by side, and built huts upon the decks for housing the crews. Such a habitation—like the Swiss lake-dwellings—afforded remarkable advantages of position in case of attack by a hostile tribe.

The Admiral's first care was to prevent any offense being given to the natives which might give cause for attack. He knew, by sad experience, the result of permitting free intercourse between the Spaniards and the Indians, and now he strictly enforced a rule forbidding any seaman to go ashore without leave. He also took wise measures for regulating the traffic for food, so as to prevent the occurrence of any quarrel.

James Mendez, who had been his lieutenant, and who had shown himself the boldest of his officers throughout this voyage, volunteered to proceed into the interior of the island to make arrangements for the regular supply of provisions from some of the more remote tribes, as it was certain that such a sudden addition to the population would soon exhaust the resources of the immediate neighborhood. This service Mendez performed with great skill, and a regular market was established, to which the natives brought fish,

game, and cassava bread, in exchange for Spanish toys and ornaments.

The immediate wants of his people being thus provided for, the venerable Admiral revolved in his anxious mind the means of getting from this island. His ships were beyond the possibility of repair, and there was no hope of a chance sail arriving to his relief, on the shores of a savage land—in an unfrequented sea. In this awful position, feeling his responsibility for the lives of those who were under him, he deplored the mortal destiny of Christopher Columbus. “I have hitherto wept for others,” he exclaimed, “but now Heaven have pity on me; and, O Earth! weep for me! . . . Weep for me, whoever has charity—truth—justice!”

What other mortal ever uttered such language? What poet, what prophet, what hero of the Gospel, in speaking of himself, ever used a more energetic boldness of imagery, or clothed with a grander dignity the accents that arose from his troubled heart? Here, indeed, we feel that “the style is the man.” Grandeur, simplicity, sadness and boldness are found beautifully harmonized, as if they were a single utterance of the great soul of Columbus.

For nine days the Catholic discoverer of America meditated and remained in the presence of God. For light and guidance in his unexampled distress he looked up to Heaven, determined to know, according to the expression of Peter Martyr, what the Most High had decided in his regard. At length, a mode of relief flashed on his mind. He thought of the noble James Mendez, whose loyalty and dauntless courage he had so often proved. He took him aside, to sound him on the subject, and Mendez himself has written an account of this conversation, which is full of interest.

“Mendez, my son,” said the venerable Admiral, “of all those who are here, you and I alone know the great peril in which we are placed. We are few in number, and these savage Indians are many, and of fickle and irritable natures. On the least provocation they may throw firebrands from the shore, and consume us in our straw-thatched cabins. The arrangement which you have made for provisions, and

which at present they fulfill so cheerfully, they may capriciously break to-morrow, and may refuse to bring us anything; nor have we the means of compelling them. I have thought of a remedy, if it meets your views. In this canoe which you have purchased some one may pass over to Hispaniola, and procure a ship, by which we shall all be delivered from this great peril. Tell me your opinion on the matter."

"Señor," replied Mendez, "I well know our danger to be far greater than is easily conceived; but as to passing to Hispaniola in so small a vessel as a canoe, I hold it not merely difficult, but impossible, since it is necessary to traverse a gulf of forty leagues, and between islands where the sea is impetuous and seldom in repose. I know not who there is would venture upon so extreme a peril."

Columbus made no reply; but from his looks, and the nature of his silence, Mendez plainly perceived himself to be the person whom the Admiral had in view. Resuming, therefore, the conversation, "Señor," said he, "I have many times put my life in peril to save you and my comrades, and God has hitherto preserved me in a miraculous manner. There are, nevertheless, murmurers, who say that your Excellency intrusts to me every affair wherein honor is to be gained, while there are others in company who would execute them as well as I. I beg, therefore, that you would assemble the people, and propose this enterprise, to see if any one will undertake it, which I doubt. If all decline, I will then come forward and risk my life in your service, as I have many times done already."

The Admiral willingly humored the wishes of the worthy Mendez. On the following morning the crew was assembled, and the proposition made. Every one drew back, pronouncing it the height of rashness. Upon this Mendez stepped forward. "Señor," said he, "I have but one life to lose, yet I am willing to venture it for your service, and for the good of all here present; and I trust in the protection of God, which I have experienced on so many other occasions."

Columbus, having heard this announcement, arose from his seat, and calling the brave Mendez to him, embraced him, saying aloud: "I well knew that there was nobody here but you who would undertake this achievement. I have a firm confidence that our Lord God will enable you to overcome the dangers that threaten you, as He has done on so many other occasions." Mendez at once set about to prepare for the expedition. No precaution of human prudence was neglected. Drawing his canoe on shore, he put on a false keel, and nailed weather-boards along the bow and stern, to prevent the sea from breaking over it. He then payed it with a coat of tar, furnished it with a mast and sail, and put in provisions for himself, a Spanish comrade, and six Indians.

In the meanwhile, Columbus wrote a letter to Ovando, Governor of Hispaniola, begging that a ship might immediately be sent to bring him and his men to Hispaniola; and he wrote another to the Sovereigns, entreating for a ship to convey them from Hispaniola to Spain. In this letter he gave a comprehensive account of his voyage. He supposed himself to have reached the confines of the dominions of the Grand Khan, and offered, if he lived to return to Spain, to conduct a mission thither to instruct that potentate in the Christian faith. What an instance of soaring Catholic enthusiasm and irrepressible enterprise is here exhibited! At the time he was indulging these visions, and proposing new and romantic enterprises, he was broken down by age and infirmities, racked by pain, confined to his bed, and shut up in a wreck on the coast of a remote and savage island.

The dispatches being ready, James Mendez embarked with his Spanish comrade and his six Indians, and coasted the island eastward. Their voyage was toilsome and perilous. When arrived at the end of the island, they were suddenly surrounded and taken prisoners by the Indians, who carried them three leagues into the interior, where they determined to kill them. A dispute, however, arising about the division of the spoils, they agreed to settle it, after the Indian fashion, by a game of ball. While thus engaged, Mendez

escaped, regained his canoe, and made his way back to the harbor in it alone, after fifteen days' absence.

Nothing daunted by the perils and hardships he had undergone, he offered to depart immediately on a second attempt, provided he could be escorted to the end of the island by an armed force. His offer was accepted, and Bartholomew Fiesco, a Genoese, who had commanded one of the caravels, and was strongly attached to the Admiral, was associated with him in this second expedition. Each had a canoe, with six Spaniards and ten Indians, under his command. On reaching Hispaniola, Fiesco was to return immediately to Jamaica, to bring tidings to the Admiral of the safe arrival of his messenger; while James Mendez was to proceed to San Domingo, and, after purchasing and dispatching a ship, was to depart for Spain with the letter to the Sovereigns.

All arrangements being made, the Indians placed in the canoes a supply of cassava bread, and each his calabash of water. The Spaniards, beside their provisions, had each his sword and target. Don Bartholomew, with an armed band, kept pace with them along the coast, until they reached the end of the island, where, waiting for three days until the weather was perfectly serene, they launched forth on the broad bosom of the sea. Don Bartholomew remained watching them until they became mere specks on the ocean, and the evening hid them from his view, and then returned to the harbor.

Day after day, and week after week, did the poor Spaniards keep a wistful look-out upon the sea for the expected return of Fiesco, flattering themselves that every canoe, gliding at a distance, might be the harbinger of deliverance. Months elapsed, however, without his arrival, and they began to fear that he and Mendez had perished. Enfeebled by past sufferings, present confinement, and low diet, they became extremely sickly, and their maladies were heightened by anxiety and suspense. Some gradually sank into despondency; others became peevish and impatient, and, in their unreasonable heat, railed at their vener-

able and infirm commander as the cause of all their misfortunes.¹

At last, in January, 1504, the loud murmurs broke out into open mutiny. Francis Porras, the captain of one of the caravels, headed the howling mob. They proceeded to the sick couch of the Admiral, who was confined by a severe attack of the gout. Porras, with bold effrontery, told Columbus that he was afraid to return to Spain, but that the seamen had sworn to remain no longer, and intended to depart at once. On this there arose shouts from the followers of Porras: "To Castile! To Castile! We follow!"

The Admiral, with wonderful patience and dignity, made a speech, in which he pointed out the danger of attempting to leave the island in mere canoes. He said it was absurd to suppose that he had not a common interest with them in all respects. But Porras was as obstinate in his desire to go, as Columbus in his determination to stay; and, taking possession of the canoes which had been purchased from the natives, the mutineers² set out on their journey towards Hispaniola, leaving the Admiral and Don Bartholomew with scarcely any adherents except those whom sickness prevented from undertaking the journey.

The unfortunate progress of Porras and his followers through the island was marked by a series of outrages on the Indians. This completely neutralized the effect of the Admiral's excellent policy. The mutineers forcibly seized on whatever provisions could be found, and mockingly referred the simple owners to Columbus for payment. Three attempts to cross over to Hispaniola failed in consequence of rough weather. On one occasion, the canoes were in so much danger of being swamped that the Spaniards cast everything on board into the sea; and, as this did not lighten the canoes sufficiently, they then proceeded to force over-

¹ Irving.

² Porras and his band, it seems, numbered forty-eight. They meditated killing Columbus and his friends, but being assured by some officers that they would thus incur the vengeance of the Sovereigns, they for the present contented themselves with taking six canoes, which the Admiral had purchased from the Indians, and with these—after helping themselves to arms and provisions—they went away, shouting defiance.—*De Lorgues*.

board the unhappy Indians by whom they were accompanied. Many of the poor savages swam after them for a long time, but sank one by one, as the swords of the cruel mutineers prevented them from approaching the boats. They were finally obliged to abandon the design of reaching Hispaniola, and began to roam over the island, quartering themselves on the Indians, and committing every possible excess.

Of course, the influence of this scoundrelism on the relations between Columbus and the natives was soon apparent. The trinkets and beads—once so precious in their eyes—had first lost the charm of novelty, then the value of rarity. The circulating medium became so depreciated that provisions were scarcely to be obtained at all. And, unfortunately, the personal veneration which the untutored Indians had first evinced for the white men had gradually given way to hatred and contempt. Familiarity had shown how worthless were these “superior beings.” The Indians refused to minister to their wants any longer; and thus, while pain and sickness gnawed the heart of the aged Admiral, gaunt famine added itself to his bitter enemies.

But the great man—aided, no doubt, by light from Heaven—was equal even to this emergency. Partly from his scientific knowledge, and partly from inspiration, he became aware that on a certain night an eclipse of the moon would occur. In this event his fertile mind beheld the means of escaping from starvation. He judged—and rightly judged, as the event proved—that by predicting the eclipse he would gain a reputation as a prophet, and command the respect and obedience due to a person invested with supernatural powers. He assembled the chiefs of the neighboring tribes. Then, by means of an interpreter, he reproached them with refusing to continue to supply provisions to the Spaniards.

“The God who protects me,” he said, “will punish you. You know what has happened to those of my followers who have rebelled against me, and the dangers which they encountered in their attempt to cross to Hayti; while those who went at my command made the passage without diffi-

culty. Soon, too, shall the Divine vengeance fall on you. This very night shall the moon change her color and lose her light, in testimony of the evils which shall be sent upon you from the skies."

Of the Indians, many were alarmed at the prediction. Others went away shouting in mockery. Night came. It was fine. The moon shone down in full brilliancy. But at the appointed time the predicted phenomenon took place, and the wild howls of the savages proclaimed their abject terror. In a body they ran to Columbus, imploring his intercession. They promised to let him want for nothing, if only he would avert this judgment. As an earnest of their sincerity, they hastily collected a quantity of food, and laid it at his feet. At first he seemed to hesitate, but in a little while he was softened by their entreaties. He said he would go and speak to his God, and retired to the cabin. That he prayed to Heaven for the salvation of those poor Indians there can be no doubt. As the venerable Admiral returned from his cabin, the eclipse began to decrease. Soon the terrible shadow passed away from the face of the moon, and the gratitude of the dusky natives was as deep as their former terror. But, being blended with awe, it was not so brief as gratitude often is. Henceforward there was no failure in the regular supply of provisions.

Eight months had passed away without any tidings of Mendez, when one evening there unexpectedly hove in sight a small caravel, which stood in towards the harbor of Santa Gloria, and anchored just outside. A boat was seen to put off from the caravel. It brought on shore her commander, a certain James de Escobar. Columbus recognized in this person a man whom he had once sentenced to be hanged for mutiny in Hispaniola, but who had been pardoned by Bobadilla. The proceedings of this newcomer were singular enough. Standing at a distance from Columbus—as if the Admiral were in quarantine—de Escobar shouted at the top of his voice a message from Ovando, the acting Governor of Hispaniola. Ovando, he said, regretted the Admiral's mis-

fortunes very keenly, and hoped, before long, to send a ship of sufficient size to take him off. In the meantime, he added, Ovando begged him to accept a slight mark of friendship. The "slight mark of friendship" was nothing less than a side of bacon, a small cask of wine, and a letter! These he delivered to the Admiral, and at once rowed off as fast as possible. The feelings of the great old man may in part be imagined.

Difficulties, alas! but grew with time. Porras and his reckless band of mutineers soon put in an appearance. The leader, feeling sure that he had sinned beyond forgiveness, was resolved that his men should share his desperation. In short, he had resolved to attack the Admiral. Columbus, in the goodness of his great heart, made overtures of peace, and sent an offer of forgiveness to Porras and all his men on condition of immediate surrender. But the insolent ruffian laughed at the offer, and, in return, made such haughty demands that any reconciliation was impossible.

One day the mutineers marched to the harbor, headed by the bold Porras. It was their intention to seize upon the stores remaining on the wreck, and to get the Admiral in their power. The latter, however, heard of their approach, but, being confined by his infirmities, sent his brother to reason with them, and endeavor to win them to obedience. Don Bartholomew, who was generally a man rather of deeds than words, took with him a number of men well armed. Arriving near the rebels, he sent messengers to treat with them; but Porras forbade them to approach. He cheered his followers by pointing, with derision, to the pale countenances of their opponents, who were emaciated by recent sickness and long confinement in the wreck; whereas his men, for the most part, were hardy sailors, rendered robust by living in the open air. He assured them the followers of Don Bartholomew were mere household men, fair-weather troops, who could never stand before them.

Deluded by this harangue into a transient glow of courage, the rebels did not wait to be attacked, but rushed with shouts upon the enemy. Six of them had made a league to

assault Don Bartholomew, but were so well received that he laid several of them dead at his feet, among whom was John Sanchez, a powerful mariner who had once carried off an Indian chief.

In the midst of the fearful affray, Don Bartholomew was savagely assailed by the now desperate Porras, who, with a blow of his sword, cleft his buckler, and wounded the hand which grasped it. The sword remained wedged in the shield, and before it could be withdrawn, the Admiral's fearless brother closed upon the chief of the mutineers, grappled him, and, being assisted by others, succeeded in taking him prisoner.

The rebels, seeing their leader a captive, fled in confusion, but were not pursued, through fear of an attack from the Indians, who had remained drawn up in battle array, gazing with astonishment at this fight between white men, but without offering to aid either party. Don Bartholomew returned in triumph to the wreck, with Porras and several other prisoners. Only two of his own men had been wounded, one of whom died.

On the following day, the rebels sent a letter to the Admiral, signed with all their names, confessing their misdeeds, imploring pardon, and making a solemn oath of obedience, imprecating the most awful curses on their heads should they break it. The Admiral, seeing the abject nature of the letter, how completely the spirit of these misguided men was broken, with his wonted magnanimity, he pardoned their offenses, merely retaining their ringleader, Francis Porras, a prisoner, to be tried in Spain for his misdeeds.¹

It was not until the 28th of June, 1504—just a year after their arrival at Santa Gloria—that Columbus and his men were gladdened by the sight of the two caravels which had been sent to their relief. One was from the faithful Mendez, the other from Ovando. The embarkation of the castaways, as may be supposed, was quickly effected; but adverse winds

¹ Irving.

made the voyage to Hispaniola a long one. The two vessels did not reach San Domingo before the 15th of August.¹

The venerable Admiral's stay was short, but far from pleasant, in the beautiful island which he had once discovered, and in which so many of his hopes rested. He was all anxiety to return to Spain, and boarded a caravel whose prow was directed towards Europe. Alas! even in this last voyage he was forced to "make head against a sea of troubles." His evil star was in the ascendant. Twice his vessel nearly foundered. Twice her masts were sprung in successive tempests. His own shattered constitution was gradually giving way to acute attacks of the gout, which had become more and more frequent for the last few years. And thus, prostrated by sickness, nearly ruined in means, and now hopeless of any encouragement from Ferdinand and Isabella, the discoverer of the New World, the great old Catholic hero who had doubled the size of the world's map, arrived at Seville on the 7th of November, 1504, in as miserable a plight as even his vilest enemy could have wished.

¹ "The young Hernando Cortés was in the crowd which greeted the return of the veteran discoverer. He never lost his admiration of Columbus, and in many things strove to follow his example."—*Father Knight, S. J.*

CHAPTER VIII.

THE SETTING SUN OF A GLORIOUS LIFE.

Poverty and old age assail Columbus—Death of Isabella the Catholic—Extracts from the Admiral's letters—The death-bed of a hero—Confirming his will—The last moments of America's Discoverer—His many tombs—His Character—Miracles.

We hasten to the end with feelings of mingled sorrow and admiration. The infirmities of the great Admiral were too many to permit him to proceed to Court. He therefore passed the winter at Seville, in a sad state of bodily and mental suffering. Care and misfortune were destined to follow him by sea and land, and, in changing the scene, he but changed the nature of his afflictions. His affairs were all in confusion. Such had been the case ever since his arrest by Bobadilla. His revenues arising in Hispaniola were not sent to him ; and his recent disastrous voyage had involved him in expenses, for the greater part of which the Crown remained his debtor.

Writing to his son, Don James, he urges him to economy. "Of the revenue due to me," says the aged Admiral, "I receive nothing, but live by borrowing. Little have I profited by twenty years of toils and perils, since at present I do not own a roof in Spain. I have no resort but an inn, and for most of the time I am unable to meet my bills."

His own sorrows and misfortunes, however, afflicted him less than those of his friends and followers, whose ruin was involved in his. In their behalf he warmly pleaded with the Spanish Sovereigns. But the cold and jealous Ferdinand still had his ears open to the false accusers who were ever ready to malign Columbus ; and although the favor of the noble Isabella had never failed him, she was now, alas ! on

the confines of eternity. "I have served your Majesties," wrote the incomparable hero, "with as much zeal and constancy as if I had been seeking after Paradise, and if I have fallen short in anything, it is because my mind and strength were unequal to the effort."

"May it please the Holy Trinity," he exclaims in a letter to his son, "to restore our Sovereign Queen to her health; for by her everything will be adjusted that is now in confusion." Alas! before he had penned these words, the great and saintly Isabella the Catholic was no more in this world.¹

"O my dear son James," wrote the heavy-hearted Columbus, when he heard of this sad event, "let this be a lesson to you as regards your present duty. The first thing is to recommend the soul of our sovereign the Queen to God, with piety and affection. She was so good and so holy that we may rest assured of her eternal happiness. She is now sheltered from all the cares and tribulations of this world in the bosom of God. The next thing I recommend to you is to watch and labor with all your strength for the service of the King. It is the duty of all to pray for the comfort and preservation of his life; but it is ours in an especial manner, since we are his servants."

What chivalrous loyalty and devotion, even in the very extremity of misfortune!

During a great part of the spring, Columbus was detained at Seville by his maladies. Don Bartholomew, in the meantime, proceeded to Court to attend to the Admiral's concerns. He was accompanied by the young Fernando Columbus, then about seventeen years old. In a letter to his elder son, James, the illustrious discoverer of America inculcates the strongest brotherly attachment. He refers to his own noble brothers with one of those warm and affect-

¹ After four months of illness she died, in the fifty-fourth year of her age; but long before her eyes closed upon the world, her heart had closed upon all its pomps and vanities. . . . She was one of the purest spirits that ever ruled over the destinies of a nation. Had she been spared, her benignant vigilance would have prevented many a scene of horror in the New World, and might have softened the lot of its native inhabitants. As it is, her fair name will ever shine with celestial radiance in the early dawning of its history.—*Irving*.

ing touches which bespeak the kindness of his heart. "To your brother," wrote the aged hero, "conduct yourself as the elder brother should unto the younger. You have no other, and I praise God that this is such a one as you need. Ten brothers would not be too many for you. Never have I found a better friend, to right or to left, than my brothers."

It was not until the month of May that Columbus was able to accomplish his journey to Court. He who but a few years before had entered the city of Barcelona in triumph, attended by the chivalry of Spain, and hailed with rapture by the multitude, now arrived at the gates of Segovia a neglected, way-worn and melancholy man. He was weighed down by sorrows even more than by years and infirmities.

To the cold but courteous Ferdinand the presence of the Admiral seemed to be importunate, and his poverty was regarded as a keen though tacit reproach. Commissioners were, it is true, appointed to inquire into his conduct, and the degree of justice with which he claimed the restitution of his property and his privileges. They found no reason to deny his rights, but they wasted his patience by their delays. Nor was this all. Anxiety, and the dread he felt of leaving his sons and his brother unprovided for, added to his bodily sufferings.

"Your Majesty," he wrote to the King from his sick couch, "conceives it inexpedient to fulfill the promises which I received from you, and from the Queen who is now in glory. To struggle against your will would be to wrestle with the wind. I have done my duty. May God, who has ever shown me mercy, order the rest according to His divine justice!"

Alas! it was the hero's life rather than his dauntless spirit that even then was sinking under him. At his own request, his brother, Don Bartholomew, and his son James, were at that very time absent to implore aid from Queen Juana, Isabella's daughter, who was on her way from Flanders to Castile. Everything seemed to conspire against him in his last hours. Physical suffering, mental anguish, and

the feeling that his life was about to be cut short before he could hope to see himself honorably justified; the triumph of his bitter enemies at Court, the courtiers' derision, the King's coldness, the shadow of death, which he saw daily approaching, and the sad loneliness in which the absence of his son and his brother left him in a forgetful and ungrateful town; the recollections of a life spent, the one half in the expectation of a glorious destiny, the other in deploring the unhappy fate of genius despised; the thought of his brothers without provision, his son without a heritage, and the uncertain fate of his memory among future generations—all these tribulations of limbs and mind, of body and soul, of past, present and future, weighed in one bitter moment on the venerable Admiral.

Let us reverently approach the dying hero. Let us behold his last hours. It may teach us how to die. We can imagine what a hotel must have been at that day in Spain. In a lonely chamber lay the Grand Admiral of the Ocean on his bed of suffering. The bare walls were ornamented with naught but his chains. He requested one of his attendants—an old and faithful companion of his voyages—to bring to his bedside a pen, ink and writing materials. Several years before he had made his will, but he wished, in his last hours, to confirm what he had already done, and to give a final impress of indisputable authenticity to the document. What a strange sight, to behold a man shunned by the great, abandoned by the world, and stretched on a bed of poverty in a miserable little room, distributing seas, islands, countries.

As already stated,¹ he made his son Don James, his chief heir. "I beseech my Sovereigns and their successors," wrote Columbus, "to uphold forever this, my last will, in the distribution of my rights, my goods and my offices—I who, although born at Genoa, came to Castile to serve them, and who have discovered, in the West, mainland, islands and the Indies. My son shall hold my office of Ad-

¹ See p. 134.

miral on that part of the ocean westward of a line drawn from one pole to the other."

The grand old man then passed to the use of the revenues secured to him by his treaty with Ferdinand and Isabella. Wisely and liberally, he distributed the millions which of right were his between his son Don James and his brother Don Bartholomew.¹

Then turning a last lingering look toward that dear native land, which no adopted country can ever blot from the heart of man, his soul yearned towards the city of Genoa, wherein the home of his fathers had already crumbled at the touch of time, but in which there still dwelt some distant relative, like an old root clinging to the soil when the forest trunk had been leveled. "I desire my son James," he wrote, "always to maintain in the city of Genoa one member of our family, who shall reside there with his wife, and to see that the allowance made to him is liberal, that he may live in a style befitting one who is allied to us. I desire that this relation retain his property and citizenship in that town, for it was there that I was born, and it was thence I came."

"May my son," he added, with that chivalric sentiment of fealty which was the second religion of those times, "may my son, in memory of me, serve the King, the Queen, and their successors, even to the forfeiture of life and goods—since, next to God, it was they who supplied me with the means of making my discoveries."

"It is true," he went on, in a tone of half-stifled reproach, arising, as it were, from the depths of memory, "that I came from a long distance to make an offering of them, and that a tedious length of time passed away before any credit was given to the gift I brought their Majesties; but that was only natural, for it was a mystery to all the world, and could only be regarded at first incredulously. For that very reason, I ought to share my triumphs with those Sovereigns who were the first to trust my word."

¹ Don James, the Admiral's son, states that he was charged to pay the devoted Beatrix 10,000 maravedies a year.—*Irrtug*.

This historic will also contained many legacies for the foundation of different churches, and made special provision for the realization of a grand design which had always occupied his thoughts—the deliverance of the Holy Sepulchre. Long had it been his desire to undertake a new crusade; but, unable himself to raise aloft the conquering cross, he directed that a part of his revenues should be annually reserved in St. George's Bank at Genoa, for the fulfillment of his cherished design, and that it should there accumulate until a sufficient sum was raised to fit out any army of crusaders. He solemnly bound his heirs to interest themselves personally in the success of this pious enterprise.¹

Having thus scrupulously acquitted himself of all earthly duties, Columbus turned his thoughts to Heaven—that beautiful Heaven which had always occupied so large a part of his bright, heroic mind. Agreeably to the usage of the time and the particular inclination of his piety, he put on the habit of the Third Order of St. Francis. He then made a last humble confession, and received the *Holy Viaticum*. His chains, by his wishes, were to descend with him into the tomb. Mournfully standing around his bed were his two sons, his officers, some friends, and a few Franciscan fathers; while hourly the great Admiral of the Ocean felt himself advancing to that mysterious port which opens into eternity. Full of faith, and hope, and love, he asked for the sacrament of Extreme Unction as a preparation for this last great voyage—a voyage in which the peasant who has seen but the little district around his home, and the mighty travelers in thought and deed, are alike to find themselves upon the unknown waters of that life beyond the tomb. Looked at in this way, what a great discoverer each of us is to be!

The dying hero was able to join in the prayers that were said for him, and answered the Franciscan father who read the recommendation for the departing soul. To the end his wonderful intellect shone out clear and vigorous. A true

¹ For the text of this will—perhaps the most remarkable ever written—see Irving's "Life and Voyages of Columbus," Vol. 3; and McGee's "Catholic History of America," appendix.

poet by nature, as we have seen by his language and writings, he clothed the last aspiration of his spirit and the dying murmurs of his lips in the sacred poesy of the expiring Redeemer of mankind, "Into thy hands, O Lord! I commend my spirit." Thus died Christopher Columbus, the saintly and incomparable man, the Catholic discoverer of America, and the greatest of Admirals, on Ascension Day, the 20th of May, in the year 1506. He was about seventy years of age.¹

Even death did not end the voyages of the venerable hero. His body was first deposited in the Franciscan convent at Valladolid. On his tomb was placed the inscription: "*A Castilia y a Leon Nuevo Mundo dio Colon*"—To Castile and Leon Columbus gave a New World. His remains were afterwards taken to the Carthusian convent of Seville. Nor did they there rest long. In 1536 they were removed to Hispaniola, and interred in the Cathedral of San Domingo; and in 1795 they were conveyed to the Cathedral of Havanna, where they now repose. And there, not far from the scenes of his many toils, and dangers, and humiliations, rest the

¹ We will disclose the profound conviction of our mind. We declare before God, who knows it, and before men, who do not know it, that *Christopher Columbus was a saint*. We use the word *saint* in as far as it is permitted the submissiveness of a Catholic to employ it, as a figure of speech, for want of a more exact term to apply to a man whom the Church has not yet canonized; for, in our eyes, nobody until then is a saint. And when we declare with full conviction that Columbus was a saint, we mean to say that the messenger of the Cross is found, as regards history, in the position of a hero of the Gospel, and of a great servant of the Church, upon the merits of whom the Church has not yet pronounced. Some great bishops, martyrs, and founders of religious orders, who are now illustrious canonized saints, have remained, for a time, in an equal situation, awaiting the day of their canonization.—*Count de Lorgues*.

That Columbus was a saint, in a less strict sense of the word, seems to be fairly certified by the careful researches of Count Roselly de Lorgues. Whether he was a saint in that highest sense which is meant when we speak of formal canonization, must be determined by evidence of another order. Pending the proof of miracles wrought after his death, and by his direct intercession, and pending also any declaration of the Church in his cause, we can only say that the great work given him to do, his own deep sense of a Divine vocation, his life worthy of that high commission, his humble readiness to ascribe all his achievements to the helping hand of God, his edifying forgiveness of the most malignant outrages, his childlike trust in the protection of Heaven, repaid, as we have seen, by the standing miracle of a special Providence visibly exerted in his behalf, and carrying him safely through a thousand dangers in long, tempestuous voyages, with ships scarcely seaworthy at their best, but still, with gaping seams and teredo-pierced planks, ever keeping above water till land was reached, and then falling to pieces on shore; his wonderful predictions, the visions in which he himself put faith; above all, his surpassing tribulations patiently endured, and his death in deep obscurity and contempt, without one vindictive word, certainly favor the idea that Christopher Columbus is a saint in the strictest sense of the word.—*Father Knight, S. J.*

ashes of the mighty Conqueror of the ocean and the Re-vealer of the globe.'

The life of Columbus is his best eulogy. It is one of the most holy, heroic and wonderful on record.

Like everything that is not of this earth, he stands alone, grand and mysterious. The dramatic and the poetic enter into his existence; and every thing that comes in contact with him acquires dignity or confers distinction.

His virtues were as shining as they were numerous. How sublime was his faith! Everything was done in the name of God. All his great enterprises were undertaken by invoking the Most Holy Trinity. When his genius discovered a new land, he raised his voice and his heart in praise and gratitude to Heaven. For him the star of hope shone with a celestial brilliancy unseen by common eyes. It never set. His charity was exhaustless. Piety held the first place in his bright, unequalled mind, and all else came after. Religion mingled with the whole course of his thoughts and actions, and shone forth in his most private and unstudied writings. It crowned the lofty integrity of his manly character.

A Catholic of Catholics, if he desired to open the way to unknown continents, and to raise large sums of money, it was not through any motive of grasping selfishness. Before St. Ignatius adopted the maxim, *Ad maiorem Dei gloriam*, Columbus put it in practice. To carry the light of the Gospel to the heathen, to connect the ends of the earth for the glory of God, to rescue the Holy Sepulchre from the hands of the infidel Turk—such were the lofty motives that guided his life's labors. Nor was he simply a saintly hero and a great Admiral. Though a layman, he was one of the greatest of missionaries. His discoveries opened Heaven to millions of souls. This messenger of the Cross rivals the most illustrious of the saints in being the

¹ Not long ago the newspapers described the finding of the remains of Columbus in the Cathedral of San Domingo. There is no truth in such reports. His ashes rest at Havana. See Colmeiro's recently published monograph, *Los Restos de Colon*.

means of unlocking the portals of Paradise to countless multitudes.

Who shall we name braver than the immortal Discoverer of America? His victories, like his life, stand alone in history. By his dauntless spirit, the unaided force of his genius, and the blessing of Heaven, he rose superior to every danger and every difficulty. With him originated the conviction that the Atlantic could be made a pathway to the Indies; and in spite of bitter opposition and the most heartless persecution, he succeeded in impressing the truth of his idea upon others. His poverty made the aid of a rich patron essential to the carrying out of his vast projects. He despaired not when all seemed hopeless. With unheard-of energy and matchless perseverance, he toiled for nearly a fifth of a century before he could obtain even a successful hearing. His hair was white at thirty, from deep reflection on the subject of discovery. For years he grandly bore up against scorn, delay, poverty, and vile contempt; and finally, battling with man and tempest, he triumphed over the terrors of the vast and gloomy ocean! He was fifty-seven when he planted the Cross on the wild shores of San Salvador. But never for a moment was he deserted by sublime courage and magnanimity of soul. On no occasion do we see him descend to hankerings for earthly glory, or yield to any ambition for popularity, or truckle for the favors of the Spanish Court. His Christian dignity stood far above all those things. His noble forbearance in the wrongs, and insults, and countless injuries heaped on his declining years reveals a rounded character of crystal beauty and unrivaled grandeur.

How shall we define *true greatness*? By what standard can we judge men so as to be able, with some justice and precision, to point out the greatest? It may be safely asserted that he is the greatest man to whom *the world is most indebted*. Measured by his achievements and their results, Christopher Columbus, we venture to assert, stands first on the roll of the truly great, heading the list of the most illustrious men of all time. Compared with this

Catholic hero, what are Alexander, Hannibal, Cæsar, and Napoleon? What does the world owe them? For what are we Americans indebted to them? How different from Columbus! To him science, commerce and religion owe more than to any other man. The New World reveres him as its discoverer. The Catholic Church recognizes in him one of her great and holy sons. In short, viewing his unparalleled achievements and their boundless results, the whole earth and all mankind are his debtors. His beautiful character transcends praise, as his heroic deeds baffle description; and as there is but one America on the map of the world, so there is but one Columbus among the sons of men.¹

¹ An account of several miracles indirectly attributable to the discoverer of America is given by the Count de Lorgues in his "Christophe Colomb." The following relates to a cross which he erected in Hispaniola, at Fort Conception:

At the beginning of April, 1493, Columbus visited for the second time the Royal Plain, where the year before he had paused in admiration, blessing God aloud in the presence of his soldiers, and thanking Him for making known a land so beautiful. After the submission of Guarionex, the chief of that part of the country, the Admiral had received, in the terms of the treaty, authority to construct a fort at the entrance to this magnificent region. Wishing to pay honor to the sign of salvation in this charming place, he ordered the mate, Alonzo de Valencia, to take a troop of twenty men, and with this escort, consisting principally of sailors and carpenters, to cut down a fine tree which he had marked for making a Cross. The trunk, cut square, formed the shaft, and the largest of the boughs was laid transversely for the arms. It may have been eighteen or twenty palms in height. This great Cross, conspicuously tall, was erected by the Admiral on a hill at the base of the mountains, from which might be seen over an immense expanse the most superb view of this superb plain. . . .

During the prosecution of the works, having no priest or church at hand, he made his daily prayer before this Cross. He there assembled, morning and evening, the workmen and soldiers. He said his office regularly beside the sacred symbol. . . . Fort Conception is that spot in Hispaniola where he spent the longest time. . . . Moreover, he wished to sanctify this privileged place by building a church for the daily celebration of three Masses. . . .

When the revealer of the globe, in reward of his discoveries, had been torn from his government, loaded with chains, sent to Spain, the Spaniards, following his example, continued to assemble there to say their prayers standing. One day the Cross, invoked with honest faith, wrought a miracle. Some persons were cured of a fever by touching it. Other sufferers were attracted to it, and recommended themselves earnestly to God. Many of them were cured. The Cross was called the *True Cross*, for it was distinguished by working miracles.

The name and the wonders of the *True Cross* were noised abroad. The Indians, oppressed by the Spaniards after Bobadilla's assumption of office, having observed the respect paid by their masters to the sacred symbol, determined to destroy it. They came in force to the assault, and fastening strong cords of twisted fibre to the shaft of the Cross, tried to pull it down; but in spite of their numbers all their efforts were unavailing. The Cross defied their strength and stood immovable. Discontented by their ill-success, they tried to reduce it to ashes. Gathering large heaps of dry brushwood, they surrounded them at night with faggots of inflammable material to a great height and set them on fire. The flames broke out with violence. The cross soon disappeared in fire and smoke. The idolaters with their priests, the *Bohuts*, retired well pleased. But next morning they saw the Cross standing in perfect preservation amid the smoking heaps. Not even the color of the wood was changed, except that at the foot it was slightly blackened, as if a lighted candle had been applied to it.

Deterred and dismayed by this miraculous manifestation, they fled trembling, and afraid that

they had incurred the resentment of the Cross, which they were persuaded came from Heaven. Nevertheless the vindictive violence of their *Bohutis* made them return to the attack, to try to cut it down with their hatchets of sharpened stone and the knives which had been procured by exchange from the Spaniards. The wood offered an unusual resistance, and they observed that the moment they had chipped off a fragment the cavity was filled in immediately, and their work had to recommence. Their frantic obstinacy gave way before this new wonder. Bethinking themselves that their united strength had been unable not only to pull down the Cross, but even to move it, and seeing the Christians paying reverence to it, they from that time prostrated themselves before it.

To these prodigies was added another, permanent and seen by all, which became each year a greater subject of astonishment, namely, the complete preservation of the wood, which, without any coating of tar or chemical application of any kind, defied the damp and the heat, which in that climate produce rapid decay. The Cross was not fissured or warped or worn-eaten. It might have been just set up. Fifty-eight years after it had been erected it was as perfect as the first day. Another wonderful effect made a deep impression upon the people of that part, and it was to see the Cross standing safe, untouched by hurricanes and whirlwinds, which had torn from their place and flung down to the earth trees and houses all around.

The miracles increased in number and notoriety. Oviedo, who was Governor of San Domingo, though hostile, as we have seen, to Columbus, attests that the miraculous Cross, which at the time he wrote, 1535, was standing inside the Cathedral, had been erected by Columbus himself at Fort Concepcion.

In 1553 the Cathedral was blown down in a hurricane, the chapel of the *True Cross* alone escaping. The whole town was a heap of ruins, except the Franciscan convent; but many of the inhabitants had in their houses or on their persons a relic of the *True Cross*, and of these not one was injured. The population had to seek another home, and the Cross is heard of no more. Rome had never publicly sanctioned the devotion to this *True Cross*, but an all-sufficient reason would seem to be the desire to avoid all clashing with the more ancient claims of a far holier *TRUE CROSS*. The miraculous cures seem well certified.—*Father Knight's translation.*

ALONZO DE OJÉDA,

THE WARRIOR PROTÉGÉ OF THE BLESSED VIRGIN.¹

CHAPTER I.

THE YOUNG CAVALIER.

Youth of Ojéda—Spain in the fifteenth century—A reckless feat—Description of our hero—A famous painting—Adventure in Guadaloupe—Exploring Hispaniola—Siege of Fort St. Thomas—Taking Caonabo prisoner—Battle of the Royal Plain—Ojéda returns to Spain.

We no sooner mention the name of Alonzo de Ojéda than imagination outlines the figure of a famous cavalier whose brave heart and chivalrous nature were strangers alike to fear and malice. He belonged to a respectable family, and was born at Cuenca, in Spain, about the year 1465. Alonzo was brought up as a page in the service of the Duke of Medina.

Catholic and Moor, in those days, met in fierce conflict. Spain was like one vast school of war. It was a last life and death struggle between the Cross and the Crescent, in the land of Isabella. The youth were trained to arms and hardy exercise; and every princely household was a military establishment. In such a school was Ojéda formed, his daring character and iron constitution increasing with his years.

The very first notice we have of him is a reckless feat per-

¹ Chief authorities used: Irving, "The Lives and Voyages of the Companions of Columbus;" Irving, "The Life and Voyages of Christopher Columbus;" Robertson, "History of America;" and several other works of less importance.

formed in the presence of Isabella the Catholic, on the Moorish tower of the Cathedral of Seville. Though a trifling incident, it gives us a glimpse at the peculiar character of the man. At an immense height from the ground a great beam projected about twenty feet from the tower. The bold Ojéda, wishing to amuse the Queen, walked along this beam with as much confidence as if he were moving across his chamber. Arriving at the end, he stood upon one leg, and raised the other in the air; then, nimbly turning, he walked back to the tower, placed one foot against it, and threw an orange to the summit. This, remarks Las Casas, was a proof of wonderful muscular strength. Throughout all this exploit, the least giddiness or false step would have cost him his life. A fall to the earth would have dashed him to pieces.

Ojéda had a cousin-german of his own name, a distinguished Dominican, Father Alonzo de Ojéda, who was in high favor at the Spanish Court, and a particular friend of Bishop Fonseca. Through the good offices of the priest, the young cavalier was introduced to the powerful Bishop. At once he became such a favorite that the prelate made him a present of a little Flemish painting of the most holy Virgin. This picture rises to fame in the story of his adventurous career; for he was pious, and dearly loved the Immaculate Mother, and to her "especial care," says Irving, "he attributed the remarkable circumstance that he had never been wounded in any of the innumerable brawls and battles into which he was continually betrayed by his rash and fiery temperament."

Among the noted ones who joined the second voyage of Columbus, we find the name of Alonzo de Ojéda. He is then described as a young cavalier of about twenty-eight years of age,¹ small in stature, but well made, and of such incredible strength and agility, that he seemed a human condensation of muscular power. A daring eye lit up his dark, handsome and expressive countenance. He was an admira-

¹ Irving says "about twenty-one years of age," but he does not give the date of Ojéda's birth. After some research, we think the above is nearer the truth.

ble horseman, and possessed unmatched skill in handling all kinds of weapons. Bold of heart, free of spirit, open of hand, fierce in fight, quick in quarrel, but ever ready to forget and forgive an injury, he was destined, for a long time, to be the admiration of the wild and roving youth who flocked to the New World.'

His first exploit in America was performed in Guadaloupe, one of the Leeward Islands. It has been already referred to in the life of Columbus. While stopping at Guadaloupe on his second voyage, the Admiral was sorely annoyed one evening at finding that a captain and eight men had strayed into the dense woods, and, as they did not return, had probably got lost. Next day Ojéda volunteered to hunt them up. With a party of forty men he set off into the interior of this abode of cannibals, beating up the forests, and making the mountains and valleys resound with trumpets and fire-arms. In spite of a long and toilsome search, however, he was obliged to return without the stragglers.

When Columbus arrived in Hispaniola, one of his first designs was to have the interior of the island explored. He had heard from the natives of a rich region called *Cibao*, whose famous cacique was *Caonabo*, or the "Lord of the Golden House." Ojéda was chosen to lead this enterprise. Early in January, 1494, he set out with a small band of determined followers. He struck into the interior on his toilsome march. Not an Indian was seen. Terror had given fleetness to their legs.

On the evening of the second day the Spaniards came to a lofty mountain range. Ascending, they passed the night on the summit. When morning came the sun revealed a sight glorious and picturesque. Vast plains, noble forests, villages and shining waters met the astonished gaze of Ojéda and his men.

The Spaniards passed down the mountain-side, and entered the Indian towns. Hospitality was showered on the newcomers. Five or six days more were spent in reaching the chain of hills that guarded, so to speak, the golden land

¹ Irving.

of Cibao. They entered the famed territory, nor did anything appear to dispute their progress. The ferocious Caonabo was very probably in some distant part of his dominions.

Ojéda and his adventurous companions saw ample signs of natural wealth. The sands of the mountain streams glittered with particles of gold; these the natives would skillfully separate, and give to the Spaniards, without expecting any recompense. In some places they picked up large specimens of virgin ore from the bed of the torrents, and stones streaked and richly impregnated with it. Peter Martyr affirms that he saw a mass of rude gold weighing nine ounces, which Ojéda himself had found in one of the brooks. The object of the expedition was now attained, and all returned to Columbus with glowing accounts of what they had seen.

Some time after this, Ojéda was appointed commander of Fort St. Thomas, where he was to succeed Peter Margarite. He set out for that station at the head of about four hundred men, sixteen of whom were horsemen. When he reached the Royal Plain, he learned that three Spaniards had been robbed of their effects by some Indians who had undertaken to carry them across a river. At the same time, he heard that the delinquents had been sheltered by their cacique, who shared the booty. Ojéda was a soldier of quick temper, and had a rather summary mode of dispensing justice. He seized one of the thieves, ordered his ears to be cut off in the public square of the village; and he sent the offending cacique, together with his son and nephew, in chains to the Admiral.

It was not long before the Spaniards were made aware that their most formidable enemy was Caonabo, the fierce cacique of the golden mountains. Enraged at seeing Fort St. Thomas erected in the very centre of his dominions, and finding by his spies that the garrison was reduced to fifty men, he thought to strike a signal blow, and to repeat

¹ Irving.

the horrors which he had formerly wreaked upon La Navidad.

The wily cacique, however had an able enemy to deal with in Alonzo de Ojéda. The cavalier's long schooling in the Moorish wars, and his deep knowledge of military stratagems, now served him well. Besides, piety heightened his courage. In truth, he feared no danger, for he considered himself always under the spécial protection of the most holy Virgin. He constantly carried her picture in his knapsack, and would often take it out and fix it against a tree; and there on his knees, with tears in his eyes and love in his heart, the fearless soldier would pour forth his devotions to his Heavenly Patroness. He invoked her aid in battle, and under her protection he was ready for any enterprise.

Caonabo assembled 10,000 warriors and led them secretly through the forest, thinking to surprise Ojéda; but he found the Spanish commander carefully drawn up within his fortress, which was built upon a hill, and nearly surrounded by a river.¹ The warlike cacique pressed on the siege for thirty days, and reduced the Spaniards to great distress. He lost many of his bravest warriors, however, by the bold sallies of Ojéda; and, in the end, he was glad to relinquish the siege. Caonabo retired, filled with admiration at the prowess of him who carried a painting of the Blessed Virgin in his knapsack.²

It soon became clear to Columbus that it would be vain to think of extending settlements in Hispaniola so long as the fierce Caonabo retained his power and his hostile attitude. To make war on the savage ruler of Cibao, however, in the midst of his mountain fastnesses would certainly be a work of time and peril. The Admiral was perplexed.

¹ It will be remembered that it was Caonabo who destroyed La Navidad—the little fortress in which Columbus had left thirty-eight men on his first voyage.

² Traces of the old fortress of St. Thomas still exist. . . . The square occupied by the fort is now completely covered with forest trees.—*Irring*.

³ During the siege Ojéda displayed the greatest activity of spirit and fertility of resource. He baffled all the arts of the Carib chieftain, concerting stratagems of various kinds to relieve the garrison and annoy the foe. He sallied forth whenever the enemy appeared in any force, leading the van with that headlong valor for which he was noted, making great slaughter with his single arm, and, as usual, escaping unhurt from amidst showers of darts and arrows.—*Irring*.

Ojéda heard of the difficulty, and, following the bent of his daring nature, he at once offered his services. Singular as it may appear, he promised to bring the Carib chieftain alive, and place him in the hands of the Discoverer of America.

Choosing ten bold and hardy followers, well armed and well mounted, and invoking the protection of his Patroness, the Holy Virgin, whose image as usual he bore with him as a safeguard, Ojéda plunged into the forest, and made his way above sixty leagues into the wild territories of Caonabo, whom he found in one of his most populous towns, the same now called Maguana, near the town of San Juan. Approaching the cacique with great deference as a sovereign prince, he professed to come on a friendly embassy from the Admiral, who was chief of the Spaniards, and who had sent him an invaluable present.

Caonabo had tried Ojéda in battle; he had witnessed his fiery prowess, and conceived a warrior's admiration of him. He received him with a degree of chivalrous courtesy, if such a phrase may apply to the savage state and rude hospitality of a wild warrior of the forest. The free, fearless deportment, the great personal strength, and the surprising agility and adroitness of Ojéda in all manly exercises, and in the use of all kinds of weapons, were calculated to delight a savage, and he soon became a great favorite with Caonabo.

Ojéda now used all his influence to prevail upon the cacique to repair to Isabella¹ for the purpose of making a treaty with Columbus, and becoming an ally and friend of the Spaniards. It is said that he offered him as a lure the bell of the chapel of Isabella. This bell was the wonder of the island. When the Indians heard it ringing for Mass, and beheld the Spaniards hastening towards the chapel, they imagined that it talked, and that the white men obeyed it. Regarding with superstition all things connected with the Spaniards, they looked upon this bell as something super-

¹ The new town founded by Columbus.

natural, and, in their usual phrase, said it had come from *Turey*, or the skies. Caonabo had heard the bell at a distance, in his prowlings about the settlement, and had longed to see it; but when it was proffered to him as a present of peace, he found it impossible to resist the temptation!

He agreed, therefore, to set out for Isabella; but when the time came to depart, Ojéda beheld with surprise a powerful force of warriors assembled and ready to march. He asked the meaning of taking such an army on a friendly visit; the cacique proudly replied that it did not befit a great prince like himself to go forth scantily attended.

Ojéda was little satisfied with this reply; he knew the war-like character of Caonabo, and his deep subtlety; he feared some sinister design; a surprise of the fortress of Isabella, or even an attempt upon the person of the Admiral. He knew also that it was the wish of Columbus either to make peace with the cacique or to get possession of his person without the alternative of open warfare.

He had recourse to a stratagem, therefore, which has an air of fable and romance, but which is recorded by all contemporary historians with trivial variations, and which Las Casas assures us was in current circulation in the island when he arrived there, about six years after the event. It accords, too, with the bold, adventurous character of the man, and with the wild stratagems and marvelous exploits incident to Indian warfare.

In the course of their march, having halted near the Little Yagin, a considerable branch of the Neyba, Ojéda one day produced a set of manacles of polished steel, so brightly burnished that they looked like silver. These, he assured Caonabo, were royal ornaments which had come from Heaven, or the *Turey* of Biscay;¹ that they were worn by the monarchs of Castile on solemn dances and other high festivities, and were intended as presents to the cacique. He proposed that Caonabo should go to the river and bathe, after which he should be decorated with these ornaments, mounted on

¹ Some of the chief iron manufactories in Spain are at Biscay.

the horse of Ojéda, and should return in the state of a Spanish monarch to his astonished subjects.

The cacique was dazzled with the glitter of the manacles and flattered with the idea of bestriding one of those tremendous animals so dreaded by his countrymen. He repaired to the river, and having bathed, was assisted to mount behind Ojéda, and the shackles were adjusted.

Ojéda made several circuits to gain space, followed by his little band of horsemen, the Indians shrinking back from the prancing steeds. At length he made a wide sweep into the forest, until the trees concealed him from the sight of the army. His followers then closed around him, and drawing their swords, threatened Caonabo with instant death if he made the least noise or resistance. Binding him with cords to Ojéda, to prevent his falling or effecting an escape, they put spurs to their horses, dashed across the river, and made off through the woods with their prize.

They had now fifty or sixty leagues of wilderness to traverse on their way homewards, with here and there large Indian towns. They had borne off their captive far beyond the pursuit of his subjects; but the utmost vigilance was requisite to prevent his escape during this long and toilsome journey, and to avoid exciting the hostilities of any confederate cacique. They had to shun the populous parts of the country, therefore, or to pass through the Indian towns at full gallop.

They suffered greatly from fatigue, hunger and watchfulness, encountering many perils, fording and swimming the numerous rivers of the plains, toiling through the deep, tangled forests, and clambering over the high and rocky mountains. They accomplished all in safety, and Ojéda entered Isabella in triumph from this most daring and characteristic enterprise, with his wild Indian bound behind!¹

Columbus, it appears, was both astonished and gratified when he beheld the fierce Carib ruler. He treated Caonabo with much kindness and respect, but, for the peace of the island, he thought it better to send the chief to Spain for

¹ Irving.

a time, that he might be instructed in the Catholic religion.

Caonabo always maintained a haughty deportment towards the illustrious Discoverer of America, while he never evinced the least animosity against Ojéda. He rather admired the latter as a consummate warrior, for having pounced upon him and borne him off in this hawk-like manner, from the very midst of his fighting-men. When Columbus entered the apartment where Caonabo was confined, all present rose, according to custom, and paid him reverence; the cacique alone neither moved or took any notice of him. On the contrary, when Ojéda entered, though small in person and without external state, Caonabo rose and saluted him with profound respect.

On being asked the reason of this, Columbus being the great chief over all, and Ojéda but one of his subjects, the proud Carib replied that "the Admiral had never dared to come personally to his house and seize him; it was only through the valor of Ojéda he was his prisoner; to Ojéda, therefore, he owed reverence—not to the Admiral." ¹

We next catch a glimpse of our hero in the battle of the Royal Plain, already referred to in the life of Columbus. The chief caciques, headed by the brother of the captured Caonabo, had formed a powerful combination. Resolved to make a grand assault upon the Spanish settlement, they assembled their forces in the Royal Plain. The Admiral determined to meet them, though he could muster but two hundred and twenty men. Twenty of these were cavalry. There were also twenty bloodhounds.

With this force the Discoverer of America sallied forth from Isabella, accompanied by his brother Don Bartholomew and Alonzo de Ojéda. The allied Indians in the Plain are said to have numbered 100,000, armed with clubs, stones, lances, and bows and arrows.

The plan of attack was arranged by Don Bartholomew. Divided into small detachments, the infantry advanced suddenly from various quarters with great din of drums and trumpets, and a deadly volley of fire-arms. Panic seized

¹ Irving.

on the brave but terrified savages. A mighty force seemed moving down upon them. In the very height of their confusion, Ojéda and his horsemen¹ charged furiously, trampling them under foot and dealing fatal blows with lance and sword. The bloodhounds were also let loose, and rushing upon the naked Indians, they tore them in pieces. It was a short battle, and a complete victory for the Spaniards.

This victory was followed up by reducing all parts of the island to obedience. Any attempts at opposition were speedily checked. Ojéda's troop of cavalry was of great efficacy, from the rapidity of its movements, the active intrepidity of its commander, and the terror inspired by the horses. There was no service too wild and hazardous for Ojéda. If any appearance of war arose in a distant part of the country, he would penetrate with his little squadron of cavalry through the depths of the forests, and fall like a thunderbolt upon the enemy, disconcerting all their combinations and enforcing implicit submission.²

But for our hero the scene now changes. He was among those who sailed with Columbus for Spain in 1496. Three stirring years in Hispaniola had greatly enhanced his reputation as a soldier of unrivaled skill and matchless bravery.

¹ As those were the *first* horses which appeared in the New World, they were objects of terror no less than of admiration to the Indians who having no tame animals themselves, were unacquainted with that vast accession of power which man has acquired by subjecting them to his dominion. They supposed them to be rational creatures. They imagined that the horse and the rider formed *one* animal, with whose speed they were astonished, and whose impetuosity and strength they considered as irresistible.—*Robertson*.

² Irving.

CHAPTER II.

ACROSS THE ATLANTIC AND BACK.

Ojéda as a navigator—Amerigo Vespucci—Expedition to South America—A battle with the cannibals—Explores the coast of South America—Makes trouble at Hispaniola—Returns to Spain.

Ojéda did not sail with Columbus in his third voyage. When, however, accounts from the Admiral reached Spain, telling of Paria and its pearl coast, a great sensation was produced. It increased the growing spirit of adventure, and none cast more anxious looks towards the New World than the conqueror of Caonabo. His desire to fit out an expedition himself found ready encouragement from his patron, Bishop Fonseca, who, as will be remembered, cared but little for Columbus and his rights.

With a commission signed by Fonseca in his pocket, Ojéda looked about for means to fit out a little fleet. A mere soldier of fortune, he was far from rich, but some wealthy merchants of Seville came to his assistance, and in a short while he found himself the commander of a squadron of four vessels. His chief associates were John de la Cosa, an old disciple of Columbus and a very skilled navigator, and Amerigo Vespucci, a merchant of Florence, who sought, it seems, in the New World for that fortune which he had not been able to find in the Old. Whether he had any pecuniary interest in the expedition, and in what capacity he sailed, does not appear. His importance has entirely arisen from subsequent circumstances—from his having written and published a narrative of his voyages, and from his name having eventually been given to the New World.¹

¹ Irving.

Amerigo Vespucci, a Florentine gentleman, accompanied Ojéda in this voyage. In what station he served is uncertain; but as he was an experienced sailor, and eminently skillful in all the

On the 20th of May, 1499, Ojéda sailed from Port St. Mary, and twenty-four days after he touched South America, at a point about two hundred leagues south of the Orinoco.¹ He then coasted northwards. At a convenient harbor he built a brigantine. The Indians flocked to see the strangers, aided them in every way, and supplied fish, venison, and cassava bread in abundance. It was soon found, however, that they wished to gain the protection of the Spaniards against the cannibals of the Caribbee islands, who often invaded their coasts and carried off people, whom they afterwards inhumanly devoured.

Ojéda was asked to attack the man-eaters, and he could not find it in his hardy nature to refuse. With a number of Indian guides he sailed for seven days before he came to the habitation of this unnatural race. The shore was thronged with hideously-painted savages, who yelled defiance. They had not long to wait. The commander ordered out his boats, and provided each with a small cannon. Arrows flew thick and swiftly as the Spaniards pulled towards the shore. The cannibals even dashed into the water to meet the invaders. Ojéda opened fire. The savages staggered under the destructive punishment, and soon took to their heels. When the commander and his men leaped ashore, however, the

sciences subservient to navigation, he seems to have acquired such authority among his companions that they willingly allowed him to have a chief share in directing their operations during the voyage. Soon after his return he transmitted an account of his adventures and discoveries to one of his countrymen; and laboring with the vanity of a traveler to magnify his own exploits, he had the address and confidence to frame his narrative so as to make it appear that he had the glory of having discovered the continent in the New World. Amerigo's account was drawn up not only with art, but with elegance. It contained an amusing history of his voyage and judicious observations upon the natural productions, the inhabitants, and the customs of the countries which he had visited. As it was the first description of any part of the New World that was published, a performance so well calculated to gratify the passion of mankind for what is new and marvelous, it circulated rapidly and was read with admiration. The country of which Amerigo was supposed to be the discoverer came gradually to be called by his name. The caprice of mankind, often as unaccountable as unjust, has perpetuated this error. By the universal consent of nations, *America* is the name bestowed on this new quarter of the globe. The bold pretensions of a fortunate impostor have robbed the Discoverer of a New World of a distinction which belonged to him. The name of Amerigo has supplanted that of Columbus; and mankind may regret an act of injustice which, having received the sanction of time, it is now too late to redress.—*Robertson*.

¹ On this expedition Ojéda pursued the route of Columbus in his third voyage, being guided by the chart which the venerable Admiral had sent home, as well as by the mariners who had accompanied him on that occasion.—*Irving*.



OJEDA CUTTING HIS WAY THROUGH THE INDIAN RANKS.

Carib warriors rallied, and in a short time it became a fierce hand-to-hand conflict. But the deep and deadly blows of the Spaniards told on the wild multitude, and at the point of the sword the man-eaters were finally driven to the woods. On the following day the shore swarmed with hostile Caribs, naked, armed, and painted. Ojéda again landed with fifty-seven men, and rushing on the savages, he routed them with fearful slaughter.¹

After allowing his crews twenty days of rest, he sailed for the mainland, once more pushing his way along the coasts. He arrived at a vast, deep gulf, resembling a tranquil lake; entering which, he beheld on the eastern side a village, the construction of which struck him with surprise. It consisted of twenty large houses, shaped like bells, and built on piles driven into the bottom of the lake, which in this part was limpid and of but little depth. Each house was provided with a drawbridge and with canoes, by which communication was carried on. From these resemblances to the Italian city, Ojéda gave the bay the name of the Gulf of Venice;² and it is called at the present day Venezuela, or Little Venice. The Indian name was Coquibacoa.³

After a number of adventures at this village, Ojéda continued to explore the gulf. He gave the name of St. Bar-

¹ The Caribs—or inhabitants of the Caribbee islands—seem to have been a brutal race, quite distinct from the other Indians of the West Indies. Their ferocity and stupidity were nearly boundless.

An acute observer, and one who knew them well, gave the following description over a century ago: It is not the red color of their complexion, it is not the singularity of their features which constitutes the chief difference between them and us. It is their excessive simplicity; it is the limited degree of their faculties. Their reason is not more enlightened or more provident than the instinct of brutes. The reason of the most gross peasants, that of the negroes brought up in the parts of Africa most remote from intercourse with Europeans is such that we discover appearances of intelligence, which, though imperfect, is capable of increase. But of this the understanding of the Caribs seems to be scarcely susceptible. And if sound philosophy and religion did not afford us their light, if we were to decide according to the first impression which the view of that people makes upon the mind, we should be disposed to believe that they do not belong to the same species with us. Their stupid eye is the true mirror of their souls; it appears to be without functions. Their indolence is extreme. Never have they the least solicitude about the moment which is to succeed that which is present.—*De Chauvalon*, "*Voyage a la Martinique*."

See also Robertson, "*History of America*," Note 46; and Irving, "*Life and Voyages of Columbus*," Vol. I. pp. 309, 317.

According to a late writer in Johnson's "*New Universal Cyclopaedia*," remnants of the Caribs exist at the present time in the West Indies, Guiana, Honduras, and near Panama.

² Now the Gulf of Maracaybo.

³ Irving.

tholomew to a port which is now known by its Indian name —Maracaybo. Here the Indians treated the Spaniards as angelic beings, heaped upon them every mark of kindness and veneration. A little before departing, the commander ordered the cannon to be discharged, at the sound of which, writes Vespucci, the timid savages "plunged into the water like so many frogs from a bank." When they saw, however, that no harm was done their fears were dispelled.

Bidding adieu to this friendly port, Ojéda stood along the coast until he came to Point Gallinas, where the state of his vessels warned him that all further projects of discovery or exploration must be abandoned. He then changed his course, and steered for Hispaniola. His presence in that island both surprised and displeased Columbus, and besides was contrary to the tenor of his commission.

The Admiral dispatched Francis Roldan, a daring and crafty character to call Ojéda to account. Ojéda promised to visit the Admiral, but soon forgot his promise; and, having refitted his ships, he sailed along the coast until he reached one of the settlements in which discontent against the rule of Columbus had reached a high pitch. Here he stopped, and, it is said, he was so thoughtless and imprudent as to express his sympathy with the restless spirits and lawless ruffianism of the place. But the keen eye of the Admiral descried the danger, and by his orders Roldan was again on the track of Ojéda, carefully watching his movements. They were, indeed, well matched opponents; but the various manœuvres by which they tried to outwit each other are too many and trifling for these pages. It must suffice to say that in the end Ojéda was obliged to turn his back on the shores of Hispaniola, his visit having added but little to his reputation as a man of good sense, or a soldier who recognizes the virtue of justice.

Ojéda now rambled for a time in the neighboring islands, seizing and carrying off a drove of the natives. He resumed his voyage, and sailed into Cadiz in June, 1500. The un-

fortunate Indians were sold in the slave-markets, and the proceeds divided among himself and his followers. Altogether, this expedition was a failure. It accomplished little or nothing, save that it added to Ojeda's celebrity as a bold and skillful adventurer.

CHAPTER III.

STIRRING SCENES AND ADVENTURES.

Another expedition to South America—Trying to found a colony and what came of it—Ojéda appointed Governor of New Andalusia—Two fleets—John de la Cosa—An aspiring lawyer—The two rival Governors—Again on the coast of South America—Battles and poisoned arrows—Death of the brave De la Cosa—Miraculous escape of Ojéda.

Ojéda was now the popular hero of the day. The lowly regarded him with wonder, and even those in high places paid him the tribute of admiration. Above all, Bishop Fonseca was his warm friend.

In consideration of his past services and of others expected from him, a grant was made to him of six leagues of land in the southern part of Hispaniola, and the government of the Province of Coquibacoa, which he had discovered. He was, furthermore, authorized to fit out any number of ships, not exceeding ten, at his own expense, and to prosecute the discovery of Terra Firma. He was not to touch or traffic on the pearl coast of Paria, extending as far as a bay in the vicinity of the island of Margarita. Beyond this he had a right to trade in all kinds of merchandise, whether of pearls, jewels, metals or precious stones; paying one-fifth of the profits to the Crown, and abstaining from making slaves of the Indians without a special license from the Sovereigns. He was to colonize Coquibacoa, and, as a recompense, was to enjoy one-half of the proceeds of his territory, provided the half did not exceed 300,000 maravedies. All beyond that amount was to go to the Crown.¹

No sooner was this commission in his hand, than the ever-

¹ Irving.

active Ojéda began the work of fitting out some vessels. Two friends opened their purses, and in a short time four ships were in readiness. The expedition set sail in 1502. Ojéda and his little squadron reached the New World near the mouth of the Orinoco, and then proceeded along what is now the northern coast of the Republic of Venezuela, until their anchors were cast in the port of Coquibacoa, the destined seat of government. It proved to be a poor country.

Governor Ojéda moved further along the coast, to a bay which he named Santa Cruz, or Holy Cross.¹ Here he resolved to form his settlement. The Indians, however, had not been consulted, and one day, as a party of Spaniards landed for water, a galling shower of arrows hastened their return to the ships. This annoyed Ojéda. He landed immediately with all his men and gave the savages such a severe thrashing that they were glad to obtain peace on any terms.

Work now began in earnest. The settlement grew, and a fortress was formed. Provisions were dealt out twice a day under the inspection of proper officers; the treasure gained by barter, by ransom, or in any other way, was deposited in a strong box, secured by two locks, one key being kept by the Royal Supervisor, the other by Garcia de Campos.² But three evils afflicted the infant colony, and hastened its destruction. Provisions got scarce. The Indians became more and more bitterly hostile. Disunion appeared in the camp.

The Governor's bravery exceeded his prudence. In several of the raids which he led on the Indian villages he managed to collect considerable gold. This he locked in the strong-box, and took possession of the keys. De Campos and the Royal Supervisor were much displeased. As want increased, the murmurs grew louder against Ojéda, until finally the two wily officials seized him, put him in irons, and conveyed him on shipboard. The strong-box and

¹ Supposed to be the present Bahía Honda.

² De Campos was one of the two who paid for the fitting-out of the armament.

the whole colony followed, and in a few days the ships lay off the coast of Hispaniola.

While at anchor, within a stone's throw of the land, Ojéda, confident of his strength and skill as a swimmer, let himself quietly slide down the side of the ship into the water during the night, and attempted to swim for the shore. His arms were free, but his feet were shackled, and the weight of his irons threatened to sink him. He was obliged to shout for help; a boat was sent from the vessel to his relief, and the unfortunate Governor was brought back half drowned to his unrelenting partners.¹

The matter in dispute now entered the Courts, and the Chief Judge of Hispaniola decided against Ojéda. He appealed, however, to the King, and was honorably acquitted by the Royal Council. Orders were given to restore his property, but unhappily there was little to restore. The strong-box was empty. The conqueror of Caonabo found himself "a triumphant client, but a ruined man."

For some years we lose sight of Ojéda. With a light purse and an untamed spirit, however, we find him in Hispaniola in 1508. The riches of the Isthmus of Darien—discovered by Columbus in his last voyage—had made that region famous. King Ferdinand was anxious to found colonies along the favored coast, and was advised to select Ojéda to carry out his designs. But the latter was at a distance and penniless. Still he was not friendless. The hardy and kind-hearted veteran, John de la Cosa, learning of the state of affairs, generously offered his purse and services to aid Ojéda in the enterprise. The offer was gladly accepted, and De la Cosa went to Spain to give personal attention to the fitting-out of an armament. A ship and two brigantines were soon in readiness, and with two hundred men on board the prows were turned towards the New World.

But Ojéda was not to have the field of colonization entirely to himself. A brave, noble and accomplished courtier, named James de Nicuesa, asked for a share, and was not refused.

¹ Irving.

The Isthmus of Darien was divided into two provinces; Ojéda was to rule the southern division, Nicuesa the northern; while the island of Jamaica was given as common ground, whence both could draw a supply of provisions. Nicuesa did not spare his means in fitting-out a fleet.

About the same time the two rival armaments cast anchor in the harbor of San Domingo, Hispaniola. The chivalric Ojéda welcomed his old and worthy friend, John de la Cosa, whom the Government had appointed his lieutenant; but there is little doubt that he felt rather mortified on seeing the inferiority of his fleet to that of his more wealthy rival, Nicuesa. He wanted more money. Nor was he long in finding it, for "he had a facility at commanding the purses of his neighbors." There was a lawyer at San Domingo named De Enciso, who had made such good use of his time and his tongue that he was worth over \$10,000. A restless, speculative character, he was just the man to grasp at anything that promised wealth and power. Ojéda offered him the Chief Judgeship of his new province, and in an evil hour Enciso invested his all in the enterprise.

Two rival governors, so well matched as Ojéda and Nicuesa, and both possessed of swelling spirits, pent up in small but active bodies, could not long remain in a little place like San Domingo without some collision. They quarreled. Ojéda wished to settle the matter with his well-tried sword; but Nicuesa proposed that the victor should reap something for his pains, and that each should deposit \$25,000. This is just what the conqueror of Caonabo could not do, and it seems that no blood was shed!

The 10th of November, 1509, saw Alonzo de Ojéda sail from San Domingo with two ships, two brigantines, and three hundred men. Francis Pizarro was on board, and it was illness alone that prevented Hernando Cortez from joining the expedition. The harbor of Carthagená was soon

¹ King Ferdinand divided that part of the continent which lies along the Isthmus of Darien into two provinces, the boundary line running through the Gulf of Uraba. The eastern part, extending to Cape de la Vela, was called New Andalusia, and the government of it given to Ojéda. The other, to the west, including Veraqua, and reaching to Cape Gracias à Dios, was assigned to Nicuesa.—*Irring*.

reached.¹ Well did the veteran De la Cosa know the place, and he gave Ojéda some useful knowledge concerning the warlike disposition of the natives. They fought with palm swords, he said, and tipped their arrows in a deadly poison.

Ojéda, accompanied by De la Cosa, some priests, and a part of his force, landed. A crowd of savages had gathered, and he advanced to meet them. He then ordered one of the missionaries to read the solemn formula which had been prepared for such an occasion. It began :

“I, Alonzo de Ojéda, servant of the high and mighty Kings of Castile and Leon, civilizers of barbarous nations, their messenger and captain, notify and make known to you, in the best way I can, that God our Lord, One and Eternal, created the Heavens and the earth, and one man and one woman, from whom you and we, and all the people of the earth, were and are descended, procreated, and all those who shall come after us; but the vast number of generations which have proceeded from them in the course of more than 5,000 years that have elapsed since the creation of the world, made it necessary that some of the human race should disperse in one direction, and some in another, and that they should divide themselves into many kingdoms and provinces, as they could not sustain and preserve themselves in one alone.

“All these peoples were given in charge, by God our Lord, to one person, named St. Peter, who was thus made lord and superior of all the people of the earth, and head of the whole human lineage; whom all should obey, wherever they might live, and whatever might be their law, sect or belief. He gave him also the whole world for his service and jurisdiction; and though he desired that he should establish his chair in Rome, as a place most convenient for governing the world, yet he permitted that he might establish his chair in any other part of the world, and judge and govern all nations—

¹ Carthagena is now a city and seaport of New Granada. The port is excellent, and is the only one on the coast fit for the repair of vessels. In 1857 the population was 18,000.

Christians,¹ Moors, Jews, Gentiles, and whatever other sect or belief might be. This person was denominated Pope, that is to say, Admirable, Supreme Father and Guardian, because he is the father and governor of all mankind. This Holy Father was obeyed and honored as lord, king and superior of the universe by those who lived in his time, and in like manner have been obeyed and honored all those who have been elected to the pontificate; and thus it has continued to the present day, and will continue until the end of the world. . . .”

The pious manifesto then calls on the savages to render obedience to the Spanish sovereigns, to take time to consider the truths of the Catholic faith, and to embrace them; and, finally, threatens them with severe punishment in case of obstinate refusal.

When the priest had finished reading this document, Ojéda made signs of friendship, and held up presents. The fierce, dusky warriors, however, were not to be thus easily won. Assuming a sullen air, they loudly sounded the note of battle. The commander's fiery nature was in a moment aroused. De la Cosa saw this, and the prudent veteran entreated his chief to abandon a hostile shore, whose wild inhabitants fought like poisonous reptiles. But in vain was the wise advice of the faithful old pilot.

Ojéda hastily breathed a prayer to his Heavenly Patroness, brandished his sword, and rushed on the savages. The brave De la Cosa and others followed. In a few minutes the rout was complete. Nor was this all. Ojéda pursued the flying Indians some ten or twelve miles into the interior, in spite of the remonstrances of his more prudent lieutenant, who never left his side. At last, they came to a stronghold of the enemy. It was in a dense wood. With the old Castilian war-cry of “San Jago!” on his lips, the Conqueror of Caonabo led his men, and charged furiously on.

¹ It will doubtless be remembered that when the above singular document was penned there were no Protestants in existence—the very name was unknown. The words *Catholic* and *Christian* were then synonymous and interchangeable terms.

² The whole of this curious document can be found in Robertson's “History of America,” note 23; or in Irving's “Life and Voyages of Columbus,” Appendix.

the entrenched Indians. The savages fled in terror, and the rash pursuit was continued. Evening found the Spaniards in a village whose inhabitants had taken to the neighboring mountains. Carelessly dividing into bands, they roved about from house to house, and seized on everything of value. While thus engaged, an army of Indians closed on the scattered soldiers. Everywhere they were suddenly surrounded. The Spaniards fought like lions; but overwhelmed by numbers, they fell, one by one, beneath the heavy war-clubs and the poisoned¹ arrows of the enraged savages.

What became of the protégé of the Blessed Virgin? On the first alarm, Ojéda collected a few soldiers and ensconced himself within a small enclosure, surrounded by palisades. Here he was closely besieged and galled by flights of arrows. He threw himself on his knees, covered himself with his buckler, and, being small and active, managed to protect himself from the deadly shower, but all his companions were slain by his side, some of them perishing in frightful agonies.¹ At this fearful moment the veteran De la Cosa, having heard of the peril of his commander, arrived with a few followers to his assistance. Stationing himself at the gate of the palisades, the brave Biscayan kept the savages at bay, until most of his men were slain, and he himself was severely wounded. Just then Ojéda sprang forth like a tiger into the midst of the enemy, dealing his blows on every side. De la Cosa would have seconded him, but was crippled by his wounds. He took refuge with the remnant of his men in an Indian cabin, the straw roof of which he aided them to throw off, lest the enemy should set it on fire.

Here he defended himself until all his comrades but one were destroyed. The subtle poison of his wounds at length overpowered him, and he sank to the ground. Feeling death at hand, he called to his only surviving companion. "Brother," said he, "since God has protected you from harm, sally forth and fly, and if ever you should see Alonzo

¹ The *woorara*, with which the South American Indians poison their arrows, is a variety of strychnine. This is so deadly that *the scratch of a needle dipped in it will produce death*; yet it may be swallowed with impunity.—*Miller*, "*Elements of Chemistry*."

de Ojéda, tell him of my fate!" And thus died the kind and hardy veteran, John de la Cosa, devoted, fearless, faithful, and unflinching to the last gasp.'

The Spaniards who remained on the ships were alarmed at the long delay of their commander and his detachment in the interior. Days passed, but the absent appeared not. Search was then made, and soon given up in despair. One day, however, as a party were coasting along, they came to a dense forest of mangrove trees that lined the shore.¹ In the distance seemed a human figure lying on the matted roots. The men drew near, and found Alonzo de Ojéda! He was speechless, but still bravely grasped his sword and buckler. A fire was made, food and wine given him, and in a little while the hero recovered. He told his astonished hearers how, after he had succeeded in cutting a passage through crowds of Indians, that he found himself alone in the savage wilderness. He deplored his rashness, and his heart was ready to break when he recalled the awful fate of his faithful followers, and, above all, the intrepid De la Cosa. He boldly pushed on, however, and struck the coast line, which he endeavored to follow in order to reach the ships. But his marvelous strength gave way, and at length he fell half dead to the earth. He attributed his escape to the Immaculate Virgin; and it cannot be denied that it was nothing short of miraculous. Not a scratch marked his person, though "his buckler bore the dints of upwards of three hundred arrows!"

¹ Irving.

² Mangrove trees are found all along the shores of the tropics, rooting in the mud, and forming dense forests even at the verge of the ocean, and below high water mark.

CHAPTER IV.

THE CLOUDS GATHER IN THE SKY OF LIFE.

The Colony of San Sebastian—Adventures—Ojéda wounded—Voyage and shipwreck—A fearful march through bog and forest—The picture of the Holy Virgin—Ojéda's oratory—Anecdote—The end of a stirring life.

Bidding adieu to the hostile shores which had just witnessed his misfortunes and the sad fate of his companions, Ojéda sailed across the Gulf, and began his settlement on the coast of Darien. He selected a suitable site, and founded a town, giving it the name of *San Sebastian*, "in honor of the sainted martyr, who was slain by arrows, hoping that he might protect the inhabitants from the empoisoned shafts of the savages." By letter to Hispaniola, he urged the lawyer, De Enciso, to hasten to the new seat of government, and to bring with him the men, materials and provisions necessary to build up the infant colony.

The Governor next turned his thoughts to exploring the wild region that lay around him, but certainly did not acknowledge his rule. The natives proved warlike. In their excursions through the woods, the Spaniards were often attacked, and again the poisoned arrows worked destruction, and filled them with terror. On one occasion the savages, with hideous yells and wild triumph, pursued a party of soldiers up to the rude walls of San Sebastian. Evils appeared to multiply. Provisions grew scarce. Misfortune never comes alone.

As the colonists grew weaker, the Indians increased in boldness. But there was one thing that never changed. It was the dauntless spirit of Ojéda. He repeatedly sallied forth at the head of his men, and being remarkably swift of

foot, he was always the first to make the savages feel the weight of his blows. "He slew more of their warriors with his single arm," writes Irving, "than all his followers together."

The fact that they could never wound him, and the stories of some prisoners, led the Indians to imagine that he must have a charmed life. A plot was made to test the truth of the story. While a number approached the town as a decoy, four skilful warriors lay in ambush, well armed with a stock of poisoned arrows. Ojéda, as usual, gave chase, and the Indians hastily retreated. When the spot was reached, a volley of deadly shafts poured on the fearless cavalier. One entered his thigh, and the dusky scoundrels ran away, making the woods resound with their yells of triumph.

Death appeared certain, and the bold commander, who was never wounded before, now lay on a bed of agony. He thought of a remedy, but it was a terrible one. He ordered two iron plates to be raised to a white heat, and, calling the surgeon, he commanded him under pain of death to apply them to the two openings made by the arrow. The surgeon, after some hesitation, complied, and Ojéda endured this frightful operation without a murmur. Time healed the wound, and the savages, it may be supposed, were more than astonished as they felt the weight of his iron arm, again and again.

One day a ship arrived in San Sebastian. The joy of all was great, as they thought it was lawyer De Enciso, with a store of provisions from San Domingo. Alas! they were doomed to disappointment. The vessel was commanded by one Talavara, a man of reckless character, and his crew were little better than downright freebooters. Ojéda, however, purchased some provisions for his starving colony; but, in a short time, as no succor arrived, he resolved to sail for Hispaniola himself. Leaving Francis Pizarro in command of San Sebastian, he boarded Talavara's vessel and stood for San Domingo.

It was a most disastrous voyage. Ojéda, who was accustomed to command, soon had a dispute with the captain,

and a quarrel arose. The Conqueror of Caonabo would speedily have settled the question by his sword, but he had the whole vagabond crew against him, who overpowered him with numbers and threw him in irons. Still his swelling spirit was unsubdued. He reviled Talavara and his gang as recreants, traitors, pirates, and offered to fight the whole of them successively, provided they would give him a clear deck and come on two at a time. Notwithstanding his diminutive size, they had too high an idea of his prowess, and had heard too much of his exploits, to accept his challenge; so they kept him raging in his chains, while they pursued their voyage.'

A storm soon brought the bungling Talavara and his ignorant crew to their senses. In the midst of the danger they thought of Ojéda, who was a sailor as well as a soldier. His irons were taken off, on condition that he would pilot the vessel during the remainder of the voyage. He seized the helm, but no human skill could now battle successfully against the powerful squalls and adverse currents that beset the tempest-tossed vessel. It was completely shattered, and the best the hardy pilot could do was "to run it ashore on the southern coast of Cuba."

There was now but one course open to the unhappy castaways—to push on to the eastern extremity of Cuba, and then, if possible, to find some means of crossing the strait to Hispaniola. The march began Over bog, and plain, and forest, and mountain, the exhausted travelers pursued their wild and weary journey, meeting neither road nor pathway. The master-spirit of Ojéda lessened the difficulties, and, from time to time, cheered the gloomy wretches who toiled behind his small but dauntless figure. The suffering was terrible. Hunger and thirst gnawed to the very bone. Marshes abounded, and many rivers were to be crossed. It was only safe to sleep in the branches of the trees. Some of the men daily sank beneath the burden of their miseries, while others were drowned in swimming the rivers. At length, their situation became truly awful. A boundless

¹ Irving.

marsh barred their progress, and the last glimmer of hope almost died away.

Ojeda alone kept up a resolute spirit. He had the dear little Flemish painting of the Madonna, which was given him by Bishop Fonseca, carefully stored among the provisions in his knapsack. Whenever he stopped to repose among the roots of the mangrove trees, he took out this precious picture, placed it among the branches, and kneeling, prayed devoutly to the Immaculate Virgin for protection. This he did repeatedly in the course of the day, and prevailed upon his companions to follow his example.

Nor did his resolute piety stop here. At a moment of great despondency, he made a solemn vow to his Holy Patroness that if she conducted him alive through this peril, he would erect a chapel at the first Indian village he should arrive at, and leave her picture there to remain an object of veneration to the simple children of the forest.

Led by the iron Ojeda, the weary and famished travelers succeeded after thirty days of toil and suffering, perhaps scarcely ever equaled, in cutting their way through the frightful morass—about ninety miles in extent. A footpath appeared in the distance. They followed it, and came to an Indian village. Out of the seventy men that left the ship, but thirty-five now survived. The cacique lavished every kindness on the exhausted Spaniards, and the good, simple Indians consoled them in every way in their power, “and,” says Las Casas, “almost worshiped them as if they had had been angels.”

When Ojeda was once more restored to health, he prepared to fulfill his vow. A little chapel was built in the village, and an altar placed therein. Above the altar he carefully hung the Flemish painting of the Holy Virgin, which for so many years was his cherished and inseparable companion on sea and land, in danger and misfortune, and which he loved as a friend dear to his heart and precious to his soul. He then called the Indian chief, and explained to him the principal truths of the Catholic faith and the history of the Immaculate Virgin, dwelling especially on her

love for the human race, and her great dignity as the Mother of God.

The chief listened with profound attention, and, no doubt, did his best to understand. He conceived a profound veneration for the picture. The sentiment was shared by his subjects. They kept the little oratory always swept clean, and decorated with cotton hangings, labored by their own hands, and with various votive offerings. They composed couplets in honor of the Virgin Mother, which they sang to the accompaniment of rude musical instruments, dancing to the sound under the groves which surrounded the hermitage.¹

When Ojéda reached San Domingo, his first inquiry was after Enciso. He learned that the aspiring lawyer had sailed for San Sebastian; but in vain did the impatient Governor wait for tidings of his arrival at the colony. Failure also attended his efforts to fit out another armament. On every hand success appeared to evade his grasp; and the Conqueror of Caonabo found that the friendship of those who carry long purses grows cold, as the clouds of misfortune gather in the sky of life.

By his testimony at the trial of Talavara, Ojéda drew upon his devoted head the vengeance of a number of ruffians in San Domingo. One night they waylaid the lone cavalier and rushed to attack him; but they quickly found to their cost that they had made a serious mistake. In a moment

¹ Irving.

A further anecdote concerning this relic may not be unacceptable here. The venerable Bishop Las Casas, who records the foregoing facts, informs us that he arrived at the village some time after the departure of Ojéda. He found the oratory preserved with the most religious care as a sacred place, and the picture of the Immaculate Mother regarded with fond adoration. The poor Indians crowded to attend Mass, which he celebrated at the altar; they listened attentively to his paternal instructions, and at his request brought their children to be baptized. The good Las Casas, having heard much of this famous relic of Ojéda, was desirous of obtaining possession of it, and offered to give the cacique, in exchange, an image of the Blessed Virgin which he had brought with him. The chieftain made an evasive answer, and seemed much troubled in mind. The next morning he did not make his appearance. Las Casas went to the oratory to say Mass, but found the altar stripped of its precious relic. On inquiring, he learned that in the night the cacique had fled to the woods, bearing off with him his beloved picture of the Holy Virgin. It was in vain that Las Casas sent messengers after him, assuring him that he should not be deprived of the relic, but on the contrary, that the image should likewise be presented to him. The cacique refused to venture from the fastnesses of the forest, nor did he return to his village and replace the picture in the oratory until after the departure of the Spaniards.—*Irving*.

Ojéda's sword flashed from its scabbard, and he proved more than a match for the whole gang. Nor was this all. After chastising the vagabonds, he pursued them through the streets, and then quietly returned to his residence.

The last years of our hero are shrouded in poverty and obscurity. But his end was marked by the humble piety of a brave Christian cavalier. Religion, which in more prosperous days had shone on his wild and adventurous pathway, still cheered his intrepid spirit and brightened the last hours of life. Humility and true valor are commonly found inseparable. In expiation of his past pride, Ojéda requested, with dying lips, to be buried under the portal of the monastery of St. Francis, at San Domingo, "that every one who entered might tread upon his grave." And thus passed away from this world Alonzo de Ojéda, the protégé of the Blessed Virgin, the Conqueror of Caonabo, the fearless leader of many a bold and desperate charge, and one of the most dauntless men that ever stood on the shores of the New World.

"Who does not forget his errors and his faults," writes Irving, "at the threshold of his humble and untimely grave!" He was one of the most fearless and aspiring of the band of 'Ocean chivalry,' that followed the footsteps of Columbus. His story presents a lively picture of the daring enterprises, the extravagant exploits, the thousand accidents by flood and field, which checkered the life of a Spanish cavalier in that roving and romantic age."

¹ According to the best authorities, the date of Ojéda's death was 1510 or 1511. He was about forty-five years of age.

VASCO NUÑEZ DE BALBOA,

DISCOVERER OF THE PACIFIC OCEAN.¹

CHAPTER I.

EARLY LIFE AND ADVENTURES.

Birth—Voyage to America—Balboa as a farmer—As an adventurer—Lawyer Enciso—An unexpected meeting—A disaster—Balboa rises to prominence—Nicuesa and his fate—Balboa at the head of affairs—He visits a great cacique—Hears of the Pacific Ocean—Conversions—Preparations—A famous dog called Leoncico.

Vasco Nuñez de Balboa was born in the city of Xeres de los Caballeros, Spain, in the year 1475. He belonged to a noble but impoverished family, and grew up in the service of a nobleman named Don Pedro Carrero.

Joining the expedition of Roderic de Bastides, Balboa sailed from Spain in the year 1500. He visited the coast of the Isthmus of Darien, following in many places the footsteps of Columbus. The destruction of the vessels by worms, however, brought the voyage to a sudden termination on the shores of Hispaniola.

Balboa turned farmer in Hispaniola, but success did not smile on his toil. After some years we find him heavily in debt, and without any immediate prospect of being able to meet the demands of his creditors. He thought of another voyage, but secrecy and opportunity were now necessary.

In 1510 the looked-for opportunity arrived. As will be

¹ Chief authorities used: Irving, "Lives and Voyages of the Companions of Columbus;" Robertson, "History of America;" Maccall, "Foreign Biographies;" "The Penny Cyclopædia."

remembered, Ojéda wrote to the lawyer Enciso, telling him to fit out an expedition in San Domingo, and to sail without delay for San Sebastian with the necessary supplies and reinforcements. Enciso complied. Among those who sought refuge on the departing vessel was Balboa; but the utmost care was required in order to elude the vigilance of his creditors. Nor was he unequal to the task. Concealing himself in a cask, which seemed to contain provisions, the future Discoverer of the Pacific had himself conveyed from his farm to the water's edge, and thence on shipboard.

When the vessel was fairly out at sea, Balboa emerged from his cask. Enciso, who was totally ignorant of the stratagem, was surprised and indignant, and in the first moments of wrath, he threatened to leave the fugitive debtor on the shores of some uninhabited island. Balboa, however, succeeded in pacifying the commander, "for God," writes the venerable Las Casas, "reserved him for greater things."

At this time, we are told, Balboa was in the prime of life—a good sailor, a fearless soldier, an expert swordsman, with a pleasing countenance, and tall, graceful, muscular person.

The ship touched the mainland at the fatal harbor of Carthagena, around which lay those scenes that had witnessed De la Cosa's heroic end, and the reckless bravery of Ojéda. Enciso was at this eventful place but a short time, when a small vessel sailed in and cast anchor. He was much surprised. Going on board the strange craft, he learned that it was manned by a number of Ojéda's followers, under the famous Francis Pizzaro, who had a sad story to tell. In truth, the little vessel contained the remnant of the colony of San Sebastian. Despair, famine, and the poisoned arrows of the savages had hastened their departure from the wild Isthmus of Darien.

Enciso, partly by persuasion and partly by the peremptory exercise of his authority as chief magistrate of the new colony, prevailed upon Pizzaro and his crew to return. They sailed for San Sebastian, but disaster met them on entering the very harbor. The ship struck a rock, and the merciless waves and currents soon scattered it in fragments. Little

could be saved. The horses, swine, and most of the provisions were swept away; and the unhappy Enciso saw the proceeds of years of toil swallowed up in a moment by the sea. His hopes of place and dignity received a rude shock.

On landing, it was found the Indians had destroyed the fortress. A heap of charred ruins was all that now remained of San Sebastian; and the general feeling of dismay was such as to point to the necessity of abandoning a place marked out for misfortune.

"Where should they go?" was anxiously asked. At this moment of doubt and despondency, Balboa stepped forward to give counsel. "I remember to have seen," said he, "when I was on these coasts some years ago, a town situated by a large river, on the west side of the Gulf. The inhabitants were of a mild character, and did not use poisoned arrows." He offered to act as guide, and his offer was joyfully accepted as one who had revealed a land of promise. It is ever thus the light of genius and courage shines out in days of darkness. It was Balboa's first step on the path to prominence and command.

They promptly set sail for their new point of destination, and on reaching it found five hundred Indian warriors on the shore, drawn up in hostile array. Battle was given and the savages routed. Enciso then entered the village, taking possession of its wealth and that of the surrounding country. He collected great quantities of provisions, together with cotton, bracelets, anklets, plates and other gold ornaments, to the value, it is said, of over \$53,000. All were pleased at this stroke of fortune, and here it was decided to fix the seat of government. The place was named *Santa Maria de la Antigua del Darien*.

Enciso, as chief magistrate, at once took command, in the absence of Ojéda. He made severe regulations, and soon found himself very unpopular; in short, he learned to his cost that he was wholly unfitted to govern a multitude of uneasy adventurers.

Balboa, however, became a great favorite. He had risen to consequence among his companions from having guided

them to this place, and from his own intrinsic qualities, and being hardy, bold and intelligent, and possessing the random spirit and open-handed generosity common to a soldier of fortune, and calculated to dazzle and delight the multitude. He was not, it seems, much disposed to side with Enciso, who had once threatened to cast him on some barren island. Indeed, he even hinted to the colonists that they were not obliged to submit to the power of Enciso, as the village of Darien did not lie within the boundary line of Ojéda's dominions, but that it was really situated in the territory which had been given to Nicuesa, the other Governor. Unhappy Enciso! This information pleased the colonists, and his rule terminated. The people took the power into their own hands.

Three officers, of whom Balboa was one, were appointed to take charge of the affairs of the colony.¹ But this arrangement did not please everyone; some still thought it would be better to place the power in the hands of one person. The community, however, were divided as to whether this responsible charge should be given to Balboa or to Nicuesa. While the matter was in debate, two vessels arrived. They were commanded by Colmenares, and had been sent out with supplies for Nicuesa. The commander furnished provisions to the colonists, and took considerable pains to persuade them that it was their duty to submit to Nicuesa. It was finally decided that Colmenares, with two of their own number, should coast along the Isthmus in search of Nicuesa; and if he were found, he was to be invited to come to Darien, and assume the government of the colony.

The vessel accordingly proceeded along the coast, and every bay and inlet was carefully examined. One day at sea a brigantine was sighted. It proved to be a part of Nicuesa's fleet. The captain conducted Colmenares to the port of *Nombre de Dios*, the name piously given to the so-called capital of the unfortunate colony. Here the once gay and wealthy Governor Nicuesa was found living in great poverty and wretchedness. Of his brave company, but

¹ Balboa and one Zenudio were elected *alcaldes*, or magistrates, and a cavalier named Valdivia was appointed *regidor*.

sixty men remained, and all were famished, feeble, and dispirited.

Colmenares brought food on shore, and then informed Nicuesa of the wishes of the colonists at Darien. A new life was infused into the soul of the unhappy Governor. In a moment, as it were, he became another man. To testify his joy he even gave a kind of feast to Colmenares and the messengers from Darien. But, as his hopes revived, he seemed to lose his discretion. In a conversation with the two colonists from Darien he heard that the people had been buying gold from the Indians, and at once expressed his emphatic disapprobation. He went so far as to declare that he would make them give it up, and would punish with great severity all those who did not give to the Spanish Sovereign his full share of the treasures which were found.

The two messengers from Darien were anything but pleased at this language. For such conduct Enciso had lost his power. Had one severe master been removed to give place to another still more severe? The two men hastened away ere Nicuesa had time to get ready to leave his capital, and reached Darien before him. They related what they had seen and heard. Nicuesa, they were not slow to proclaim, was a tyrant. A cloud of trouble now appeared to hang over the colony, and each man took counsel of his fears. What to do they knew not.

Balboa observed the perplexity and consternation of the multitude. One by one he drew them aside, and conversed in private. "You are cast down in heart," said he, "and so you might well be, were the evil beyond all cure. But do not despair. There is an effectual remedy, and you hold it in your own hands. If you have committed an error in inviting Nicuesa to Darien, it is easy to right the matter *by not receiving him when he comes!*" The simplicity of the remedy was of course as clear as sunlight, and it was adopted without a dissenting voice.

As Nicuesa approached Darien, he little dreamed of the plans which had just been formed against him. Nearing the shore, he saw a number of men headed by Balboa. He

fancied they had come to welcome him to his new government; but as he was about to land one of the public officers called out to him in a loud voice, and forbade him to step on shore. The poor Governor's astonishment may well be imagined.

At first, he was speechless. On recovering his self-possession somewhat, he reminded his hearers that he had come at their request, and begged them to allow him to land and explain his conduct. They might then, he added, do as they pleased. His words only provoked insolent replies and threats of violence should he venture to put foot on shore. As night came on he was obliged to put out to sea, in order to avoid the dangers of the coast.

Next morning Nicuesa reappeared. The people seemed to have changed their minds, for they invited the Governor to land. It was a mere stratagem, however, to get him in their power. No sooner had he stepped on shore, than the multitude rushed at him. He was noted for swiftness of foot, and now trusted to it for safety. Throwing off the dignity of Governor, he fled for dear life along the shore, closely pursued by the rabble. He soon distanced his pursuers, and took refuge in the woods.

Balboa took no part in this disgraceful chase. Though he did not like the idea of Nicuesa's being Governor of Darien, he was far from pleased to see him treated in such barbarous style. Himself a man of birth, his sympathies were aroused on beholding the misfortunes of this high-bred but unhappy cavalier. He endeavored to act the difficult part of mediator between Nicuesa—who finally asked to be received on any conditions—and the angry colonists. All his efforts failed. He then privately sent word to the fugitive Governor that the only course left open for him was to go on board his brigantine, and not to venture on shore until further advice.

In vain did Balboa exert his eloquence to obtain a fair hearing for the unhappy Nicuesa. His voice was drowned by the vociferations of the multitude. Among these was a noisy, swaggering fellow, named Benitez, a great talker and

jester, who took a vulgar triumph in the distresses of the accomplished cavalier, and answered every plea in his behalf with jeers and derision. He was an adherent of the magistrate Zenudio, and under his patronage felt that he might safely act the part of a bold braggart. In the general clamor his voice was ever heard uppermost. To the expostulations of Balboa he merely replied by brawling with great vociferation: "No, no, no! we will receive no such fellow among us as Nicuesa!" Balboa's patience was exhausted. Availing himself, as Las Casas relates, of his authority as magistrate—and suddenly, before his fellow magistrate could interfere—he ordered the brawling ruffian to be rewarded with one hundred lashes, and thus his shoulders were severely punished for the misdeeds of an unruly tongue.¹

Nicuesa was on board his vessel but a short time, when a party of those most opposed to him paid him a visit, offering to make him Governor if he would land. In a moment of indiscretion he listened to the malicious invitation, without waiting to hear from Balboa. It was merely a lure of the multitude to get the man in their power. He landed, and was immediately seized by an armed band, who compelled him under pain of death to swear that he would at once depart from Darien, and make no delay until he had reached Spain. He remonstrated, spoke eloquently in his own behalf, but all to no purpose. The mob hurried him on board the most unseaworthy vessel in the harbor. Seventeen of his devoted followers volunteered to share his fate; and on the 1st of March, 1511, the crazy old brigantine stood across the Caribbean Sea. It was heard of no more!²

Nicuesa's ill-starred vessel had barely disappeared from view, when again the colonists of Darien became a prey to faction rule. Once more Enciso made his voice heard. The

¹ Irving.

² Various attempts have been made to penetrate the mystery that covers the fate of the brigantine and its crew. A rumor prevailed some years afterwards that several Spaniards, wandering along the shore of Cuba found the following inscription carved on a tree: "*Aquí fenecio el desdichado Nicuesa*"—The unfortunate Nicuesa perished here. Hence it was inferred that he and his followers had landed there, and been massacred by the Indians. Las Casas, however, discredits the story.—*Irving*.

people, however, were for Balboa, who had already been elected one of the magistrates. Ability gained him respect and influence; in short, he was the first man in the place. After a trial for misconduct, Enciso was allowed to proceed to Spain to tell his story at Court.

The lawyer's ups and downs of fortune were remarkable. At Ojeda's invitation, he had sailed for the new province to sit on the judge's bench, but suddenly found himself a culprit at the bar, and was now glad to be permitted to wend his way homewards!

Nor was Balboa entirely tranquil. He feared that the skilled tongue of Enciso would plead its cause only too well before the King, and that the lawyer's innocence might prove his own condemnation. Our hero prudently thought his side of the story should be heard across the Atlantic. Accordingly, he sent in the same ship with Enciso his fellow-judge, Zenudio, who was instructed to relate the part which Balboa had taken, and to inform the Spanish Sovereign how much he had done for the progress of the colony. Zenudio was also to set forth the great wealth of the country.

As the vessel was to stop at Hispaniola, Balboa did not forget to send out another friend, Valdivia, provided with a rich present for the Royal Treasurer of the island. He knew the latter's influence with the King, and was very desirous to secure his friendship.

Being now the sole head of affairs in the colony, Balboa strained every nerve to prove his capacity in the difficult art of governing. He knew that to King Ferdinand one of the most convincing proofs was gold, and hence he neglected no opportunity to gather, if possible, a store of the precious metal. On one occasion he sent Pizarro with six men to explore what was reported to be a very rich region. The chieftain of the place, at the head of a band of warriors, pounced on the handful of Spaniards. After a desperate fight, the soldiers retreated, leaving one of their disabled companions on the field. They arrived at the settlement, bearing visible marks of a severe chastisement.

When Balboa heard the particulars, and, especially, that a wounded comrade was left behind, his indignation knew no bounds. "For shame, let it not be said," he exclaimed, in a voice of thunder, "that Spaniards fled before savages, and left a comrade in their hands!" This sharp rebuke was not without effect. Pizarro revisited the scene of combat, and returned in safety with the wounded soldier.

Our sketch will not admit of a detailed account of Balboa's many contests and adventures with the Indians at this point in his career. We have but room for one incident. On a certain expedition, the commander made a friendly visit to the chief of Comagre, who must have been an important personage, as it is said he could muster 3,000 warriors in the field.

His dominions lay at the foot of a lofty mountain, in a beautiful plain, twelve leagues in extent. On the approach of Balboa, the cacique came forth to meet him, attended by seven sons, all fine young men. He was followed by his principal chiefs and warriors, and by a multitude of his people. The Spaniards were conducted with great ceremony to the village, where quarters were assigned them, and they were furnished with abundance of provisions, and men and women were appointed to attend upon them.

The dwelling of the cacique surpassed any they had yet seen, for magnitude, and for the skill and solidity of the architecture. It was 150 paces in length and 80 in breadth, founded upon great logs, surrounded with a stone wall; while the upper part was of woodwork, curiously interwoven and wrought with such beauty as to cause surprise and admiration. It contained many commodious apartments. There were storerooms also; one filled with bread, with venison, and other provisions; another with various spirituous beverages, which the Indians made from maize, from a species of the palm, and from roots of different kinds.

There was also a great hall in a retired and secret part of the building, wherein the dusky ruler preserved the bodies of his ancestors and relatives. These had been dried by the

fire, so as to free them from corruption, and afterwards wrapped in mantles of cotton, richly wrought, and interwoven with pearls and jewels of gold, and with certain stones held precious by the natives. They were then hung about the hall with cords of cotton, and regarded with great reverence, if not with religious devotion.

The chief's eldest son was distinguished above the rest by his lofty, generous spirit and superior intelligence. Seeing, writes old Peter Martyr, that the Spaniards were a "wandering kind of men, living only by shifts and spoil," he sought to gain their favor by gifts of the precious metal. He presented Balboa with 4,000 ounces of gold in various forms. The commander ordered the treasure to be weighed, one-fifth to be set apart for the crown, and the rest to be distributed among his followers. The gold was weighed in the porch of the chief's residence, and in presence of the youthful donor. While this was going on a violent quarrel arose among the Spaniards as to the size and value of the pieces which fell to their respective shares. The young cacique was disgusted on beholding such a sordid brawl among beings whom he had regarded with such reverence. Seized by an impulse of disdain, he struck the scales with his hand, and scattered the glittering gold about the porch.

"Why," he exclaimed, "do you quarrel about such a trifle? If this gold is, indeed, so precious in your eyes that for it alone you abandon your homes, invade the peaceful lands of others, and expose yourselves to such sufferings and dangers, I will tell you of a region where you may gratify your wishes to the utmost. Behold those lofty mountains," he continued, pointing to the South, "beyond these lies a mighty sea which may be discerned from their summit. It is navigated by a people who have vessels almost as large as yours. The streams that flow down to the sea abound in gold. The kings who rule on its shores eat and drink out of golden vessels."

Balboa inquired how this rich region could be reached.

¹ Irving.

"The task," replied the young chief, "is both difficult and dangerous. You must pass through the territories of many powerful caciques, who will oppose you with hundreds of warriors. Some of the mountains are infested by fierce and cruel cannibals. But, above all, you will have to encounter the great cacique Tubanama, whose territories are at the distance of six days' journey, and more rich in gold than any other province. He will be sure to come forth against you with a mighty force. To succeed in such an enterprise would require at least one thousand men armed like those whom you now command." The young chief also gave some further information, and even offered to accompany Balboa with his father's warriors.¹

This was the first information which the Spaniards received concerning the great *Pacific Ocean*, and the rich and extensive country afterwards known by the name of *Peru*. Balboa had now before him objects worthy of his ambition and the enterprising ardor of his bright and active genius. Nor was the Faith forgotten. Before leaving Comagre, Balboa had the happiness of receiving its wise and distinguished cacique into the Church. The dusky ruler was baptized by the name of Don Carlos. His sons and many of his people followed his example. Thus did religion and the spirit of discovery go hand in hand.

Balboa now concluded that the ocean which the young chief mentioned was no other than that for which Columbus had searched without success in this part of America, in hopes of opening a more direct communication with the East Indies; and he conjectured that the rich territory which had been described to him must be part of that vast and opulent region of the earth. He was elated with the idea of performing what so great a man had in vain attempted. The thought of such an enterprise aroused his spirit and ennobled his character. Besides, he was also eager to accomplish a discovery which he knew would be no less acceptable to the King than beneficial to his country; and

¹ Irving.

he was impatient till he could set out upon this undertaking, in comparison with which all his former exploits appeared inconsiderable.

But previous arrangement and preparation were necessary in order to carry out successfully such a splendid enterprise. For this purpose Balboa hastened back to Darien. He began by winning the friendship of the neighboring caciques. At this point, however, private news from Spain warned him that he might be recalled by the King at any moment, to answer charges brought against him by Enciso. Such a blow, he saw, would annihilate all his hopes. He decided to hasten the expedition. To linger was to be lost. He felt that such a brilliant achievement as the discovery of a great Ocean would silence his enemies, establish his reputation, and gain the favor of Ferdinand.

With these thoughts nerving him to action, Balboa carefully chose one hundred and ninety hardy and resolute followers—men devoted to his person and fortune. He armed them with swords, cross-bows and arquebuses. Nor did he conceal from them the dangers that might have to be encountered ; but the bold spirit of the early Spanish adventurers always rose with the difficulties of their position. They were ready to follow their intrepid leader to the ends of the earth.

To aid his slender forces, he took with him a number of blood-hounds, which had been found to be terrific allies in Indian warfare. The Spanish writers make particular mention of one of those animals, named *Leoncico*, which was a constant companion, and, as it were, a body-guard of Balboa, and describe him as minutely as they would a favorite warrior. He was of a middle size, but immensely strong ; of a dull yellow or reddish color, with a black muzzle, and his body was scarred all over with wounds received in innumerable battles with the Indians. Balboa always took him on his expeditions, and sometimes lent him to others, receiving for his services the same share of booty allotted to an armed man. In this way, he gained by him in the course of his campaigns upwards of a thousand crowns. The In-

dians, it is said, had conceived such terror of this animal that the very sight of him was sufficient to put a host of them to flight.¹ A number of Darien Indians were likewise added to the force for the expedition. Such was the motley armament that set out in quest of the Pacific Ocean !

¹ Irving.

CHAPTER II.

THE DISCOVERY OF THE PACIFIC OCEAN.

Final preparations—The march begins—Difficulties—A Battle—The first view of the Pacific Ocean—Address and thanksgiving—A Cross in the wilderness—Takes possession of the Pacific—The march back.

It was the 6th of September, 1513. In the little Indian port of Coyba, on the east side of the Isthmus, there lay rocking on the quiet waves a brigantine and nine large canoes—the little fleet which had just transported Balboa and his force from Darien to this point. All felt it was a day of great importance. Early in the morning Holy Mass was celebrated, and even the least devout prayed that God would bless the expedition with success.

Balboa left about half his men to guard the vessels, and with the rest struck into the interior. The Isthmus of Darien is not above seventy miles in breadth; but this neck of land, which binds together the grand divisions of North and South America, is strengthened by a chain of lofty mountains stretching through its whole extent, which render it a barrier of solidity sufficient to resist the impulse of two opposite oceans. The mountains at that day were covered with forests almost inaccessible. The valleys in such a moist climate, where it rains during two-thirds of the year, are marshy, and so frequently overflowed, that the inhabitants find it necessary, in many places, to build their houses upon trees, in order to be elevated at some distance from the damp soil and the odious reptiles engendered in the putrid waters. From the high grounds large rivers rush down with an impetuous current. And in a region then inhab-

ited by wandering savages, the hand of industry had done nothing to correct those natural disadvantages.¹

To march across this unexplored country with no other guides than Indians—whose fidelity could be little trusted—was, perhaps, the boldest enterprise on which the Spaniards had hitherto ventured in the New World. But the intrepidity of Balboa was such as distinguished him among his countrymen, at a period when every explorer was conspicuous for daring courage. Nor was bravery his only merit. He was prudent in conduct, generous, courteous, and possessed of those popular talents which in the most desperate undertakings inspire confidence and secure attachment.

The commander no sooner advanced into the interior of the country than he found his pathway strewn with numberless obstacles. Roads there were none. Some of the caciques, at his approach, fled to the mountains with all their people, and carried off or destroyed whatever could afford subsistence to his troops. Others collected their wild subjects, in order to oppose his progress. In short, he quickly learned what an arduous undertaking it was to lead such a body of men across swamp and river, through wood and wilderness, over plain and mountain, which had never been pressed but by the feet of straggling savages. But by sharing in every hardship with the meanest soldier, by being first to meet every danger, by promising confidently to his little force the enjoyment of honor and riches superior to what had been attained by the most successful of their countrymen, he inspired them with such enthusiastic bravery that they followed him without a murmur.

When the Spaniards had penetrated a good way into the mountains, a powerful chief appeared in a narrow pass with a large body of warriors, armed with bows and arrows, spears, and war-clubs made of palm, which were almost as

¹ The Isthmus of Panama—formerly called Darien—is from thirty to seventy miles in breadth. The country is mountainous, its highest peak rising 7,200 feet above the level of the sea. Along the Caribbean Sea the coast is rocky and lofty, but mostly low and swampy along the Pacific. The soil is everywhere fertile. The forests abound in excellent timber. Except on the heights, the climate is very unhealthy. The Isthmus forms a state—one of the United States of Colombia—comprising an area of 29,736 square miles, with 175,000 inhabitants.—*Johnson's "New Universal Cyclopædia."*

hard and heavy as iron. The hostile savages looked with contempt on the handful of white, exhausted travelers, raised the war-cry, and with fury rushed to the attack. Balboa and his men, like a wall, withstood the impetuous onset. The first fire of the Spanish guns filled the dusky horde with alarm. They broke, and ran. The Spaniards pursued, and the fierce blood-hounds joined in the chase. At the end of the conflict, the chief and six hundred Indians lay dead on the battle-field, and many more were taken prisoners.

The troops then marched to the village of the slain cacique, and took possession of a large quantity of gold and jewels. Balboa reserved one-fifth for the King, and made a liberal division of the rest among his exhausted followers. They had now reached the foot of the last mountain that separated them from a view of the Pacific Ocean. In the recent engagement several of the Spaniards were wounded, and others were so worn out with fatigue that they could go no farther. After a careful examination of his force, the commander found but sixty-seven men who were in sufficient health and spirits to continue their long and toilsome march. Though the guides had represented the breadth of the Isthmus to be only a journey of six days, they had already spent twenty in forcing their way over mountains and through the trackless wilderness. It was evening, and all retired to rest.

The day had scarcely dawned,¹ when Balboa and his followers set forth from the Indian village and began to climb the height. It was a severe and rugged toil for men so way-worn; but they were filled with new ardor at the idea of the triumphant scene that was so soon to repay them for all their hardships. About ten o'clock in the morning they emerged from the thick forests through which they had hitherto struggled, and arrived at a lofty and airy region of the mountain. The bald summit alone remained to be ascended; and their guides pointed to a moderate eminence, from which, they said, the Southern Sea was visible.

Upon this, Balboa commanded his followers to halt, and

¹ It was the 26th of September, 1513.

that no man should stir from his place. Then, with a palpitating heart, he ascended alone the bare mountain-top. On reaching the summit, the long-desired prospect burst upon his view. It was as if a new world were unfolded to him, separated from all hitherto known by this mighty barrier of mountains. Below him extended a vast chaos of rock, and forest, and green savannas, and wandering streams, while at a distance the waters of the promised Ocean glittered in the morning sun.¹

It was, in truth, a scene glorious and picturesque. The brave Balboa fell upon his knees, raised his eyes to Heaven, and thanked the good God for being the first European to make such a great discovery. He invited his troops to ascend.

"My brothers," he exclaimed, "behold the object of all our desires, and the reward of all our toils. Let us give thanks to God that he has granted us this great honor and advantage. Let us pray to Him to guide and aid us to conquer the sea and land which we have discovered, and which Christian has never entered to preach the holy doctrine of the Evangelists. As to yourselves, be as you have hitherto been, faithful and true to me, and, by the favor of Christ, you will become the richest Spaniards that have ever come to the Indies; you will render the greatest service to your King that ever vassal rendered to his lord; and you will have the eternal glory and advantage of all that is here discovered, conquered and converted to our Holy Catholic Faith!"

This warm, eloquent address produced profound emotion. The soldiers embraced their heroic commander, and promised to follow him even to death itself. The chaplain, Father Andrew de Vara, then lifted up his voice and chanted the *Te Deum*, in thanksgiving to the Almighty Ruler of the universe. "The rest, kneeling down," writes Balboa's American Protestant biographer, "joined in the strain with pious enthusiasm and tears of joy; and never did a more sincere oblation rise to the Deity from a sanctified altar than

¹ Irving.

from that mountain summit. It was, indeed, one of the most sublime discoveries that had yet been made in the New World, and must have opened a boundless field of conjecture to the wondering Spaniards.'"¹

Balboa called his companions to witness that he took possession of the sea, islands, and surrounding territory, in the name of the Catholic Sovereigns of Castile. A testimonial to that effect was drawn up, and signed by the sixty-seven men. He then cut down a tall tree, made a cross, and raised the august Sign of the Redemption on the very spot whence he first saw the vast expanse of waters.

The Spaniards held on their course, descended the mountain, and through many obstacles forced their way to the shore. The wild waters lay in sombre silence. No sail met the eye. A great bay extended as far as the vision could reach, and it being St. Michael's day, Balboa, in the spirit of a true Catholic, gave it the name of the *Gulf of St. Michael*, the name by which it is known even to-day. At that hour the tide was out, but the commander waited till the surging deep swept in almost to his feet. He then took a banner, upon which were painted the images of the Most Blessed Virgin and the Holy Infant, and under them the arms of Castile, and, drawing his sword, he marched into the sea, until the water was knee-deep, and called upon all to witness that he took solemn possession for the Spanish Sovereigns. The notary of the expedition drew up the usual document, which was signed by those present. Then all stooped down and tasted the waters, and again returned thanks to Heaven. Balboa finally cut three crosses on three adjacent trees, in honor of the Holy Trinity, and in token that he had discovered and taken possession of the great Pacific Ocean.

The intrepid Commander, after several adventurous visits to some of the islands in the Gulf, and the collection of considerable treasure in the surrounding territory, began to retrace his steps towards Darien. In order to acquire a more extensive knowledge of the Isthmus, he marched back

¹ Irving.



VASCO NUNEZ DE BALBOA TAKING POSSESSION OF THE PACIFIC OCEAN.

by a different route, which he found to be no less dangerous and difficult than that which he had formerly taken. But to men elated with success, and animated by hope, nothing is insurmountable. He reached the Spanish settlement at Darien on January 19th, 1514, bringing with him greater glory and more treasure than his countrymen hitherto had acquired in any expedition in the New World.

In this expedition, Balboa's conduct towards the natives was most kind and prudent. Having left a few of his men, who were unable to follow him, in an Indian village, on his line of march to the Pacific, the chief of the tribe went out to meet him on his return, and presenting the soldiers, said : "Receive, brave man, your companions uninjured, as they entered under my roof ; and may he who gives us the fruits of the earth, and causes the thunder and lightning, preserve you and them." Herrera tells us that the dusky ruler then raised his eyes to the sun, as if he worshiped that as his deity and the dispenser of all temporal blessings. It is also related that none of Balboa's officers distinguished themselves more in this discovery than Francis Pizarro.¹

¹ Francis Pizarro was a native of Spain. He was of humble origin. In early years he enlisted as a soldier, and seems to have served in several campaigns both in Spain and Italy. His roving spirit soon led him to the New World. "He was of ferocious courage," writes Irving, "and when engaged in any enterprise, possessed an obstinate perseverance neither to be deterred by danger, weakened by fatigue and hardships, nor checked by repeated disappointment. After having conquered the great kingdom of Peru, he was assassinated at an advanced age in 1541, defending himself bravely to the last."

For the story of his adventurous career, see Prescott's "History of the Conquest of Peru."

CHAPTER III.

BLASTED HOPES AND THE HEROIC END.

Accounts of the discovery sent to Spain—A new Governor—The situation at Darien—Sickness—Bad treatment of the Indians—Balboa raises his voice—Is appointed Lieutenant-Governor—Preparations to go to Peru—Carrying ships across the mountains—New difficulties and dangers—The first European vessels on the Pacific—Four ships completed and all ready—Balboa suddenly arrested—His trial and unjust condemnation—He meets death like a true hero.

Balboa's first care was to send information to Spain of the important discovery which he had made; and to demand a reinforcement of 1,000 men, in order to attempt the conquest of that rich nation, concerning which he had received such inviting intelligence.¹ The first account of the discovery of the western hemisphere hardly occasioned greater joy than the unexpected tidings that a passage was at last found to the great Southern Ocean, as the Pacific² was then called. Communication with the East Indies, by the westward, seemed now to be certain.

The vast wealth which flowed into Portugal from its Indian settlements and conquests excited the envy, and called forth the emulation of other states. Ferdinand hoped now to come in for a share in this lucrative commerce, and in his eagerness to obtain it, was willing to make an effort even beyond what the Discoverer of the Pacific required. But in this exertion, his jealous policy, as well as the fatal antipa-

¹ Peru.

² The name *Pacific* was given it by the famous Ferdinand Magellan in 1520. See Robertson's "History of America," Book V.

pathy of Bishop Fonseca to every man of merit who distinguished himself in the New World, were conspicuous.

Notwithstanding Balboa's recent services—which certainly marked him out as the most proper person to finish that great undertaking which he had begun—Ferdinand was so ungenerous as to overlook these, and to appoint Don Pedro Arias Davila, Governor of Darien. He gave him the command of fifteen vessels and twelve hundred soldiers. These were fitted out at the public expense with a liberality which the King had never displayed in any former armament for the New World; and such was the ardor of the Spanish gentlemen to follow a leader who was about to conduct them to a country, where, as fame reported, they had only to throw their nets into the sea and draw out gold, that fifteen hundred embarked on board the fleet.

Davila reached the Gulf of Darien without any remarkable accident, and at once sent some of his principal officers ashore to inform Balboa of his arrival, with the King's commission to be Governor of the colony. To their astonishment they found the Discoverer of the Pacific Ocean, of whose great exploits they had heard so much, and of whose opulence they had formed such high ideas, clad in a canvas jacket, and wearing coarse hempen sandals used only by the meanest peasants, employed, together with some Indians, in roofing his own hut with reeds. Even in this simple garb, however, Balboa received the visitors with dignity.

The fame of his discoveries had drawn so many adventurers from the West Indies that he could now muster four hundred and fifty men. At the head of those hardy, daring veterans he was more than a match for the forces which Davila brought with him. His troops murmured loudly at the injustice of the King in superseding their intrepid commander, and complained that strangers would now reap the fruits of their toil and success. Balboa himself submitted with implicit obedience to the will of his sovereign, and received Davila with all the deference due to his character.¹

¹ Davila was accompanied by his heroic wife Doña Isabella, who according to old Peter Martyr had sustained the roarings and rages of the ocean with no less stout courage than either her husband or the mariners who had been brought up among the surges of the sea.—*Irring*.

But notwithstanding this moderation, to which Davila owed the peaceful possession of his government, he appointed a judicial inquiry to be made into Balboa's conduct while under the command of Nicuesa. He was found guilty of several irregularities and fined. Balboa was deeply mortified at being subjected to trial and punishment in the very place where he had so lately occupied the first station. Nor could Davila conceal his jealousy. Balboa's superior merit was beyond question. Such feelings led to dissensions extremely detrimental to the prosperity of the colony.

But it was threatened with a calamity still more fatal. Davila had landed in Darien at a most untimely period of the year, about the middle of the rainy season, in that part of the torrid zone where the clouds pour down such torrents as are unknown in more temperate climates. The village of Santa Maria was seated in a rich plain surrounded by woods and marshes. The constitutions of Europeans were unable to withstand the pestilential influence of such a situation, in a climate naturally so noxious, and at a season so peculiarly unhealthy. Many of the soldiers were carried off by a deadly malady. An extreme scarcity of provisions augmented this distress, as it rendered it impossible to find proper refreshment for the sick, or the necessary sustenance for the healthy. In the space of a month over six hundred persons perished; and dejection and despair spread through the whole colony. Many of the chief persons were glad to relinquish all their hopes of wealth, and to turn their steps homewards to the shores of sunny Spain.

The new Governor endeavored to divert those who remained from brooding over their misfortunes, by finding them employment. With this view, he sent several detachments into the interior of the country, to levy gold among the Indians, and to search for the mines in which it was produced. Those rapacious adventurers were more attentive to present gain than to the means of facilitating their future progress. Plunder marked their line of march.

Regardless of the alliances which Balboa had wisely made with several of the caciques, those greedy gold-hunters

stripped them of everything valuable, and treated them as well as their subjects, with the utmost insolence and cruelty. By their tyranny and exactions—which Davila either could not or would not restrain—all the country from the Gulf of Darien to Lake Nicaragua was desolated, and the Spaniards were inconsiderately deprived of the advantages which they might have derived from the friendship of the natives, in extending their conquests to the Pacific Ocean.

Balboa beheld such ill-judged proceedings with sadness; and retarded the execution of his favorite scheme, of setting out for the conquest of Peru. He likewise sent strong remonstrances to Spain, against the imprudent government of Davila, which had ruined a happy and flourishing colony. On the other hand, Davila accused the Discoverer of the Pacific of having deceived the King, by magnifying his own exploits, as well as by a false representation of the natural riches of the country.

Ferdinand, at length, became sensible of his blunder in superseding the bravest, most active, and most experienced officer he had in the New World; and, by way of compensation to Balboa, appointed him Lieutenant-Governor of the countries upon the Pacific, with very extensive privileges and authority. At the same time, he enjoined Davila to support Balboa in all his operations, and to consult with him concerning every measure which he himself pursued. But to bring about such a sudden transition from inveterate enmity to perfect confidence, exceeded the power of Ferdinand. Davila continued to treat his rival with neglect, and Balboa's fortune being exhausted by the payment of his fine and other exactions of the Governor, he found that he could not make suitable preparations for taking possession of his new government. By the interposition and exhortations of the good Bishop of Darien, however, they were, at last, brought to a reconciliation; and in order to cement this union more firmly, it was agreed that Davila should give his daughter in marriage to Balboa. The first effect of their concord was, that Balboa was permitted to make several short incursions into the country. These he

conducted with a prudence which even added to his well-earned reputation.

Many adventurers crowded around the now famous Discoverer of the Pacific; and with the aid of Davila he began to prepare for his expedition to Peru. In order to accomplish this it was necessary to build vessels capable of conveying his troops to the point of invasion. The little town of Alca, on the Atlantic coast west of Darien, was the scene of the busy preparations. Four brigantines were to be built.

The timber was cut on the Atlantic seaboard; and, then, with the anchors and rigging was carried across the lofty mountains to the other side of the Isthmus. Several Spaniards, thirty Negroes, and a great many Indians were employed at this weary work. It need hardly be said the toil was extreme.

The large masses of hewn timber had to be dragged through impenetrable forests marked by no roadway save, perhaps, an Indian footpath. Rivers had to be crossed. And as the exhausted toilers pushed their way up the steep, rough sides of hills and mountains, scorched by a tropical sun, they were ready to sink beneath their heavy burdens. The poor Indians were unequal to the terrible task, and many perished on the journey. The Spaniards and Negroes, however, bore the fatigue better. On reaching the summit of the mountain whence Balboa first saw the glorious Pacific, the workmen halted, a house was erected, and some time spent in refreshing themselves.

After this repose they continued their toilsome course down the mountain-side, and, at last, came to a navigable river to which they gave the name of *Balsas*. It flowed into the Pacific. Nor were their labors now terminated. It was found that the timber which had cost such unheard of toil was all worm-eaten, and, of course, unfit for use. More had to be cut in the vicinity of *Balsas*; but scarcely was everything again in readiness to begin the construction of the vessels, when the rain began to pour down in torrents. The river overflowed its banks. The country was inundated. So rapid was the rise of the waters that the men barely es-

caped drowning by climbing up the trees, and residing among the branches

After a time, marked by hunger and many adventures, the waters fell, and the indomitable Balboa and his men were once more at work. Supplies came from Alca, and, in a little while, the Discoverer of the Pacific had the pleasure of seeing two of his brigantines proudly moving on the Balsas. They were equipped, floated down the river, and soon their keels cut the wide waters of the Pacific. What must have been the intrepid Commander's emotions when he first spread his sail on that untraversed ocean. His were the first European ships that rode on its briny bosom.

There are points in the history of the Spanish discoveries of the western hemisphere, which make us pause with wonder and admiration at the daring spirit of the men who conducted them, and the appalling difficulties surmounted by their courage and perseverance. We know few instances, however, more striking than this piecemeal transportation, across the mountains of Darien, of the first European ships that ploughed the waves of the Pacific; and we can readily excuse the boast of the old Castilian writers, when they exclaim, "that none but Spaniards could ever have conceived or persisted in such an undertaking, and no commander in the New World but Vasco Nuñez could have conducted it to a successful issue."

Balboa's first cruise in the Pacific was to the Pearl Islands, on the largest of which he disembarked the greater part of his men. Here it was his intention to build the two remaining brigantines, which he required to complete the squadron. One of his earliest cares was to gain the good-will of the natives. But while preparations were making for the construction of the two vessels, his active spirit found suitable occupation in various reconnoitering cruises. In one of these he steered about twenty leagues beyond the Gulf of St. Michael, and then cast anchor, in order to calm the

¹ Irving.

See an account of a similar enterprise, on a much larger scale, by Hernando Cortés, at the historic siege of the city of Mexico.

alarm of the sailors, who fancied in the dusk of evening that they saw reefs and breakers ahead. When the morning dawned, however, the wind had changed, and was contrary; whereupon he altered his course, and thus abandoned a cruise, which, if persevered in, might have terminated in the discovery of Peru!'

After surmounting many new obstacles, and enduring a variety of hardships, he, at length, had the satisfaction of seeing the two other brigantines finished. He had now four. In these, with three hundred chosen men—a force superior to that with which Pizarro afterwards undertook the same expedition—our hero was ready to sail towards Peru, when he received an unexpected message from Davila.

As the Governor's reconciliation with Balboa had never been cordial, the progress which his son-in-law was making revived his ancient enmity, and other circumstances added to its rancor. Calumny was busy. Among Balboa's most trusted followers was a Judas named Andrew Garabito, a vile wretch who did everything by letter and words of mouth to blacken and betray his master.

This aroused the low, suspicious nature of Davila. Besides, he dreaded the prosperity and elevation of the brave and gifted man whom he had so deeply injured. He feared that success would encourage the Discoverer of the Pacific to aim at independence; and, in short, so violently did the passions of hatred, and fear, and jealousy take possession of his mind, that, in order to gratify his vengeance, he scrupled not to defeat an enterprise of the greatest importance to his country.

Under pretexts which were false, but plausible, the Governor desired Balboa to postpone his voyage for a short time, and to repair to Alca, in order that he might have an interview in relation to the expedition. Balboa, with the unsuspecting confidence of an upright mind, instantly obeyed the summons; but as soon as he entered the place, he was arrested by order of Davila, whose impatience to satiate his revenge did not suffer him to languish long in confinement.

¹ Irving.

The Governor even visited Balboa in prison. "Be not afflicted, my son," said the base hypocrite, on one of these occasions, "an investigation will, doubtless, not merely establish your innocence, but serve to render your zeal and loyalty towards your Sovereign still more conspicuous." At the same time he was urging the judges to proceed against our hero with the utmost rigor. The trumped-up charges of disloyalty to the King, and of an intention to revolt against the Governor, were preferred against Balboa.

The trial went on. Garabito was the chief witness. With the bold effrontery of an accomplished liar and scoundrel, he swore to the truth of every accusation brought against his old master.

One day, after court hours, the Governor again visited Balboa in prison. This time he threw off the mask. "Hitherto, I have treated you as a son," he exclaimed, "because I thought you loyal to your King, and to me as his representative; but, as I find you have meditated rebellion against the Crown of Castile, I cast you off from my affection, and shall henceforth treat you as an enemy."

The noble Balboa repelled the charge with eloquent indignation. "Had I been conscious of my guilt," he replied, "what could have induced me to come here and put myself into your hands? Had I meditated rebellion, what prevented me from carrying it into effect? I had four ships ready to weigh anchor, three hundred brave men at my command, and an open sea before me. What had I to do but to spread sail and press forward? There was no doubt of finding a land, whether rich or poor, sufficient for me and mine, far beyond the reach of your control. In the innocence of my heart, however, I came here promptly, at your mere request, and my reward is insult—slander—chains!"

At length, the trial ended, and sentence of death was unjustly pronounced. But even the judges, and the whole colony, interceded warmly for Balboa's pardon. Davila, however, was inexorable. "If he has merited death," exclaimed the tyrannical Governor, clothed in a little brief

authority, "let him suffer death!" He was, accordingly, condemned to be beheaded.

Gloom and dismay hung over the rude town of Alca on the day of execution. The people came forth to witness the fearful spectacle in the public square. Well they knew Balboa, whose sterling qualities and brilliant achievements had so often won their admiration; but now they were filled with horror on seeing the great services of such a brave man repaid with naught but persecution and an ignominious death. Still, the multitude so felt and feared the iron rule of Davila, that not a voice was raised. The historian Oviedo, who was then in the colony, assures us that the brutal Governor was himself a secret witness of the awful scene. He looked on through small openings between the reeds of the wall of a house about twelve paces from the scaffold. Balboa made a last humble confession, and received the Holy Communion with sentiments of profound faith and piety. He died like a true Catholic hero. Ascending the scaffold with a firm step and dignified demeanor, he bent his manly form, calmly laid his head upon the block, and, in an instant, the bright soul of the illustrious Discoverer of the Pacific Ocean was released from its earthly bondage! On the glorious roll of "Ocean chivalry," the name of Balboa is second only to that of the immortal Columbus.



HERNANDO CORTÉS.

HERNANDO CORTÉS,

THE
CONQUEROR OF MEXICO AND DISCOVERER OF CALIFORNIA.¹

CHAPTER I.

YOUNG YEARS OF THE CONQUEROR.

Birth and Parents of Cortés—Early years—Sails for the New World—First years in America—Is appointed to command an expedition to Mexico—Velasquez and Cortés—Difficulties and final preparations—Appearance and manners of Cortés—Departure of the fleet.

Hernando Cortés was born at Medellin, a small town in Spain, in the year 1485. He belonged to a good and ancient family. His father, Don Martín Cortés, was a captain of infantry, not very wealthy, but a soldier of unsullied honor; and his mother, Doña Catalina Pizarro, we are assured, was a lady of great piety and worth.²

His parents intended him for the profession of law, and at the age of fourteen, young Hernando was sent to the University of Salamanca. He made some progress in learning, but after two years, his ardent and restless genius became disgusted with college life, and he returned home, to the great displeasure of his father and mother. The student now gave

¹ Chief authorities used : Helps, "The Life of Hernando Cortés;" Prescott, "History of the Conquest of Mexico, with a Preliminary View of the Ancient Mexican Civilization, and the Life of the Conqueror, Hernando Cortés;" Robertson, "The History of America;" Cortés, "Dispatches to the Emperor Charles V.," translated with notes by G. Folsam; Archbishop Spalding, "Miscellanea, Comprising Reviews, Lectures, and Essays, on Historical, Theological, and Miscellaneous Subjects."

² The mother of Cortés was a remarkable woman, as the mothers of distinguished men are wont to be.—Helps.

An old biographer of Cortés writes: "Catalina was not inferior to any woman of her time in virtue, modesty, and conjugal love."

himself up entirely to active sports and martial exercises. His bold, impetuous nature showed a particular leaning towards the military profession, and his great desire was for a life of adventure.

To such an ever-active spirit, the New World was a most inviting field; and in 1504, in his nineteenth year, Hernando Cortés received the tender blessing of his parents, and some money, and then bade adieu to the sunny shores of his native land. He sailed in an expedition for Hispaniola.

At that time, his kinsman, Ovando, was Governor of the island, and when Cortés landed at San Domingo he was most kindly received. He was at once employed in several positions of trust and honor. But he was still unsatisfied. Hence, when Velasquez, in 1511, undertook the conquest of Cuba, our hero gladly abandoned his quiet life for the stirring scenes there opened, and took part in the expedition. In this new sphere of activity, he distinguished himself so much, that notwithstanding some violent contests with Velasquez, occasioned by various trivial events, he was, at length, taken into favor, and received large grants of lands and Indians as a recompense for his services.

Cortés now settled down in Cuba, near the town of St. Jago, of which he was afterwards appointed magistrate. He lived on his estate, and devoted himself to agriculture. In a few years wealth flowed in to him in abundance; and, it appears, he added to his fortune and his happiness, at this time, by marrying a worthy and beautiful lady, a country-woman of his own, named Doña Catalina Juarez.

Though Cortés had not hitherto acted in high command, he had displayed such qualities in several scenes of difficulty and danger, as gave him a bright reputation, and turned the eyes of the Spaniards towards him as one capable of performing great deeds. The turbulence of youth, as soon as he found objects and occupations suited to the ardor of his mind, gradually subsided, and settled into habits of regular, unceasing activity.

The impetuosity of his temper, when he came to act with his equals, insensibly abated, by being kept under restraint,

and ripened into a cordial soldierly frankness. These qualities were accompanied by calm prudence in concerting his schemes, by persevering vigor in executing them, and by what is peculiar to superior genius—the art of gaining the confidence and governing the minds of men. To all these were added the smaller accomplishments that strike the vulgar and command their respect—a graceful person, a winning countenance, remarkable skill in warlike exercises, and a constitution of such iron vigor as to be capable of enduring any fatigue. Such was the man finally selected by Governor Velasquez to command the expedition which was to visit and explore the recently discovered empire of Mexico.¹

Cortés received his commission with the warmest expressions of respect and gratitude. He immediately erected his standard before his own house, appeared in a military dress, and assumed all the marks of his new dignity. His utmost influence and activity were exerted in persuading his friends to engage in the service, and in urging forward the preparations for the voyage. All his own funds, together with what money he could raise by mortgaging his lands and Indians, were expended in purchasing military stores and provisions, or in supplying the wants of such of his officers as were unable to equip themselves in a manner suited to their rank.

Inoffensive and even praiseworthy as this conduct was, the disappointed competitors of Cortés were malicious enough to give it a turn to his disadvantage. They represented him as already aiming—even with little disguise—at establishing an independent authority over his troops, and endeavoring to secure their respect or love by his showy and interested liberality. They reminded Velasquez of his former dissensions with the man in whom he now reposed so much confidence, and foretold that Cortés would be more apt to avail himself of the power which the Governor was inconsiderately putting in his hands, to avenge past injuries, than to

¹ Juan de Grijalva, a Spanish navigator sent out by the Governor of Cuba, discovered Mexico in the spring of 1518. Bernal Díaz and Pedro de Alvarado—two names well known in early American history—were in this expedition.

repay recent obligations. Such insinuations did not fail to impress the suspicious mind of Velasquez.

It is said an accidental circumstance likewise added to these suspicions. One day Cortes and the Governor were taking their morning walk together towards the port. A crack-brained jester called out: "Have a care, Master Velasquez, or we shall have to go a-hunting, some day or other, after this same Captain of ours!"

"Do you hear what the rogue says?" exclaimed the Governor to his companion.

"Do not heed him," remarked Cortés. "He is a saucy knave, and deserves a good whipping." But Velasquez was far from forgetting the fool's warning. His distrust of Cortés grew day by day, and friends in power advised the young Commander to hasten his departure. On this occasion he showed the same prompt decision which more than once afterwards, in perils and adventures, gave the direction to his destiny.

The Governor's instructions for the conduct of the expedition deserve a word or two here. They were drawn up with wisdom. Cortés was first to find Grijalva.¹ He was then to release six Christians said to be in captivity in Yucatan. Trade with the natives was another great object of the expedition. This was to be done with care and kindness, for Cortés was to bear in mind that the conversion of the Indians was a matter of the highest importance. He was to make an accurate survey of the coast for the benefit of future navigators. He was to familiarize himself with the country, its people, and its institutions; and, finally, he was to take *the most careful care* to omit nothing that might redound to the glory of God and the honor of his sovereigns. Thus religion, science, and commerce were each to receive due attention. By this commission Cortés was recognized as Captain-General of the expedition.²

Our hero urged forward the preparations with such rapidity that he set sail from St. Jago on the 18th of Novem-

¹ Grijalva had not yet returned from the voyage in which he discovered Mexico.

² Prescott.

ber. Velasquez accompanied him to the shore, and took leave with an appearance, it is said, of perfect confidence and friendship. He had secretly, however, charged some of the officers of the armament to keep a watchful eye on the conduct of their Commander.'

Cortés proceeded to Trinidad, a small settlement on the same side of the island, where he was joined by several adventurers, and received a supply of provisions and military stores, of which his stock was still very incomplete. He had hardly left St. Jago, however, when the jealousy which had been working in the breast of the Governor grew so violent that to suppress it any longer was impossible. Suspicion, with fresh vigor, aroused his diseased imagination. The rivals of Cortés did not fail to increase his fears. All these influences produced the desired effect. Velasquez now bitterly repented of his own imprudence in having committed a trust of such vast importance to the future Conqueror of Mexico. In short, he hastily dispatched orders to the chief magistrate at Trinidad to arrest Cortés and deprive him of his commission. For various reasons dictated by prudence the magistrate disregarded these instructions, and the armament was permitted to depart from Trinidad without molestation.

From Trinidad Cortés sailed for Havana, in order to raise more soldiers, and to complete the victualing of his fleet. There several persons of distinction joined the expedition, and engaged to supply what provisions were still wanting. But to accomplish this, time was necessary. Velasquez felt that he ought no longer to rely upon a man whom he had so openly mistrusted, and availed himself of the unavoidable delay, to make one more attempt to wrest the command out of the hand of Cortés.'

¹ Las Casas, whom Prescott follows, gives a different version. Cortés, in his hurry, made preparations to sail at dawn of day. When the Governor heard that the fleet was about to depart, he hastily galloped down to the wharf. Cortés entered an armed boat, and came within speaking distance. "Is it thus that you part from me?" exclaimed the angry Velasquez. "A courteous way of taking leave, truly!" "Pardon me," said Cortés; "time presses, and there are some things that should be done before they are even thought of. Has your Excellency any commands?" The indignant Governor had none, and Cortés gave a parting adieu with a polite wave of his hand.—*History of the Conquest of Mexico*.

He dispatched a trusty officer to the Lieutenant-Governor at Havana, with the most positive orders instantly to seize Cortés, and to send him a prisoner under a strong guard to St. Jago. The sailing of the fleet was also to be countermanded until further orders. But before the arrival of this messenger, a Franciscan Father of St. Jago had secretly conveyed an account of this interesting transaction to Father Bartholomew de Olmedo, O. S. F., who acted as chaplain to the expedition.

Forewarned was forearmed. Cortés had time to take precautions for his own safety. His first step was to find some pretext for removing from Havana, James de Ordaz, an officer of great merit, but in whom, on account of his known attachment to Velasquez, he could not place confidence in this trying and delicate juncture. He, therefore, gave him the command of a vessel, destined to take on board some provisions to a small harbor beyond Cape Antonio; and thus made secure of his absence, without seeming to suspect his fidelity.

When Ordaz was gone, Cortés no longer concealed from his troops the designs of Velasquez. The officers and soldiers were equally impatient to set out on an expedition, in preparing for which most of them had expended all their fortunes; and, on hearing such news, they expressed their astonishment and indignation at that illiberal jealousy, to which the Governor was about to sacrifice, not only the honor of their General, but their own ardent hopes of glory and wealth.

With one voice they entreated their Commander not to abandon the important station to which he had such a good title. They warmly conjured him not to deprive them of a leader whom they followed with such unbounded confidence, and offered to shed the last drop of their blood in maintaining his authority. Cortés was easily induced to comply with what he himself so ardently desired. He declared with deep solemnity that he would never desert soldiers who had given him such a signal proof of their attachment, and promised at once to conduct them to that rich

country which had been so long the object of their thoughts. This declaration was received with wild applause.

Everything was now ready for the departure. But although this expedition was fitted out by the united efforts of the Spanish power in Cuba; though every settlement had contributed its quota of men and provisions; though Cortés had laid out considerable sums, and each adventurer had exhausted his stock or strained his credit, the poverty of the preparations was such as must astonish the present age, considering the vast object in view. It was an armament destined for the conquest of a great empire.

The fleet consisted of eleven vessels. The largest carried about one hundred tons, and was dignified with the name of *The Admiral*. Three were of seventy or eighty tons, and the rest were small open barks. On board of these were six hundred and seventeen men, of which five hundred and eight belonged to the land service, and one hundred and nine were mariners. According to the number of ships, the soldiers were divided into eleven companies. To each ship Cortés appointed a captain, and charged him with the command of the vessel while at sea, and of the men when on shore.

As the use of fire-arms among the nations of Europe was hitherto confined to a few battalions of regularly disciplined infantry, only thirteen soldiers were armed with muskets, thirty-two were cross-bowmen, and the rest had swords and spears. Instead of the usual defensive armor—which would have been too cumbersome in a very hot climate—the soldiers wore jackets quilted with cotton. Experience had proved that this was a sufficient protection against the weapons of the Indians.

The principal standard was of black velvet, embroidered with gold, and emblazoned with a red cross, amid flames of white and blue, with this motto in Latin beneath: "*Friends, let us follow the Cross; and under this sign, if we have faith, we shall conquer.*"¹

Cortés at this time, writes the classic Prescott, was thirty-

¹ Prescott.

three, or perhaps thirty-four years of age. In stature he was rather above the middle size. His complexion was pale; and his large dark eye gave an expression of gravity to his countenance, not to have been expected in his cheerful temperament. His figure was slender, at least until later in life; but his chest was deep, his shoulders broad, his frame muscular and well-proportioned. It presented the union of agility and vigor which qualified him to excel in fencing, horsemanship, and the other generous exercises of chivalry.

In his diet he was temperate, careless of what he ate, and drinking little; while to toil and privation he seemed perfectly indifferent. His dress—for he did not disdain the impression produced by such adventitious aids—was such as to set off his handsome person to advantage; neither gaudy nor striking, but rich. He wore few ornaments, and usually the same; but those were of great price.

His manners, frank and soldier-like, concealed a most cool and calculating spirit. With his gayest humor there mingled a settled air of resolution, which made those who approached him feel they must obey, and which infused something like awe into the attachment of his most devoted followers. Such a combination, in which love was tempered by authority, was the one probably best calculated to inspire devotion in the rough and turbulent spirits among whom his lot was to be cast.¹

His address to his soldiers before departing was characteristic. "I hold out to you a glorious prize," said the intrepid General, "but it is to be won by incessant toil. Great things are achieved only by great exertions, and glory was never the reward of sloth. . . . You are few in number, but strong in resolution; and, if this does not falter, doubt not but that the Almighty, who has never deserted the Spaniard, in his contest with the Infidel, will shield you, though encompassed by a cloud of enemies; for your cause is a *just cause*, and you are to fight under the banner of the Cross. Go forward, then, with alacrity and confidence, and carry to a glorious issue the work so auspiciously begun."

¹ "History of the Conquest of Mexico."

Holy Mass was then celebrated with great solemnity, and the fleet placed under the special protection of the Apostle St. Peter, the patron saint of Cortés.¹ All was now in readiness, and on the 18th of February, 1519, the armament sailed for the coast of Yucatan.

¹ Two priests Fathers John Diaz and Bartholomew de Olmedo, accompanied the expedition.

CHAPTER II.

BEGINNING OF THE ROAD THAT LED TO AN UNKNOWN EMPIRE.

*Redeems a holy and useful captive—A rude reception—
The first battle with the Indians—The second—Plant-
ing the Faith—Palm Sunday in a wild land—Away
for Mexico—New visitors and methods of interpretations
—Doña Marina—Montezuma, the Mexican Emperor—
An interview and its results—Indian painters—Aston-
ishment of the Mexicans.*

As Cortés determined to touch at every place which Grijalva had visited, he steered directly towards the island of Cozumel.¹ Here he treated the natives with great kindness; and had the good fortune to redeem Jerome de Aguilar, a Spanish ecclesiastic, who had been eight years a prisoner among the Indians. Aguilar was perfectly acquainted with several of the Indian dialects, and was a man of prudence and tried virtue. He proved extremely useful as an interpreter.

Leaving Cozumel, Cortés doubled Cape Catoche, swept down the broad Bay of Campeachy, and cast anchor at the mouth of the Tabasco. A sand-bar left the water shallow at the entrance to the river. Mangrove trees studded the banks, and many an Indian cast suspicious glances from among this matted forest at the Spanish squadron.

Cortés, through his interpreter, asked permission to disembark; but he was answered with angry gestures and shouts of defiance. He landed his troops, however, and assured the natives that all he wished was a free passage for his men. He desired, he said, to be on friendly terms; if it came to bloodshed, the sin would rest on their own heads.

¹ A small island off the eastern coast of Yucatan.

The savages raised a fierce war-cry, and a shower of arrows fell on the Spaniards.

The Indians were numerous, and fought with desperation. At first, it was a hand-to-hand struggle on the slippery banks of the stream. Cortés led the attack in person, and beneath his iron blows sank many a dusky warrior. He attracted such attention that the savages were heard to call out to one another: "Strike at the chief!" When at length the higher ground was fairly gained, the troops fell into order, and opened fire on the wild men, who retreated in dismay to the town of Tabasco. It was soon taken by the Spaniards.

The whole country was now in arms. And thus, at the very beginning, Cortés found himself entangled in an unprofitable conflict with overwhelming foes. There was no alternative, however, but to fight, or beat a hasty and inglorious retreat. But the Conqueror of Mexico never turned his back on the foe, and he only waited for the morrow to say, "Forward!" It was the 25th of March, the Festival of the Annunciation, 1519. The sun rose on the little army as it devoutly heard Mass, and then sallied forth for the battle-field.

On the broad plains of Ceutla about 40,000 Indians were drawn up in hostile array. They had chosen a good position. As the weary Spaniards marched slowly in sight over the swampy ground that separated the combatants, a wild yell broke from the dusky lines, and the work of death and carnage began. The guns made terrible havoc in the dense columns of the Tabascans; but regardless of danger, the countless multitude of barbarians pressed the troops on every side. All at once, the rear of the savages appeared to be thrown into disorder. It was not long, writes the American historian of the Conquest, before the ears of the Christians were saluted with the cheering war-cry of "San Jago and San Pedro!" and they beheld the bright helmets and swords of the Castilian chivalry flashing back the rays of the morning sun, as they dashed through the ranks of the enemy, striking to the right and left, and scattering dismay around

them. The eye of faith, indeed, could discern the Patron Saint of Spain¹ himself, mounted on his gray war horse, leading the rescue and trampling over the bodies of the fallen infidels.

Thus Cortés and his little band of cavalry changed the tide of battle. The rout of the Indians was complete. The loss which they sustained, and still more the astonishment and terror excited by the destructive effect of the fire arms, and the dreadful appearance of the horses, humbled their fierce spirits, and induced them to sue for peace. In short, the chiefs and warriors of Tabasco acknowledged the King of Castile as their Sovereign and granted Cortés a supply of provisions, with a present of cotton garments, some gold, and twenty female slaves.

Nor did the Spanish Commander forget that the spread of the Catholic faith was one of the first objects of the expedition. The venerable Father Olmedo and his companion, Father Diaz, did what they could to enlighten the crude intellects of the Tabascans. The Gospel was preached, paganism denounced, and the holy seed, it appears, fell on good ground. In a body the Indians embraced the faith. The beautiful ceremonial of the day following this joyous event is thus pictured by the graphic pen of a Protestant historian: The next day was Palm Sunday. . . . A solemn procession was formed of the whole army, with the ecclesiastics at their head, each soldier bearing a palm branch in his hand. The concourse was swelled by thousands of Indians of both sexes, who followed in curious astonishment

¹ St. James.

² "History of the Conquest of Mexico."

Concerning this battle, Bernal Diaz, the brave soldier-historian of the conquest, writes: "I acknowledge that all our exploits and victories are owing to our Lord Jesus Christ, and that in this battle there was such a number of Indians to every one of us that, if each had thrown a handful of earth, they might have buried us, if by the great mercy of God we had not been protected. It may be that the person whom Gomara mentions as having appeared on a mottled gray horse was the glorious Signor St. James, or Signor St. Peter, and that I, being a sinner, was not worthy to see him. This I know, that I saw Francis de Morala on such a horse, but as an unworthy transgressor, I did not deserve to see any of the holy Apostles. It may have been the will of God that it was so, as Gomara relates, but until I read his chronicle, I never heard among any of the conquerors that such a thing had happened."

³ The Indians had never seen horses before.

at the spectacle. The long files bent their way through the flowery savannas that bordered the settlement, to the principal temple, where an altar was raised, and the image of the presiding deity was deposed to make room for that of the Virgin with the Infant Saviour. Mass was celebrated by Father Olmedo, and the soldiers who were capable joined in the solemn chant. The natives listened in profound silence, and, if we may believe the chronicler of the event, who witnessed it, were melted into tears; while their hearts were penetrated with reverential awe for the God of those terrible beings who seemed to wield in their own hands the thunder and the lightning.¹

When these solemnities were concluded, Cortés and his force re-embarked, and continued their course towards the golden land of Mexico. The island of San Juan de Ulloa, on the coast, was soon reached. As the fleet entered this harbor, a large canoe full of people, among whom were two who seemed to be persons of distinction, approached the Commander's ship with signs of peace and friendship.

They came on board without fear or distrust, and addressed him in a most respectful manner, but in a language altogether unknown to Aguilar. Cortés was in the utmost perplexity. The great schemes which he meditated could never be accomplished if he had to depend on such an imperfect mode of communication as the use of signs. But he did not remain long in this embarrassing situation. A fortunate accident extricated him, when his own sagacity could have contributed but little towards his relief.

One of the female slaves whom he had received from the chief of Tabasco happened to be present at the first interview between Cortés and his new guests. She perceived his distress, as well as the confusion of Aguilar; and as she perfectly understood the Mexican language, she explained what they had said in the Yucatan tongue, with which Aguilar was acquainted.

This woman—known afterwards by the name of *Doña Marina*—was born in one of the provinces of the Mexican

¹ Prescott.

empire. She makes quite a conspicuous figure in the early history of the New World. Having been sold as a slave in her youth, after a variety of adventures, she fell into the hands of the Tabascans, and had resided long enough among them to acquire their language, without losing the use of her own. Though it was both tedious and troublesome to converse by the intervention of two different interpreters, Cortés was highly pleased with having discovered this method of carrying on some intercourse with the people of a country into which he was determined to penetrate. He considered it a visible manifestation of Providence in his favor.¹

The Spanish Commander now learned that the two persons whom he had received on board his ships were deputies sent by a great monarch named *Montezuma*.² They were requested to inquire what his intentions were in visiting their coast; and to offer him any assistance he might need in order to continue his voyage. Cortés was struck with the appearance of these officers, as well as the tenor of their message. He assured them that he approached their country with the most friendly sentiments, and came to propose matters of great importance to the welfare of their prince and his kingdom.

Next morning, without waiting for any answer, he landed the troops, horses, and artillery; and having chosen proper ground, began to erect huts for his men and to fortify his camp.³ The natives, with kindly interest, lent all the assistance in their power.

On Easter Sunday one of the deputies—the cacique of the Mexican province in which the Spaniards were then making

¹ At first, the process of interpretation went in this way: Cortés spoke to Father Aguilar in Spanish; he translated it into Yucatanese; and then Doña Marina rendered it into Mexican. After a little time, the beautiful Doña Marina learned Spanish; and then the services of Aguilar were dispensed with. If a medal had been struck to commemorate the great deeds of Cortés, the head of Doña Marina should have been associated with that of Cortés on the face of the medal; for, without her aid, his conquest of Mexico would never have been accomplished.—*Helps*.

² According to Las Casas, Montezuma signified "sad or severe man."

³ This was on Good Friday, April 21st. On the same spot now stands the modern city of *Vera Cruz*. Little did the Conqueror imagine that the desolate beach on which he first planted his foot was one day to be covered with a flourishing city—the great mart of European and Oriental trade, the commercial capital of New Spain.—*Prescott*.

their stay—visited Cortés. His name was Teuhtlile. He came with a numerous retinue, and Cortés received him with much ceremony. Father Olmedo celebrated Holy Mass, at which the Indian official and his attendants were present. Then occurred the interview.

The Spanish Commander stated the object of his visit. He was the subject, he said, of a powerful monarch beyond the seas, who ruled over an immense empire, and had kings and princes for his vassals; that—acquainted with the greatness of the Mexican Emperor—his master had desired to enter into a communication with him, and had sent him as his envoy to wait on Montezuma with a present in token of his good-will, and a message which he must deliver in person.

“How is it,” answered the dusky noble, “that you have been here only two days, and demand to see the Emperor?” Assuming a more courteous air, he then added that he was surprised to hear that there was another ruler as powerful as Montezuma, but that, if it were so, he had no doubt his master would be happy to communicate with him. He would send his couriers with the royal gifts brought by Cortés, and, so soon as he had learned Montezuma’s will, would communicate it.

The gifts for the Spanish General were now brought forward. They were introduced with great parade, and consisted of ten loads of fine cotton cloth, several mantles of exquisite feather-work, and a basket of gold and silver ornaments. The workmanship was as curious as the materials were rich. All these Cortés received with due acknowledgments, and then gave the Mexican chief the presents for Montezuma.

During this interview some Indian painters had been diligently employed in drawing upon white cotton cloth figures of the ships, horses, artillery, soldiers, and whatever else attracted their attention. When Cortés observed this, and was informed that these pictures were to be sent to Montezuma, in order to convey to him a more lively idea of the strange and wonderful objects now presented to their view,

than any words could communicate, he resolved to render the representation still more animated and interesting. He determined to exhibit such a spectacle as would most likely give both them and their haughty monarch an awful impression of the extraordinary prowess of the Spaniards, and the irresistible force of their arms.

By his order, the trumpets sounded an alarm, In a moment, the troops formed in order of battle. The infantry went through such martial exercises as were best suited to display the effect of their different weapons. In various evolutions, the horse gave a specimen of their agility and strength. The artillery was pointed towards the thick woods which surrounded the camp, the cannon were fired off, and great was the havoc which the balls made among the trees.

The Mexicans looked on in silent amazement. To them the sight was strange and awful. But at the explosion of the cannon many of them fled, some fell to the ground, and all were confounded at the skill of men whose power so nearly resembled that of the gods. In truth, Cortés found it difficult to compose and reassure the dusky multitude. The painters had now many new objects on which to exercise their art, and they put their fancy on the stretch to invent figures and symbols to represent the extraordinary things which they had seen.

CHAPTER III.

CORTÉS OUTWITS MONTEZUMA.

The Spanish General and the Mexican officials—Great presents to Cortés—The wishes of Montezuma—Demand of Cortés—His firmness—His hopes.

Messengers were at once dispatched to Montezuma with the pictures, and a full account of everything that had passed since the arrival of the Spaniards. By these also Cortés sent his presents to the Emperor.

The Mexican monarchs, in order to obtain early information in relation to every corner of their extensive dominions, had introduced a singular refinement in police. They had couriers posted at proper stations along the principal roads; and as these were trained to swiftness by a regular education, and relieved one another at moderate distances, they conveyed intelligence with remarkable rapidity.

Though the capital in which Montezuma resided was over one hundred and eighty miles from San Juan de Ulloa, the gifts of the Spanish General were carried thither, and an answer to his demands received in a few days.

The same officers who had hitherto treated with the Spaniards were employed to deliver this answer. But they knew well how repugnant would be the determination of their master to the wishes of Cortés. Accordingly, they did not hastily venture to make it known. They first tried to soothe and mollify the Spanish General. For this purpose, they renewed their negotiation by introducing a train of one hundred Indians, loaded with presents sent to him by Montezuma.

The magnificence of these was such as became a great monarch. They were placed on mats spread on the ground,

in such order as showed them to the greatest advantage. Cortés and his officers viewed the manufactures of the country with admiration. There were to be seen cotton stuffs so fine as to resemble silk; and pictures of trees, animals, and other natural objects, formed with feathers of different colors, arranged with such skill and elegance, as to rival the works of the pencil in truth and beauty of imitation. But what attracted most attention were two large plates of a circular form. One was of massive gold, representing the sun; the other was a silver emblem of the moon.¹ In short, that nothing might be wanting which could give the Spaniards a complete idea of what the country afforded, some boxes filled with pearls, precious stones, and grains of unwrought gold, were among the gifts. Cortés received all these with expressions of gratitude and respect for the powerful monarch by whom they were bestowed.

The Mexicans, presuming upon the good effect of their presents, now made known to Cortés the wishes of their master. Montezuma requested the Spaniards not to approach near his capital; but to return to their own country with the marks, which he had just given, of his friendship.

The Spanish General felt much annoyed at this refusal. It increased his resolute purpose. He firmly insisted on his first demand, stating that he could not without dishonor return to his own country until he was admitted into the presence of the monarch whom he was appointed to visit in the name of his Sovereign. The Mexicans were astonished at seeing any man dare to oppose that will which they were accustomed to consider as supreme and irresistible. Still, they feared to hurry the nation into an open rupture with such formidable enemies, and prevailed upon Cortés to promise that he would not move from his present camp, until the return of a messenger whom they sent to Montezuma for further instructions.

The critical moment had now arrived. The firmness of

¹ According to the old writers, these plates were "as large as carriage-wheels." The one representing the sun was valued at 20,000 *pesos de oro*, or \$233,400. A *peso de oro* was equal to \$11.67. See Prescott, "History of the Conquest of Mexico," Vol. I. p. 316, note.

Cortés seemed to leave the Mexican ruler no choice. He must either receive the Spaniard with confidence as a friend, or oppose him openly as an enemy. The answer soon came. It was the same as before. The strangers were positively forbidden to advance nearer the capital, and requested, without delay, to return to their own country. Such a final message was received with cold courtesy by the Spanish Commander. "This is, indeed, a rich and powerful Prince," he exclaimed to his officers. "Yet it shall go hard if we do not one day pay him a visit in his capital!"¹

¹ During this interview between Cortés and the deputies of Montezuma, the bell struck for Vespers. At the sound the soldiers, throwing themselves on their knees, offered up their orisons before the large wooden Cross planted in the sands. As the Aztec chiefs gazed with curious surprise, Cortés thought it a favorable occasion to impress them with what he conceived to be a principal object of his visit to the country. Father Olmedo accordingly expounded, as briefly and clearly as he could, the great doctrines of Christianity, touching on the Atonement, the Passion, and the Resurrection, and concluding with assuring his astonished audience that it was their intention to extirpate the idolatrous practices of the nation, and to substitute the pure worship of the true God. He then put into their hands a little image of the Virgin with the Infant Redeemer, requesting them to place it in their temples instead of their sanguinary deities.—*Prescott.*

CHAPTER IV.

GLANCES AT THE MEXICAN EMPIRE AND THE SPANISH CAMP.

Extent of the Mexican Empire—A warlike people—The powerful and haughty Montezuma—His timidity in a great crisis—A strange tradition—Hopes and fears of the Spaniards—Great changes—The little town of the True Cross—A strange election—A rebellion in the camp—New light in regard to the Mexican Empire—New subjects for Spain—Destruction of the fleet—The work of conversion.

Let us glance at the Mexico of that day and its haughty monarch. The empire was at the highest pitch of its grandeur. Its rise had been wonderfully rapid. Though it had subsisted—according to Mexican traditions—only one hundred and thirty years, its territories stretched over five hundred leagues from east to west, and more than two hundred from north to south.

The people were warlike and enterprising. The revenue of the monarch was considerable, and his authority unbounded. Of all the princes who had swayed the Mexican scepter, Montezuma was the most haughty, violent, and impatient of control. His subjects looked up to him with awe, and his enemies with terror. He governed with unexampled rigor, but his ability commanded respect. By force of arms he had added several provinces to his vast dominions. But the crucial test of his capacity was now at hand; and it proved that his talents to govern an unpolished nation were not equal to the task of coping with the bold and brilliant genius of Cortés.

From the moment the Spaniards appeared on his coasts, Montezuma displayed symptoms of timidity and embarrassment. His deliberations were marked by anxiety and hesi-

tation. This state of mind was not wholly brought about by the novel appearance of the strangers, or the dread of their arms. Its origin may be traced to a more remote source.

According to the early Spanish historians, there was a feeling, a tradition—almost universal among the American Indians—that some dreadful calamity was impending over their heads from a race of powerful invaders, who would come from regions towards the rising sun, to overrun and desolate their country. How this opinion originated is now unknown. But of all the Indians, the Mexicans were the most superstitious; and, of course, the more deeply affected by the appearance of the Spaniards. Instantly, their credulity took alarm. The white strangers, they became convinced, were the instruments destined to bring about this long-dreaded and fatal revolution.

Let us enter the Spanish camp. It was not without its fears and dissensions. While many were eager for conquest, there were others, who, estimating the power of the Mexican empire by its wealth, and enumerating the various proofs which had occurred of its being under a well-regulated administration, contended that it would be an act of the wildest phrensy to attack such a state with a small body of men, in want of provisions, unsupported by a single ally, and already enfeebled by disease, and the loss of several of their number. Cortés secretly applauded the advocates for bold measures. Their romantic hopes harmonized with his own vast schemes.

From the time that the suspicions of Velasquez broke out with open violence in the attempts to deprive him of the command, Cortés saw the necessity of dissolving a connection which would obstruct and embarrass all his operations. He felt that the moment of final rupture would arrive, sooner or later. Keeping this in view, he had labored by every art to secure the esteem and affection of his soldiers. Nor did he fail. The troops had the most perfect confidence in the ability and courage of their chief.

New difficulties, however, produced dissension. After the

final answer of Montezuma to Cortés, the Indians ceased to hold further communication with the Spaniards. Dusky traders no longer visited the camp with provisions. All friendly correspondence seemed at an end.

This unforeseen event produced a sudden consternation among the soldiers. The adherents of Velasquez suddenly became bold. They not only murmured and plotted against their General, but even appointed one of their number to remonstrate openly against the rashness of attempting the conquest of a mighty empire with such an inadequate force. The necessity of returning to Cuba to refit the fleet and increase the army was strongly urged. James de Ordaz, one of the principal officers, in the name of the malcontents, delivered this remonstrance. He did it with soldierly freedom and bluntness, assuring Cortés that he spoke the sentiments of the whole force.

The General listened without any apparent emotion. Well he knew the temper of his soldiers. He felt sure that a proposition fatal at once to all their splendid hopes would be rejected with indignation. But he dissimulated. He even went so far as seemingly to comply with the request of Ordaz, and issued orders that the army should be in readiness next day to re-embark for Cuba.

As soon as this was known, the hardy adventurers, in their disappointment, exclaimed and threatened. The ferment became general. The whole camp was almost in open mutiny. The partisans of Cortés were loud in their remonstrances, and thronging around his tent, they called on him to countermand his recent order.

"We came here," exclaimed the soldiers, "expecting to form a settlement, if the state of the country authorized it. Now it seems you have no warrant from the Governor to make one. But there are interests, higher than those of Velasquez, which demand it." It was unworthy of Castilian courage—they continued—to be daunted at the first aspect of danger, and infamous to fly before an enemy appeared. They were determined not to relinquish an enterprise which had hitherto been successful, and which tended

so visibly to spread the knowledge of the true Faith, and to advance the glory and interest of their country. Happy under the command of Cortés, they would follow him through every danger; but if he chose rather to return to Cuba, and tamely give up all his hopes of distinction to an envious rival, they would instantly choose another commander to lead them to that path of glory which he had not the spirit to enter.

Cortés took no offense at this bold language. The sentiments were his own. He was secretly delighted at such warmth of expression. Still he feigned to be rather surprised at what he heard, declaring that his orders to prepare for embarking were issued from a persuasion that it was agreeable to his troops; that, from deference to what he had been informed was their inclination, he had sacrificed his own private opinion, which was firmly bent on establishing immediately a settlement on the sea-coast, and then on endeavoring to penetrate into the interior part of the country. He was now, he said, convinced of his error, and as he perceived that his soldiers were animated with the generous spirit which breathed in every true Spaniard, he would resume with fresh ardor his original plan of operation. He doubted not, he concluded, to lead them in the career of victory to such independent fortunes as their valor merited.

Shouts of applause greeted this declaration. The measure seemed to be taken with unanimous consent. Such as secretly condemned it were obliged to join in the acclamations, partly to conceal their dissatisfaction from their General, and partly to avoid the imputation of cowardice from their fellow-soldiers.

Before the ardor of his men cooled, Cortés set about carrying his designs into execution. He wished to found a colony. For this purpose, he assembled the chief persons in his little army. and by their suffrage elected a council and magistrates, in whom the government was to be vested. It was framed upon the model of a Spanish corporation. The magistrates were distinguished by the same titles and ensigns of office, and were to exercise a similar jurisdiction.

All those chosen were firmly devoted to Cortés. The instrument of their election was drawn up in the King's name, and no reference was made to Velasquez. The infant city was called *Villa Rica de Vera Cruz*, or "The Rich Town of the True Cross."¹

The new council was not slow in coming together. It was no sooner assembled than Cortés asked leave to enter. He approached that august body with marks of profound respect, and laying his commission from Velasquez on the table, he tendered the resignation of his office of Captain-General, "which, indeed," he said, "had necessarily expired, since the authority of the Governor was now superseded by that of the magistracy of *Villa Rica de Vera Cruz*." He kissed his truncheon, delivered it to the chief magistrate, and then left the apartment.

The deliberations of the council were not very long. Cortés' resignation was accepted, but as the uninterrupted tenor of their prosperity under his leadership afforded the most satisfying evidence of his abilities for command, he was unanimously elected Chief-Justice of the colony, and Captain-General of its army. His new commission was made out in the King's name, with most ample powers, which were to continue in force until the royal pleasure should be further known. That this action might not be deemed the work of a few, the council called the troops together, and informed them as to what had taken place. The soldiers ratified the choice. The air resounded with the name of Cortés, and all vowed to shed the last drop of their blood in support of his authority.

Thus clothed with supreme civil and military jurisdiction, our hero was not backward in asserting his authority. And he found speedy occasion for it. The adherents of Velasquez suddenly awoke to the new condition of things. Of Cortés and his actions, they no longer continued silent spectators. They exclaimed openly against the proceedings of both the council and the army. The General at once perceived the

¹ According to Bernal Díaz, the title of *Vera Cruz* ("True Cross") was intended to commemorate their landing on Good Friday.—*Prescott*.

necessity of prompt and vigorous measures. He arrested the ringleaders, and quiet was again restored.

Cortés, however, was more desirous to reclaim than to punish his prisoners, who were officers of great merit, and with such assiduity and address did he win back their friendship, that the reconciliation was perfectly cordial. Ever afterwards these cavaliers remained inviolably attached to his interest. He was now completely master of the situation.

The Commander thought he might venture to quit the camp in which he had hitherto remained, and advance into the country. To this he was encouraged by an event no less fortunate than seasonable. Some Indians, having approached his camp in a mysterious manner, were introduced into his presence. He found that they were sent with a proffer of friendship from the cacique of Cempoalla, a considerable town at no great distance; and from their answers to a variety of questions which he put to them—according to his usual practice in every interview with the Indians—he learned that their master, though subject to the Mexican empire, was impatient of the yoke, and filled with such dread and hatred of Montezuma that nothing could be more acceptable to him than any prospect of deliverance from the oppression under which he groaned.

On hearing this, a ray of light and hope broke in upon the mind of Cortés. He saw that the great empire which he undertook to attack was neither perfectly united, nor its sovereign universally beloved. The causes of disaffection, he concluded, could not be confined to one province. Other corners, doubtless, had their malcontents, weary of subjection, desirous of change, and ready to follow the standard of any protector. Nor was he mistaken.

But we must hasten on the road of our narrative, nor stop to view the smaller events. Cortés paid a visit to the chief of Cempoalla, and was received as the commander of an army of superior beings. Of Montezuma, the General learned many further particulars. He was, the chief stated, a tyrant. He ruined the conquered provinces by excessive exactions.

He was cruel, and often tore their sons and daughters from them by violence to be sacrificed to his deities.

There were other provinces of the empire, the cacique added, where the haughty monarch's rule was equally odious. Between him and the capital lay the warlike republic *Tlascalala*, which had always maintained its independence of Mexico. The fame of the Spaniards had gone before them, and he was well acquainted with their terrible victory at Tabasco. But still he looked with doubt and alarm to a rupture with "the great Montezuma"—as he always styled him—whose armies, on the least provocation, would pour down from the mountain regions of the West, and, rushing over the plains like a whirlwind, sweep off the wretched people to slavery and sacrifice. Cortés, in reply, said that one of the objects of his visit was to redress grievances and relieve the distressed. A single Spaniard, he declared, was stronger than a host of Mexicans.¹

In a short time several chiefs—among whom was the ruler of Cempoalla—joined the Spanish standard. They willingly subjected themselves to the crown of Castile, and offered to accompany Cortés with all their forces on his march towards Mexico.

The keen eye of the General, at this point, perceived that the spirit of disaffection still lurked among his troops. Many events might occur to call it forth. It was not hard to see that a number of the men had grown weary of the fatigues of the service, and longed to revisit their settlements in Cuba. But any diminution of his force would be fatal to the success of his schemes. After much thought he came to the bold conclusion of cutting off all possibility of retreat. In short, he decided to destroy his fleet. It was a trying and dangerous expedient. All movable articles were brought on shore, and then the ships were sunk. There remained but one small vessel floating on the waves!

By the greater part of the soldiers the news of this event was received with loud murmurs. "The General," they

¹ Prescott.

said, "had led them like cattle to be butchered in the shambles!" Cortés was in great danger, but his presence of mind was admirable. He called his men together. The ships, he pointed out, had suffered so much by having been so long at sea, that before being sunk they were altogether unfit for service. The army had just been increased by one hundred sailors, no longer employed in taking care of the worm-eaten hulks. In their present expedition the fleet could be of no assistance. Their hands were to work, and they must cast no glances behind. The idea of retreat should not even enter their thoughts. Success was certain.

"As for me," concluded this Spanish Hannibal, "I have chosen my part. I will remain here while there is one to bear me company. If there be any so craven as to shrink from sharing the dangers of our glorious enterprise, let them go home, in God's name. There is still one vessel left. Let them take that and return to Cuba. They can tell how they deserted their commander and their comrades and patiently wait till we return loaded with the spoils of the Mexicans."

This pithy address had the desired effect. It restored confidence in the Commander. It rekindled enthusiasm. The air rang with shouts of "To Mexico! to Mexico!" And thus Cortés, with unrivaled address, gained his point. It was a great victory over his own troops; and was, perhaps, the most extraordinary passage in the life of this heroic man. It is, in truth, one of the most daring acts in all history. Here was a handful of Spaniards shut up in a hostile empire, filled with powerful and unknown nations. Having destroyed every means of escape, they had now no resources save their own dauntless valor and perseverance!

Nothing now retarded Cortés. Both the troops and the Indian allies were in excellent spirits. Before departing, however, he made an almost over-zealous effort for the conversion of the cacique of Cempoalla and his people. The preaching of Father Olmedo and the persuasive words of the Spanish General had equally failed in changing the dark belief of that dusky ruler. One more attempt was to be

made. The hideous superstitions of the Mexicans were sickening in the extreme. In their cruel sacrifices they offered up human victims, and their cannibal repasts baffle description.

Cortés with, perhaps, more zeal than prudence, resolved in an instant to destroy the idols. Heaven would never smile on their enterprise, he said, if they countenanced such devil-worship. The work was to be done at once. The command was given to move on one of the temples. Great was the alarm of the Indians. Priests and warriors gathered together, and the clashing of weapons was heard in every direction. But the Spanish General was prompt in his movements. He had the ringleaders seized, and in a moment struck awe into the barbarous multitude.

At a signal from the Commander-in-chief, fifty soldiers sprang up the great stairway of the temple, entered the building on the summit, the walls of which were black with human gore, tore the huge wooden idols from their foundations, and dragged them to the edge of the terrace. Their fantastic forms and features seemed, in the eyes of the Spaniards, like the hideous lineaments of Satan. The colossal monsters were rolled down the steps of the pyramid. The troops shouted in triumph, but the natives groaned and lamented.¹ A good fire rapidly transformed the wooden gods into smoke and charcoal; and, for the first time, Indian belief was shaken to its very foundations.

After renovating the temple, an altar was erected, and neatly decorated with garlands of flowers. A procession was formed. Holy Mass was celebrated with impressive ceremonies by Father Olmedo; and, in the words of Prescott, "the passionate eloquence of the good priest touched the feelings of the motley audience, until Indians as well as Spaniards were melted into sobs and tears." Thus the celestial light of the true Faith shone in its calm and beautiful brilliancy on the savage land of Mexico; and the Religion founded by the God of Nature triumphed over the hardened nature and pagan prejudices of cruel barbarians.

¹ Prescott.

CHAPTER V.

THE MEMORABLE MARCH TO MEXICO.

The little army moves—Traveling on a rough road—Adventures on the confines of Tlascala—A battle—Another battle, in which there was no alternative but death or victory—Peace—Tlascala becomes subject to Spain—At Cholula, and what happened there—The first sight of the city of Mexico—Grand reception of the Spaniards by Montezuma.

It was the 16th of August, 1519. The hour to begin the march came. Cortés addressed the soldiers "in phrases of honeyed eloquence far beyond what I can repeat," writes the brave and honest Bernal Diaz. Our Blessed Saviour, said the General, will give us victory in all our battles with the enemy. This assurance must be our stay. Every other refuge is now cut off but that afforded by the Providence of God and your own stout hearts.

"We are ready to obey you," cried the troops, with one voice. "Our fortunes are cast with yours for better or worse." And thus with courageous hearts, and high hopes lighting up the way, the little army set forward on the march to Mexico.

It consisted of five hundred men, fifteen horse, and six field-pieces. Cortés left the rest of his troops—consisting chiefly of such as from age or infirmity were less fit for active service—as a garrison in Villa Rica, under the command of an officer of merit. The cacique of Cempoalla supplied him with provisions, a body of four hundred troops, and two hundred Indian porters. The last were to carry the baggage, drag the artillery along, and perform all servile labor. They were a great relief to the Spanish soldiers.

The line of march conducted the hardy veterans up the declivities which led to the table-land of Mexico. It was the rainy season, and proved trying up hill work. As they rose higher and higher, sleet and hail often drenched them to the very bones. The toilsome way frequently bordered on precipices, where the shrinking eye beheld towering heights above and wild ravines and beautiful valleys below. But in the midst of those changes of scene one thing was never forgotten. Father Olmedo preached the sublime truths of the Gospel in the various native villages and settlements through which they passed. Crosses were erected as memorials of the visit, and to show that Holy Faith had extended its outposts even to the hills and mountains of Mexico. "The route of the army," writes the Protestant Prescott, "might be tracked by these emblems of man's salvation."

Nothing remarkable happened in the progress of Cortés, until he arrived on the confines of Tlascala¹—a proud little republic. The inhabitants were of a warlike disposition, and implacable enemies of the Mexicans. The General sent four Cempoallans of great eminence to request in his own name and in that of their cacique, that the Tlascalans would permit the Spaniards to pass through the territories of the republic, on their way to Mexico. But this fierce and independent people seized the ambassadors, and without any regard to their public character, made preparations for sacrificing them to their gods.

Cortés, after waiting in vain for the return of his ambassadors, advanced into the republic. He found native troops in the field ready to oppose him. They rushed on his little army with great intrepidity, and in the first encounter wounded some of the Spaniards, and killed two horses. This was a serious loss, because it was irreparable.

From this specimen of Tlascalan courage, Cortés saw the necessity of proceeding with extreme caution. His army marched in close order. He paid every attention to the sta-

¹ The fruitfulness of the soil was indicated by the name of the country—*Tlascala* signifying the "Land of bread."—*Prescott*.

tions where he halted, and fortified the camps with extraordinary care. During fourteen days he was exposed to almost ceaseless assaults. The last engagements were the most fierce and memorable.

According to Cortés, one hundred thousand Tlascalans were in battle array, stretched over a vast plain as far as the eye could reach. When he came within hearing, he ordered his interpreters to proclaim that he had no hostile intentions. All he wanted was a passage through their country. He entered as a friend. If blood were shed, he declared that others would be responsible for the crime. A shower of stones and arrows was the stern and only reply. Blood was drawn. The Spaniards could stand it no longer; and Cortés, with the battle-cry of "St. Jago and at them," on his lips, rushed to the front of danger at the head of his handful of cavalry. He wished to open a passage for the infantry.

The struggle soon grew fierce and desperate as the barbarian thousands closed on the solid battalion of Castilians. But they ceased not to present an unbroken front. The voice of Cortés was heard amid the din of battle, cheering on his soldiers. "If we fail now," he cried, "the Cross of Christ can never be planted in the land. Forward, comrades. When was it ever known that a Castilian turned his back on the foe?" Animated by the words and heroic bearing of their General, the soldiers, with desperate efforts, at length succeeded in forcing a passage through the dark columns of the enemy, and emerged from the defile on the open plain beyond.¹

With a free space to handle the guns, the artillery now thundered on the Indian ranks. The belching of smoke, the roaring of cannon, and the work of death proceeded together, and filled the barbarians with consternation. A retreat was sounded, and they drew off in good order, leaving the brave but exhausted Spaniards in possession of the hard-earned field. The most dreadful conflict, however, was yet to come.

¹ Prescott.

After a day of repose, the Spanish General sent two envoys to the Tlascalan commander-in-chief, bearing offers of peace, and stating that it was his intention to make a friendly visit to the capital of the republic.

The answer soon arrived. It was not even flavored with savage courtesy. "The Spaniards," said the fierce Indian leader, "might pass on as soon as they chose to Tlascaia; and, when they reached it their flesh would be hewn from their bodies, for sacrifice to the gods. If they preferred to remain in their own quarters, he would pay them a visit there the next day!" This was the stern language of a chief who had 50,000 warriors in the field, ready to obey his slightest nod.

The aspect of affairs was now rather gloomy. The crippled Spaniards might well dread a fresh encounter with such an intrepid and overwhelming foe. But there could be no retreat. Fight they must. "We feared death," says the bold and simple Diaz, "for we were men." That night the venerable Father Olmedo scarcely closed an eye. One by one, the men knelt at his knee, and with contrite hearts repeated the oft-told tale of human weakness, and rolled away the burden of sin. O blessed beauty of Faith, whose celestial brightness is never so grandly conspicuous as when the shadow of death or misfortune is near! Strengthened by the Sacraments, and with a good conscience as a companion, the Catholic soldier can calmly await the shock of battle, and rush to the front like a hero.

The Spanish General resolved to meet his powerful enemy more than half way. It was the morning of the 5th of September, 1519, and the sun arose bright and glorious. Historians tell us that the Tlascalan army covered about "six miles square" of a plain. As the Spaniards advanced in sight, the barbarians raised a yell of defiance. Cortés ordered his troops to open fire along the whole line. Every shot told. Desperation soon took the place of dismay, and the dusky horde with savage shouts swept down on the Castilian cavaliers, like one vast avalanche. The little army

¹ Cortés places the number of the enemy at 150,000 men.

was borne away on the wild, raging torrent. The din of battle drowned the voice of Cortés. All seemed lost.

But despair nerved each skilled and brawny arm. The sharp Toledo blades were gradually making havoc on the gaudily painted bodies of the naked Tlascalans. Each Spaniard, for the time, felt that he was a hero, fighting for all that is dearest in this world. The bold charges of Cortés at the head of the horse, and the thunder of the cannon in the rear, finally threw the angry and countless masses into disorder. It was like the Greeks and Persians of old. Before the sun went down, victory shed its golden rays on the Spanish standard.

Peace was shortly after concluded. The Tlascalans agreed to become subject to the Crown of Castile, and engaged to assist Cortés in all his future operations. The General, on his part, took the republic under his protection, and promised to defend its people from injury or violence.

Cortés after a repose of twenty days continued his march towards the city of Mexico, accompanied by 6,000 Tlascalans. They directed their course towards Cholula. This was a considerable town, and though only five leagues distant from Tlascalala, it was formerly an independent state, but had been lately subjected to the Mexican empire. It was regarded by all the people of Mexico as a holy place—the sanctuary of their gods. Here pilgrims flocked from every province, and a greater number of human victims were offered in the principal temple of Cholula than even in that of Mexico.

The Tlascalans warned Cortés to keep a watchful eye over the Cholulans. On entering the town, he was received with much seeming respect, but did not fail to notice several circumstances which aroused his suspicion. In a few days he was secretly informed that six children had been sacrificed in the chief temple—a brutal ceremony which indicated that some warlike project was on foot. The whole plot soon came to his ears. It was resolved to destroy the Spaniards. A body of Mexican troops lay concealed near the town. Some of the streets were barricaded. In others pits and trenches were dug, and slightly covered over, as traps

into which the horses might fall. Stones were collected on the tops of the temples to hurl down on the soldiers. In short, the fatal hour was at hand, and ruin unavoidable.

At this news Cortés was alarmed. He secretly arrested three of the chief priests, and extorted from them a confession, which convinced him that he had only heard the truth. Not a moment was now to be lost. He resolved to head off his treacherous enemies, and to inflict on them, once for all, such a swift and dreadful chastisement as would strike terror into Montezuma and his subjects.

At a given signal the Spanish soldiers and their Indian allies rushed out, and fell on the assembled multitudes of Cholula. Death and destruction filled the streets. The temples were set on fire, and those who had gathered in them perished in the flames. This scene of horror lasted for two days. At length, the carnage ended, after the slaughter of 6,000 Cholulans, without the loss of a single Spaniard.

Cortés then released the chiefs of the city, and reproached them bitterly for their intended treachery. He forgave the crime, he said, as justice was now appeased; and required them to recall the citizens who had fled, and to re-establish order. It was done as he commanded, and the Spaniards henceforth were looked upon as a wonderful race of superior discernment.

From Cholula, Cortés advanced directly towards Mexico, which was only twenty leagues distant. In every place through which he passed, he was received as a personage clothed with power to deliver the empire from the oppression under which it groaned. The various caciques or governors communicated to him all the grievances which they felt under the tyrannical rule of Montezuma. This they did with that unreserved confidence, which men naturally repose in a superior being. To the keen, analytic mind of Cortés such information was most suggestive.

The picturesque grandeur of the country charmed the Europeans. As they descended the mountains of Chalo, the vast plain of Mexico opened on their view. It was one of the most striking and beautiful visions on the face of the

earth. Fertile and cultivated fields stretched further than the eye could reach. The weary wondering traveler saw a lake resembling the sea in extent, surrounded by large towns, and discovered the capital city rising upon an island in the middle, adorned with its temples and turrets. In truth, the scene so far exceeded their imagination, that some believed the fanciful descriptions of romance were realized.¹ Others thought this wonderful spectacle must be a dream. As they advanced, their doubts were removed, but their amazement increased.

Hitherto no enemy dared to oppose their progress; but, day after day, couriers had arrived from Montezuma. One day he permitted the Spanish forces to advance, the next he ordered them to retire. His instructions were variously shaped, as he chanced to take counsel of his hopes, or his fears. Nor did this singular infatuation cease. Cortés was almost at the gates of his capital before the Monarch had finally decided to receive him as a friend, or oppose him as a foe. But no sign of open hostility appeared, and the Spaniards continued their march along the causeway, through the lake which led to the city of Mexico. Prudence and strict discipline marked their steps.

When Cortés and his little band of Castilians drew near the city, about a thousand persons of distinction, adorned with plumes and clad in mantles of fine cotton, came forth to meet them. They saluted the General with great respect, and announced the approach of Montezuma.

The long procession that preceded the emperor soon appeared. First came two hundred persons, dressed alike, with large plumes of feathers, marching two and two, in deep silence, bare-footed, and their eyes fixed on the ground. These were followed by a company of still higher rank, decked in their most showy garments; and in the midst sat

¹ "And when we saw," exclaims Bernal Díaz, "so many cities and towns rising up from the water, and other populous places situated on the solid earth, and that causeway, straight as a carpenter's level, which went into Mexico, we remained astonished, and said to one another that it appeared like the enchanted castles which they tell of in the book of *Amadis*, by reason of the great towers, temples and edifices which there were in the water, and all of them work of masonry. Some even of our soldiers asked, if this that they saw was not a thing in a dream."

Montezuma in a chair richly ornamented with gold and feathers of various colors. Four of his chief favorites carried him on their shoulders; while over his head others supported a canopy of curious workmanship. Before him marched three officers with rods of gold in their hands, which from time to time they lifted up on high, and at that signal all the people bowed their heads, and hid their faces as unworthy to look on so mighty a monarch. Such was the pompous state and external splendor of the showy savage that ruled over Mexico.

When he drew near, Cortés dismounted, and advanced towards him on foot. At the same time Montezuma alighted from his chair, and leaning on the arms of two of his near relations, approached with a slow and steady pace, his attendants covering the way with cotton cloths that he might not touch the ground. Cortés saluted him with profound respect, after the European fashion. He returned the salutation by touching the earth with his hand, and then kissing it. This condescension in their haughty ruler amazed the Mexican multitudes. They concluded that the persons before whom he humbled himself in this manner must be more than human. The Spaniards were regarded as supernatural beings.

Montezuma conducted Cortés to the quarters prepared for his reception, and at once took leave of him with a politeness not unworthy of a court more refined. 'You are now,' said the Mexican ruler, "with your brothers in your own house. Refresh yourself after your fatigue, and be happy until I return."

The place allotted to the Spaniards for their lodgings was a vast palace built by Montezuma's father. It was surrounded by a stone wall, with towers at proper distances, which served for defense as well as for ornament; and its apartments and courts were so large, as to accommodate both the Spaniards and their Indian allies. The first care of Cortés was to take precautions for his security, by planting the artillery so as to command the different avenues which led to his quarters. He also appointed a large division of

his troops to be always on guard, and posted sentinels at proper stations with strict orders to observe the same vigilant discipline as if they were within sight of an enemy's camp.

The memorable day on which Cortés and his companions entered Mexico was the 8th of November, 1519. Their number was about 450. In a time of great festivity, they would have formed but a poor and mean sacrifice to have been offered to the Mexican gods. The population of that most famous city—then the greatest in America—was estimated by the best authorities at 300,000 souls.¹

¹ Mexico, or *Tenuchtitlan*, as it was anciently called by the natives, is situated in a large plain, environed by mountains of such height, that, though within the Torrid Zone, the temperature of its climate is mild and healthful. All the moisture which descends from the high grounds is collected in several lakes, the two largest of which, of about ninety miles in circuit, communicate with each other. The water of the one is fresh, that of the other brackish. On the banks of the latter and on some small islands adjoining to them, the capital of Montezuma's empire was built.

The city of Mexico was approached by three principal causeways of about thirty feet in breadth, constructed of solid masonry. The length of one of these causeways was two leagues, and that of another a league and a half; and these two ample causeways united in the middle of the city, where stood the great temple. At the ends of these causeways were wooden draw-bridges, so that communication could be cut off between the causeways and the city, which would thus become a citadel. There was also an aqueduct which communicated with the mainland, consisting of two separate lines of work in masonry, in order that if one should need repair, the supply of water for the city might not be interrupted.

The streets were the most various in construction that have ever been seen in any city in the world. Some were of dry land, others wholly of water; and others, again, had pathways of pavement while in the center there was room for boats. The foot-passengers could talk with those in the boats.

The abodes of the Mexican kings were not like the petty wigwags of the other North American Indian chiefs. A most observant Spaniard, who first saw these wonders, speaks of a palace of Montezuma's in which there was a room in which 3,000 persons could be well accommodated, and on the terrace-like roof of which a splendid tournament might have been given. The market-place was surrounded with porticos, and there was room in it for 50,000 people to buy and sell. The great temple of the city was of vast proportions. Cortés himself states that the space allotted to it was twenty times as large as the market-place. In short, Mexico was truly a wonderful city.

CHAPTER VI.

THE STORY OF THE CONQUEST BRIEFLY TOLD.

Views and interviews—Visit to the Great Temple—Cortés in a dangerous and delicate position—A bold step, and how it was executed—Other projects—Montezuma becomes a vassal of the Spanish Sovereigns—He invites Cortés to return home—A new enemy, and how Cortés disposed of him—Unwelcome intelligence—The revolt against the Spaniards—War in the city of Mexico—Desperate fighting and fearful scenes—Death of Montezuma—The “sorrowful night” and retreat of the Spaniards—On the road to Tlascala—A great battle—Amongst friends again—Cortés resolves to take Mexico—Glances at the historic siege—Fall of the great Capital—Thanksgiving—A new empire for Spain.

In the evening, Montezuma returned to visit his guests. He came in great state, and brought valuable presents to Cortés and his men. A long conference then followed with the Spanish General, in which the Mexican Monarch freely expressed his opinion of the strangers. Among the Mexicans it was an established tradition, he told Cortés, that their ancestors came originally from a remote region, and conquered the countries now subject to his rule, and that after they were settled there, the great captain who conducted this colony returned to his own country, promising that at some future period his descendants would visit them, assume the government, and reform their laws and constitution.

From what he had seen and heard of the Spaniards, Montezuma said in conclusion, he had no doubt that they were the very persons whose appearance the Mexican traditions and prophecies taught him to expect; and hence he had received

them, not as strangers, but as relations of the same blood and parentage, and desired that they might consider themselves as masters in his dominions, for both himself and his subjects would be ready to show them all due honor. The reply of the Spanish Commander was eloquent, cautious, and dignified.

The next day Cortés paid a visit to Montezuma. This time the conversation was not political. It was religious. Our hero was a man of deep and ardent faith. As a true knight, he would have shed the last drop of his blood for the glory of God and the Catholic Church. Indeed, the pages of history might be searched in vain for the name of any conqueror who was more deeply imbued with the missionary spirit than the wise and fearless Cortés.

The Commander-in-chief was not unpractised in expounding the truths of Faith. He related to Montezuma the wonderful story of Christianity, stated why the Spaniards honored the Cross, gave expression to his hatred and scorn for the vile idols of Mexico, and informed the dusky Emperor that these idols had given way before the Cross.¹ He then

¹ Que mirassen quan malos son, y de poca valia, que adoude tenemos puestas Cruces, como las que vieron sus Embaxadores, con temor dellas no osan parecer delante.—Bernal Diaz, "*Historia Verdadera de la Conquista de la Nueva España*."

Bernal Diaz, the brave old soldier-historian of the Conquest of Mexico, was a native of Spain, the son of humble parents, and in early years came to seek his fortune in the New World. He enlisted under the banner of Cortés, and followed his victorious chief throughout the whole war that led to the downfall of Montezuma and Indian rule in the Mexican empire. He was engaged in one hundred and nineteen battles, was often wounded, and more than once came near falling into the hands of the enraged enemy. His valor was never questioned, and his manly loyalty made him proof against the mutinous spirit that too often disturbed the harmony of the camp. On every occasion he was found true to his commander and to the cause in which he was embarked. On the settlement of the country, Diaz received a good share of the land and laborers. We find the veteran in 1563 established as *regidor* of the city of Guatemala, peacefully employed in recounting the wonderful achievements of his youth. It was then about half a century after the Conquest. Cortés and nearly all his ancient companions in arms were no more. Five only remained of that gallant band that had accompanied the great Commander on his expedition from Cuba; and those five, to borrow the words of the old chronicler himself, were "poor, aged and infirm, with children and grand-children looking to them for support, but with scarcely the means of affording it—ending their days as they had begun them, in toil and trouble." Diaz's *Historia Verdadera de la Conquista de la Nueva España* ("The True History of the Conquest of New Spain") is the simple and unvarnished story of the Conquest of Mexico. Prescott, from whom nearly all this note is taken, regards Diaz as an inimitable scene-painter. He is among chroniclers what De Foë is among novelists. All the picturesque scenes and romantic incidents of the campaign are reflected in his pages as in a mirror. The lapse of fifty years had no power over the spirit of the veteran. The fire of youth glows in every line of his rude history, which lay in manuscript for more than half a century before it was printed. It was published at Madrid in 1632.

spoke of the Creation, of Adam and Eve, and the universal brotherhood of man; and said that his King, in the true spirit of such brotherhood, grieving over the loss of souls, had sent the Spaniards to prevent the adoration of idols and the revolting sacrifice of men and women. The ministers of the good and all-powerful God, he concluded, would come after him to instruct the Mexicans in these holy things.

"I have had a perfect understanding," replied Montezuma, "of all the discourse and reasonings which you have addressed before now to my subjects upon the subject of your God, and in relation to the Cross. . . We have not responded to any of these things, for from the beginning here we have adored our gods, and have held them to be good gods; and so, no doubt, are yours. But do not take the trouble, at present, to say anything more about them to us." The royal pagan then concluded with a most courteous reference to the Spanish Sovereign.

Several days were now employed in viewing the city. Its appearance filled the Spaniards with surprise and admiration. There could be seen the vast market-place, with its thousands of buyers and sellers. Cortés visited the great temple of the Mexican god of war, at the entrance of which he was received by Montezuma and his priests and nobles. The party ascended to the pinnacle, and the view was beautiful.

While enjoying the grandeur of the scene, Cortés turned to his venerable companion, Father de Olmedo, and said: "It appears to me, Reverend Father, that we might just make a trial of Montezuma, and see if he would let us set up our church here."¹ The wiser Franciscan replied that it would be very well to make the request if there were any hope of its being granted. Just then did not seem to be an opportune moment, and the Mexican ruler would most likely give a decided refusal. The Spanish General abandoned the idea, and merely asked Montezuma to permit the stran-

¹ "Paréceme, Señor Padre, que sera bien que demos un tienito á Montezuma; sobre que nos dexe hazer aquí neustra Iglesia."—*Bernal Diaz*, "*Historia de la Conquista*."

gers to see his gods. For the first time a Christian entered those dread abodes of idolatry.

In a tower they beheld two hideous figures seated on an altar, under a canopy. One had a broad face, wide mouth, and terrible eyes; the other had a countenance like that of a bear. Before these idols were burning eight *real* hearts of men who had that day been sacrificed. The walls were black with clotted blood. The stench was sickening. In short, it was a sight awful and revolting, and Cortés did not attempt to conceal his just and Christian indignation. The Spaniards marched back to their quarters, sickened and saddened, but somewhat enlightened as to the nature and barbarous customs of the men by whom they were surrounded.

Cortés felt the peculiar danger and delicacy of his situation. From a concurrence of circumstances, no less unexpected than favorable to his progress, he had been allowed with a handful of soldiers to penetrate into the heart of a powerful empire, without having once met with open opposition from its ruler. He was now lodged in its capital. The Tlascalans, however, had earnestly dissuaded the Spaniards from placing such confidence in Montezuma as to enter a city so singularly situated as Mexico, where that monarch would have them at his mercy, shut up as it were in a snare, from which it was impossible to escape.

They assured the Spaniards that the Mexican priests had—in the name of the gods—counseled their Sovereign to admit the strangers into the capital, that he might cut them off at one blow, with perfect security. Cortés only too plainly perceived that the apprehension of his allies was not destitute of foundation; that by breaking the bridges placed at certain distances on the causeways, the retreat of his band of Castilians would be next to impossible, and that he would have to remain cooped up in the center of a hostile city, surrounded by savage multitudes sufficient to overwhelm his forces.

The genius of Cortés at once grasped the idea that the success of his enterprise entirely depended upon supporting the high opinion which the people of Mexico had formed

with respect to the irresistible power of his arms. To be timid was to be lost. The least sign of fear might bring Montezuma to let loose upon him the whole force of the empire. A bold step had involved him in difficulties, but he ventured on a still bolder—perhaps, the boldest in all history.

He resolved to seize Montezuma, in his own palace, and bring him as a prisoner to the Spanish quarters. Various causes urged him to act thus. From the superstitious veneration of the Mexicans for the person of their Monarch, as well as their implicit submission to his will, Cortés hoped that by having Montezuma in his hands, he would have a sacred pledge which would secure him from their violence. He moreover thought that with the Emperor once in his power, all the provinces of the Mexican empire would be easily brought under Spanish rule. He communicated the perilous scheme to his troops, and, according to Bernal Diaz, they passed the night in praying to God, “that the enterprise might be so conducted as to redound to His holy service.”¹

The recent killing of a few Spaniards outside the city was made the pretext. Until the matter was cleared up, Cortés declared, Montezuma must come and live with his forces in their quarters. He added kind and soothing words, but the Mexican Monarch sat stupefied at the bold demand. “I am not one of those persons,” he replied, “who are put in irons. Even if I were to consent, my subjects would never permit it.” The Spanish General persisted, however, in his demand, and Montezuma finally yielded. In deep silence he was borne out of his palace—never more to return. He was hurried in silent pomp to the Spanish quarters. “This,” says Helps, “is an unparalleled transaction. There is nothing like it, I believe, in the annals of the world.”²

¹ “Rogando á Dios, que fuesse de tal modo, que redundasse para su santo servicio.”—*Bernal Diaz*.

² “Now that I am an old man,” writes the veteran Diaz, fifty years after he witnessed the above event, “I often entertain myself with calling to mind the heroic deeds of early days till they are as fresh as yesterday. I think of the seizure of the Indian Monarch, his confinement in irons, and the execution of his officers, till all these things seem actually passing before me. And, as I ponder on our exploits, I feel that it was not of ourselves that we performed them, but that it was the Providence of God which guided us. Much food is there here for meditation.”

Montezuma was received in the Spanish quarters with every mark of high respect. He was attended by his own domestics, and served with his usual state. His principal officers had free access to him. As if he had been at perfect liberty, he carried on every function of government. The Castilians, however, kept a careful watch over their royal prisoner-guest; but at the same time endeavored to soothe and reconcile him to his situation by delicate acts of regard and attachment.¹ Thus, by the fortunate temerity of Cortés, they at once secured to themselves more extensive authority in the Mexican empire than it would be possible to have acquired in a long course of time by open force. In the name of another they now exercised more absolute sway than they could have done in their own.

The Spanish General did not hesitate to avail himself of the powers which he possessed by being able to act in the name of Montezuma. He sent some of his best qualified officers into different parts of the empire, accompanied by persons of distinction, whom Montezuma appointed to attend to them, both as guides and protectors. They visited most of the provinces, viewed their soil and productions, they surveyed with particular care the districts which yielded gold or silver, pitched upon several places as proper points for future colonies, and endeavored to prepare the minds of the Mexicans for submitting to Spanish rule.

With the keen eye of thoughtful genius Cortés, however, saw there was one thing still wanting to complete his security. He always looked ahead. He wished to have command of the lake which surrounded the great city. This would open a means of retreat, if, either from levity or disgust, the Mexicans should take arms against him, and break down the bridges or causeways. With him,

¹ It may well be believed that the Spaniards did not neglect the opportunity afforded by his residence with them of instilling into him some notions of the Christian doctrine. Fathers Diaz and Olmedo exhausted all their battery of logic and persuasion to shake his faith in his idols, but in vain. He, indeed, paid a most edifying attention, which gave promise of better things. But the conferences always closed with the declaration that "the God of the Christians was good, but that the gods of his own country were the true gods for him."—*Prescott*.

to plan was to accomplish. Having frequently entertained Montezuma with accounts of ships and the art of navigation, he awakened the latter's curiosity to see those moving palaces, which without oars made their way through the water.

Under the pretext of gratifying this desire, Cortés requested Montezuma to appoint some of his subjects to bring to the city part of the naval stores which the Spaniards had left at Vera Cruz, and to employ others in cutting down and preparing timber. It was done. And with Mexican assistance, the Castilian carpenters soon completed two brigantines. A new source of amusement was thus afforded to the dusky Monarch, and a means of escape to Cortés, if he should be obliged to retire.

The Spanish Commander felt that the time had arrived to persuade Montezuma to give some public sign of fealty to the King of Spain. It was certainly a trying test. The Mexican Monarch's elastic power of submission was now to be stretched to the utmost. He called together the chief men of his empire, and reminded them in a solemn speech of the traditions and prophecies which led them to expect the arrival of a people sprung from the same stock as themselves in order to take possession of the supreme power. He declared his belief that the Spaniards were this promised race. He said he recognized the right of their King to govern the Mexican empire, and that he would lay down his crown and obey the Spanish Sovereign as a tributary. His grief was visible, for he wept. This act of submission and homage was executed with all due formality. What a sudden change in the position of a vast empire!

But the grand triumph of Cortés, and that use of his power for which he has been likened to Judas Maccabeus, was in the destruction of the hideous Mexican idols, the cleansing of their foul temples, and the stern forbidding of human sacrifices any more. Montezuma himself and many of his chief men were present at the downfall of the idols. It must have been a glorious sight.

About six months had now passed away since the Mexi-

can Monarch began to live in the Spanish quarters.¹ One day he sent for Cortés. They retired to a room, and Montezuma thus addressed the Spanish General: "I pray you, take your departure from this my city and my land, for my gods are very angry that I keep you here. Ask of me what you may want, and I will give it to you. Do not think that I say this to you in any jest, but very much in earnest. Therefore, fulfill my desire, that so it may be done, whatever may occur."

Cortés was a man whom events might surprise, but never discompose. "I have heard what you have said," he replied, "and thank you much for it. Name a time when you wish us to depart, and so it shall be."

"I do not wish you to hurry," said the politic Montezuma. "Take the time that seems to you necessary; and when you do go, I will give to you, Cortés, two loads of gold, and one to each of your companions."

"You are already well aware," remarked the Spanish General, "how I destroyed my ships, when I first landed in your territory. But now we have need of others to return to our own country. I should be obliged if you would give us workmen to cut and work the timber; and when the vessels are built, we shall take our departure. Of this you can inform your gods and your subjects."

Montezuma assented. Mexican workmen were sent to Vera Cruz under Spanish officers. The building of ships was begun in earnest.

From the day of this interview, however, the tone of the Mexican ruler towards Cortés was changed. The Spaniards began to appreciate the danger of their position; and went about fully prepared for a sudden attack at any moment. Indeed, this little body of men lived in their armor, and formed such habits of wariness that years of peace could not efface the watchful customs which they had acquired at this eventful period of their lives, so much so, that one of

¹ Cortés entered the city of Mexico on the 8th of November, 1519. It was now the beginning of May, 1520; and in these few months he had accomplished more than any conqueror—before or after him—ever did with so small a force at his command.—*Helps*.

them afterwards describes how he could never pass a night in bed, but must get up and walk about in the open air, and gaze at the stars.' If such were the feelings of the common soldiers, what must have been the sleepless anxiety of their Commander?

Only a few of those days of fear and suspense had worn away, when Cortés received intelligence of a most perplexing event. Eighteen ships had arrived in the Bay of San Juan, not far from his little colony of Vera Cruz. It was alarming news.¹ The General instantly sent messengers in various directions to glean further information in regard to the ships. At last, Montezuma informed him that he was aware of the arrival of the newcomers. He showed Cortés a picture of the force. It had disembarked, and consisted of eighty horses, eight hundred men, and ten or twelve cannon. The Mexican ruler also intimated, it is said, that there was now no excuse for the Spaniards to delay their return home.

This formidable armament was sent by his former master, and now bitter enemy, Governor Velasquez of Cuba. It was commanded by De Narvaez, an experienced general; and his instructions were to seize Cortés and his companions. He sent a flattering message to Montezuma, telling him that he came to release him. He also sought to gain the little garrison at Vera Cruz, but they were true to their Commander. To Cortés the danger was imminent, and, like a hero, he met it more than half-way.

Leaving a brave officer named Alvarado in command, he departed from the city at the head of only seventy of his

¹ During the nine months that the Spaniards remained in Mexico, every man, without any distinction between officers and soldiers, slept on his arms, in his quilted jacket. They lay on mats, or straw spread on the floor; and each was obliged to hold himself in instant readiness. "This," writes the soldier-historian, Bernal Diaz, "became so habitual to me, that even now in my advanced age, I always sleep in my clothes, and never in my bed. When I visit my *Encomienda*, I deem it suitable to my rank to have a bed carried along with my other baggage, but I never go into it. According to custom I lie in my clothes, and walk frequently during the night into the open air to view the stars, as I was wont when in the service. And, thanks be to God, I have received no harm from it. I mention these things that the world may understand of what stuff we, the true Conquerors, were made, and how well drilled we were to arms and watching."

² Cortés received this news from one of his officers whom he had appointed to watch the coast. What a striking instance of his remarkable foresight.

tried and trusted followers, and by forced marches pushed on towards Cempoalla. On the way he learned that Narvaez occupied the great temple, and at once determined on a night assault. His plans were laid with amazing skill. The sentinels were surprised at their posts. The attack was bold and sudden, and in a few minutes Narvaez and all his men were prisoners in the hands of Cortés!¹

The prisoners soon ranged themselves under the banner of the conqueror; and thus a great danger was turned into a welcome succor. Cortés received the vanquished troops in the most winning manner, and at once created an enthusiasm in his favor.² One of the soldiers of Narvaez—a negro and a comical fellow—danced and shouted for joy, crying: “Where are the Romans who with such small numbers ever achieved so great a victory?”

Two weeks after this, a travel-worn courier hurried up to Cortés, and communicated most unwelcome intelligence. The Spanish garrison in Mexico, he said, were besieged by the citizens, and were in extreme peril. The four brigantines on the lake had been burned. Fury possessed the barbarous multitude. In short, Alvarado implored his General for the love of God to lose no time in hastening to his assistance!

This revolt was excited by motives which rendered it very

¹ During this brief conflict, the moon—as if she had been a partisan of Cortés and was weary of looking down upon the horrid sacrifices to which he was endeavoring to put an end—withdraw herself behind the clouds, and suffered the Narvaez faction, new to the land, to believe that certain luminous creatures (*Cocayos*) were the glittering of numerous muskets in the hands of the troops of Cortés. No sooner, however, was the action decided, than she came forth in all her splendor, to illustrate and honor the victory!—*Helps*.

² In the encounter Narvaez lost an eye. He was sent as a prisoner to Vera Cruz. He was a brave man, but misfortune marked his after career, and his fate was tragic. Among those who formed part of his expedition to Florida, in 1528, was the Rt. Rev. John Juarez, who had been appointed by the Holy See Bishop of Florida. The expedition reached Florida in April, 1528. Narvaez and his men, accompanied by the prelate and a few priests, began their march into the interior. Juarez, it may be remarked, was the *first* Bishop, and his companions the *first* missionaries who set foot within the present limits of the United States. Disease, aided by the hostility of the savage natives, made their course one series of disasters. While crossing Mobile Bay in a boat, the Bishop and his companions were nearly drowned, being saved only by the skill and bravery of Narvaez. The next day Narvaez himself was driven out to sea, and never again heard of. Bishop Juarez and Brother John de Palos were last seen together. It is supposed they perished of hunger, or at the hands of the Indians. Thus the American Church had its martyrs only thirty-six years after the discovery of the continent.—“*Popular History of the Catholic Church in the United States*.”

alarming. On the departure of Cortés for Cempoalla, the Mexicans flattered themselves that the long-expected opportunity of restoring Montezuma to liberty, and of freeing their country from the dominion of the dreaded strangers, was at length arrived. The Spanish forces were divided, and the General was absent. Consultations were held. Many schemes were formed. The Spaniards knew their own feebleness, and suspected and dreaded a conspiracy.

Alvarado, though a gallant officer, possessed neither that wonderful capacity nor dignity of manners by which Cortés had acquired such an ascendancy over the minds of the Mexicans, as never allowed them to form a just estimate of his weakness or of their own strength. Alvarado knew no mode of supporting his authority but force. He thought of no means of persuasion but his sword. Instead of employing address to disconcert the plans, or to soothe the spirits of the plotting Mexicans, he waited the return of one of their solemn pagan festivals, when the chief persons in the empire were dancing, according to custom, in the court of the great temple. He attacked the crowd with all his force,¹ and the massacre was fearful. It was wild and bloody work. The news of this event filled the city with rage and fury. Vengeance walked the streets. The Spaniards were besieged, and all those acts of violence were committed of which Cortés received an account.

The distant General lost no time, but, gathering his men around him, he began his march for the capital. At Tlascalala, all was friendly. Reviewing his troops there, he found that they amounted to thirteen hundred soldiers, ninety-six of whom were horsemen, eighty cross-bow men, and about eighty musketeers.² With this hardy force he made rapid strides towards Mexico, and reached the city on the 24th of June, 1520. It was St. John the Baptist's Day. He passed over the great causeway by which he first entered. But how changed was the scene! No crowds now lined the roads, no boats swarmed on the lake. Over all brooded a death-like

¹ He had only 140 Spaniards under his command.

² These figures are from Bernal Diaz. Other accounts vary somewhat

silence. It was a stillness that spoke louder to the heart than the acclamations of multitudes!

When Cortés arrived at his own quarters he found the gates barred, so strict had been the siege. He had to demand an entry. Alvarado appeared upon the battlements, and asked if Cortés came in as free as he went out, and if he were still their General. The Commander replied, "Yes," and that he came with victory and increased forces. The gates were opened, and Cortés and his veterans rushed in. On both sides the greeting was most affectionate.

Cortés eagerly inquired as to the causes of the revolt, putting many questions to Alvarado. When the latter had concluded his answers, the brow of the Commander darkened as he said to his lieutenant: "You have done badly. You have been false to your trust. Your conduct has been that of a madman!" And, turning abruptly on his heel, he left him in undisguised displeasure.¹

Next day the whole city was in arms. A messenger informed Cortés that the draw-bridges were raised. In a few hours the surging multitude, headed by Montezuma's brother, advanced on the Spanish quarters, and fiercely began the assault. It was a spectacle to appall the stoutest heart. The stones fell like hail, and the arrows came in showers. Cortés made two or three desperate sallies, but himself and eighty of his men were wounded.

At day-break the following morning, the attack was renewed. There was no occasion for the gunners to take any particular aim, for the Mexicans advanced in such dense masses that they could not be missed. The gaps made in these masses were instantly filled up. Veterans in the Spanish army who had served in Italy, France, and against the Turks, declared that they had never seen men close up their ranks as did these Mexicans after each terrible volley of artillery. They, indeed, often staggered under the fire; but they would rally, and rush on to the very muzzle of the cannon. Again and again Cortés sallied forth against the

¹ Prescott.

bold barbarians, but he only added to the list of his wounded.¹

On the third day, the unfortunate Montezuma, either at the request of the Spanish General, or of his own accord, came out upon a battlement, and addressed the angry multitudes. He was dressed in his imperial robes, was surrounded by Castilian soldiers, and was at first received with honor and respect by his people. He spoke to them in loving words, advised them to cease the attack, and assured them that the Spaniards would depart from Mexico.

At the conclusion of the parley, a murmur ran through the crowd, and a shower of stones and arrows flew. For the moment the Spanish soldiers had ceased to protect the Monarch with their shields; and he was severely wounded in the head and in two other places. He was borne away. He had received his death-stroke. Whether it came from the wounds themselves, or from the indignity of being thus treated by his people, remains a doubtful point. Cortés, his chaplain and officers did all they could to heal his wounds and soothe his anguish of mind, but in a little while, Montezuma was no more.²

Difficulties were daily thickening. New dangers menaced the garrison. Opposite the Spanish quarters, at only a few rods' distance, stood a great pyramidal temple. It rose to the height of nearly one hundred and fifty feet, and its elevated position completely commanded the palace occupied by the Christians. A body of five hundred chosen Mexican nobles and warriors threw themselves into this lofty struc-

¹ On his way back to his quarters, Cortés beheld his friend and secretary, Duero, in a street adjoining, unhorsed and hotly engaged with a body of Mexicans, against whom he was desperately defending himself with his poniard. Cortés, roused at the sight, shouted his war-cry, and, dashing into the midst of the enemy, scattered them like chaff by the fury of his onset; then, recovering his friend's horse, he enabled him to remount, and the two cavaliers, striking their spurs into their steeds, burst through their opponents and joined the main body of the army. Such displays of generous gallantry were not uncommon in these engagements, which called forth more feats of personal adventure than battles with antagonists better skilled in the science of war.—*Prescott*.

² It appears that Montezuma did not become a Christian. On his death-bed, however, he commended three favorite daughters to the protection of Cortés. After their father's death they were baptized, and after the Conquest were married to Spaniards of honorable family, and from them have descended several noble houses in Spain. Cortés granted, by way of dowry, to the eldest, Doña Isabel, the city of Tabuca, and several other places.—*Prescott*.

ture, and galled the Spaniards with tempests of arrows. To dislodge this new enemy was absolutely necessary.

The General sent one of his best officers to take this position, but the Spanish soldiers were twice repulsed. Cortés, though wounded, determined to lead the attack in person. He placed some of his troops at the base of the temple, and began the difficult and dangerous ascent. The Spaniards, after a terrible combat, gained the summit, dislodged their enemies from that giddy height, and drove them down upon the lower terraces. Then might be seen the Indian priests running to and fro, with their hair clotted and bloody, and wildly streaming over their sable mantles. Hovering in mid-air, they seemed like so many demons of darkness urging on the work of slaughter. But every one of the Mexicans were put the sword.

This fight is one of the most picturesque on record. It lasted three hours; and, to use the words of Bernal Diaz: "Cortés there showed himself to be a very valiant man, as he always was." It is said he had a narrow escape from the dreadful fate of being thrown from the top of the tower. Two warriors of strong, muscular frames seized on him, and were dragging him violently towards the brink. Aware of their intention, he struggled with all his force, and before they could accomplish their purpose, succeeded in tearing himself from their grasp, and hurling one of them over the walls with his own arm!¹

The victory in the temple was a momentary gleam of success for the Spanish arms. It afforded Cortés an opportunity to resume peace negotiations. But the savage determination of the Mexicans was complete. In vain did the Spanish General press them to consider the havoc he was daily making among the citizens. They were aware of it, was the reply, but they would all perish, if that were needful, to gain their point of utterly destroying the Spaniards.

The enraged multitudes bade Cortés to look at the streets, squares, and terraces; and then, in a business-like way, they solemnly assured him that if 25,000 Mexicans were to die

¹ Prescott.

for each Spaniard, still the Spaniards would perish first. These furious barbarians jeeringly called his attention to the fact that all the causeways were destroyed, and that hunger and thirst were already staring the Spaniards in the very face. "In truth," writes Cortés himself, "they had much reason in what they said, for if we had no other enemy to fight against but hunger, it was sufficient to destroy us all in a short time!"

It generally requires as much courage to retreat as to advance, and few leaders have the ready wisdom to retreat in time. But Cortés, on finding that it was impossible to hold his position, lost no time or energy in parleying with danger. That very night he resolved to quit Mexico.

At midnight the troops were under arms, in readiness for the march. Mass was celebrated by the venerable Father Olmedo, who invoked the protection of the Almighty on the little army. The gates were thrown open, and July the 1st, 1520, the Spaniards for the last time sallied forth from the walls of the ancient fortress, the scene of so much suffering and such indomitable courage. The force began to move in three divisions. The brave and youthful Sandoval led the van. Alvarado brought up the rear-guard. Cortés himself commanded in the center, where he placed the prisoners, among whom were a son and two daughters of Montezuma, together with several Mexicans of distinction, the artillery, baggage, and a portable bridge of timber, intended to be thrown over the breaches in the causeway. They marched in profound silence along the shortest causeway,¹ and had reached the first breach in it before their retreat seemed to be discovered.² In a moment the alarm was given.

Loud shouts and blowing of horns were heard in all directions. "Come out quickly in your canoes," yelled the frantic Mexicans. "The *teules* are going. Cut them

¹ It was about two miles in length.

² The Mexicans, however, had been wide awake all night. Unperceived they had watched every movement of the Spaniards, and were quite ready to make a formidable attack when the alarm sounded.

off at the bridges!" The lake was soon covered with canoes. It rained, and the misfortunes of the night began by two horses slipping from the pontoon into the water. Flights of arrows and showers of stones poured in upon the Spaniards from every quarter. The wild barbarians rushed forward to the charge with fearless impetuosity, as if they hoped in that moment to take full vengeance for the past.

Unfortunately the wooden bridge, by the weight of the artillery, got wedged so fast into the stones and mud, that it was impossible for the troops to remove it. This accident caused dismay, and the Spaniards advanced with haste towards the second breach. But the Mexicans hemmed them in on every side, and though they defended themselves with all the bravery of skilled and desperate soldiers, yet, crowded together as they were on a narrow causeway, their discipline and military science were of little avail; nor did the darkness of the night permit them to derive any great advantage from their fire-arms, or the superiority of their other weapons. The position was truly appalling!

The whole city was now in arms, and so eager were the excited multitudes for the destruction of the Spaniards, that those who were not near enough to annoy them in person, impatient of delay, pressed forwards with such ardor, as drove on their countrymen in the front with irresistible violence. Fresh warriors instantly filled the place of such as fell. The Castilians were weary with slaughter, and, unable any longer to sustain the weight of the torrent that poured in upon them, began to give way. In a moment all was confusion. Horse and foot, officers and soldiers, friends and enemies were mingled together. And while all fought, and many fell, scarcely any could distinguish from what hand the blow came.

In a very short time, the water was full of dead horses, Indians, Spaniards, baggage, prisoners, and artillery. On every side the most piteous cries were heard—"Help me! I drown!" "Rescue me! they are killing me!" Prayers to the Most Blessed Virgin and St. James were mingled with

the groans of the dying, and the shouts of desperate warriors.

At the second bridge-way, a single beam only was found. It was, of course, useless for the horses; but the watchful genius of Cortés found a shallow place where the water did not reach further than up to the saddle. Here he passed at the head of his cavalry, and succeeded in reaching the mainland. The foot soldiers also contrived in some way to follow. The General left the van-guard and his own division safe on shore, and returned to give what assistance he could to the unfortunate men who were still behind.

But few of the rear-guard escaped. It is told as a wonder of Alvarado, that, coming to the last bridge, he made a leap—which by many has been deemed impossible—and cleared the vast opening. On coming up to him, Cortés found that his lieutenant was accompanied by only *seven* Spaniards and *eight* Tlascalans, all covered with blood and wounds. They told their Commander that it was useless to go further. All who remained alive were with them!

On hearing this, the General turned back. It was not yet day-break, but the small and melancholy band of Spaniards pushed on, Cortés protecting the rear. Morning soon dawned, and he reviewed the shattered remains of his heroic little army. The remembrance of so many faithful friends and gallant followers who had fallen in that night of sorrow¹ pierced his soul with anguish. It is said that he sat down on a stone, and wept at the sad sight. But as the country was aroused against them, the exhausted veterans did not rest till they had fortified themselves in a temple on a hill at some distance from Mexico.² A church was afterwards built here, and very appropriately dedicated to *Neustra Señora de los Remedios*—Our Lady of Refuge.

In this disastrous flight, all the artillery and forty-six horses were lost, eight hundred and seventy Spaniards perished,³ and four thousand of the Indian allies were killed,

¹ This memorable night has ever been celebrated in American history as *La noche triste*.—*Helps*.

² It was the morning of the 1st of July, 1520.

³ This is the estimation of Bernal Díaz.

including one son and two daughters of Montezuma. A loss which posterity will ever regret was that of the books, memorials, and writings. These, it is said, contained a narrative of all that had happened since Cortés left Cuba.

The Spaniards now took the road for Tlascala, the only place where they could hope for a friendly reception. It was about sixty-four miles east of the city of Mexico. Day after day. they marched on through a savage and hostile country, always fighting and always encumbered with enemies. Numerous bodies of Mexicans continued to hover around them, sometimes harassing them at a distance with flights of stones and arrows, and sometimes attacking them closely in front, in rear, in flank, and always with great boldness, as they knew that the Castilians were not invincible.

Nor were the fatigue and dangers of those incessant conflicts the worst evils to which the troops were exposed. As the barren country through which they passed afforded scarcely any provisions, they were reduced to feed on berries, roots, and stalks of green maize; and at the very time that famine was thus depressing their spirits and wasting their strength, their situation required the most vigorous and unceasing exertions of courage and activity.

But amid those numberless distresses, one circumstance supported and animated the sorely-tried Spaniards. It was the genius of their dauntless Commander. He sustained this sad reverse of fortune with unshaken magnanimity. His presence of mind never forsook him. His keen sagacity foresaw every event, and his vigilance provided for it. He was foremost in every danger, and endured every hardship with heroic cheerfulness. The difficulties by which he was surrounded seemed to call forth new gifts; and his soldiers, though despairing themselves, continued to follow him with increasing confidence in his matchless abilities.

On the sixth day they arrived near Otumba, a valley not far from the boundary line between Mexico and Tlascala. Early next morning they pushed on, flying parties of the enemy still hanging on the rear, and occasionally shouting:

"Go on, robbers. Go to the place where you shall quickly meet the vengeance due to your crimes!"

The Spaniards did not comprehend the meaning of this threat until they reached the summit of the mountain steeps which shut in the valley of Otumba. Below was a sight that might, in truth, arouse fear in the breast of the bravest cavalier. A vast army of Mexicans extended as far as the eye could reach. The forces of the empire had been hastily collected at this spot to dispute the passage of the Christians. Every chief of note had taken the field with his whole array gathered under his standard, proudly displaying all the pomp and rude splendor of his military equipment.

It was a spectacle to fill the stoutest heart among the Spaniards with dismay, heightened by the previous expectation of soon reaching the friendly land which was to terminate their weary pilgrimage. Even Cortés, as he contrasted the tremendous array before him with his own diminished squadrons, wasted by disease, and enfeebled by hunger and fatigue, could not escape the conviction that his last hour had arrived. But his was not the heart to quail before danger, and he gathered strength from the very extremity of his situation.

He addressed a few words to his troops. He reminded them of the victories they had often won against fearful odds; and remarked that numbers were of no account when Heaven was on their side. All then earnestly commended themselves to the protection of God, the Immaculate Virgin, and St. James; and Cortés led his brave battalions straight against the hosts of Mexico. Every man felt that it *must now* be death or victory.

The charge of the cavalry with the General at its head was irresistible. It penetrated and dispersed the most numerous divisions of the enemy. The infantry fought like lions. But while the Mexicans gave way in one quarter, fresh combatants advanced from another; and the Spaniards, though successful in every attack, were ready to sink under these repeated efforts, without seeing any end to their toil, or any

¹ Prescott.

hope of victory. The contest had now lasted several hours. High the sun arose in the heavens, and shed an intolerable heat over the plain. The tide of battle was setting rapidly against the Christians; and all that remained for them seemed to be to sell their lives as dearly as possible.

At this critical moment, Cortés, whose restless eye had been roving around the field in quest of any object that might offer him the means of arresting the coming ruin, rising in his stirrups, descried at a distance, in the midst of the throng, the chief who from his dress and military cortége, he knew must be the commander of the barbarian forces. The eagle glance of the General no sooner fell on this personage than a glow of triumph lit up his countenance.

He turned quickly to the cavaliers at his side—among whom were Sandoval and Alvarado—and pointed out the chief, exclaiming: “There is our mark! follow and support me!” Then, crying his war-cry, and striking his iron heel into his weary steed, he plunged headlong into the thickest of the press. His enemies fell back, taken by surprise and daunted by the ferocity of the attack. Those who did not were pierced through with his lance or borne down by the weight of his charger. The cavaliers followed close in the rear. On they swept with the fury of a thunderbolt, cleaving the solid ranks asunder, strewing their paths with the dying and the dead, and bounding over every obstacle in their way. In a few minutes they were in the presence of the Indian commander, and Cortés, overturning his supporters, sprang forward with the strength of a lion, and striking him through with his lance, hurled him to the ground. The imperial standard was captured. It was all the work of a moment.

When the Mexican leader fell, and the standard, towards which all directed their eyes, disappeared, a general panic seized the Indians, and, as if the bond which held them together had been dissolved, every ensign was lowered, each

¹ Prescott.

dusky warrior threw away his weapons, and all fled with the utmost precipitation to the mountains. The Spaniards, unable to pursue them far, returned to collect the spoils of the field, which were so valuable as to be some compensation for their toil and for the wealth which they had lost in the city of Mexico. Next day, to their great joy, they entered the Tlascalan territories.

The Tlascalan chiefs came out to meet the hardy veterans, and instead of showing any coldness, they labored to console Cortés in his misfortune. "Oh, Malinche, Malinche," they said, "how it grieves us to hear of your losses and your sorrows. Have we not told you many times, that you should not trust in those Mexican people? But now the thing is done, and nothing more remains at present but to refresh you and to cure you." The noble kindness of these good allies fell like a blessing on the wounded, way-worn Spaniards.

In such circumstances almost any other commander but Cortés would have been thoroughly cast down. But the elastic spirit of this modern Hannibal was untouched, and he beheld the star of hope shining as brightly as ever on his checkered pathway. While his enemies, and even many of his own followers, considered the disasters which had befallen him as fatal to the progress of his arms, and imagined that nothing now remained but speedily to abandon a country which he had invaded with unequal force, his bold and lofty mind—as eminent for perseverance as for enterprise—was still bent on accomplishing his original purpose of subjecting the Mexican empire to the Crown of Castile, and of planting the Cross on the pagan towers of its beautiful capital!

In the face of countless obstacles, his genius formed in a few months a great offensive and defensive alliance against the Mexicans. He wished to render an attack on that nation not only a splendid and chivalrous event, but an enterprise entirely consistent with the rules of that prudence into which the valor of Cortés was welded as the blade of the

¹ This was the name the Indians gave to Cortés.

sword is to its handle. He created and equipped a new army, and with wonderful foresight he gave orders for brigantines to be constructed in separate pieces at Tlascala.

On the day after Christmas,¹ the General reviewed his troops. He found that they consisted of forty horsemen and five hundred and fifty foot soldiers. He had also eight or nine cannon, but very little gunpowder. He made a touching and eloquent address, reminding his veterans that they were going on a war for the glory of God and the Catholic Faith, and their native land. He begged them to observe certain rules which he laid down for the good government of the army, one of which was that no man should blaspheme the Holy Name of God. Two days after this, the gallant band of Spaniards set out on the march for the city of Mexico, accompanied by 10,000 Tlascalans.

On coming near the capital, Cortés sent a message of peace to the authorities. He assured them that he did not desire war, although he had much cause for offense. He wished to be their friend, as he had been in other days. "Let the past be past," he concluded, "and do not give me occasion to destroy your lands and cities, which I should much regret." This peaceful offer, however, led to no result, and he resolved to besiege the city. But his enemies were well prepared.

Nor was Cortés the leader to begin such a dangerous and difficult enterprise unprepared. He at once dispatched the brave Sandoval to Tlascala for the materials of the brigantines. The men appointed to carry these materials were 8,000. Another body of 2,000 was to furnish a relief for the bearers, and to carry provisions. The whole was guarded by an escort of 20,000 armed men. The march was thus arranged: In front came eight Spanish horsemen and one hundred Spanish foot, then 10,000 Tlascalans formed an advance guard, with wings thrown out to the right and the left. The center was taken up by the bearers of the rigging and cordage, and the carriers of the timber and iron-work. The whole line of march was closed by eight more Spanish horse-

¹ December 26, 1520.

men, a hundred Spanish foot, and 10,000 Tlascalans, under the command of a noted warrior. From the van-guard to the rear-guard was six miles in length. This vast procession advanced leisurely, but in excellent order; and, in a few days¹ Cortés had the pleasure of seeing the materials of a fleet on the shores of the lake which surrounded the city of Mexico.²

Preparations for the siege were now pushed on vigorously. The brigantines were soon completed, and the day for launching them arrived. Cortés resolved that so auspicious an event should be celebrated with due solemnity. On the 28th of April the troops were drawn up under arms. Mass was celebrated, and the General, together with every man in the army, went to confession, and devoutly received Holy Communion. Prayers were offered up by Father Olmedo, and a benediction invoked on the little navy, the first—worthy of the name—ever launched on American waters.³ The signal was given by the firing of a cannon; and as the vessels, one after another, rode forth on the ample bosom of the lake, with music sounding, and the royal ensign of Castile proudly floating from their masts, a shout of admiration arose from the countless multitude of spectators, which mingled with the roar of artillery and musketry from the vessels and the shore. To the simple natives it was a novel spectacle. It even touched the stern hearts of the Conquerors with a glow of rapture, and as they felt that Heaven had blessed their undertaking, they broke forth by general accord into the noble anthem of the *Te Deum*.⁴

Cortés formed his troops into three divisions, for the at-

¹ Four days. "It was a marvelous thing," exclaims Cortés in his letters, "that few have seen, or even heard of—this transportation of *thirteen* vessels of war on the shoulders of men for nearly twenty leagues across the mountains!"

² It was, indeed, a stupendous achievement, and not easily matched in ancient or modern story, one which only a genius like that of Cortés could have devised, or a daring spirit like his have so successfully executed. Little did he foresee, when he ordered the destruction of the fleet which first brought him to the country, and with his usual forecast commanded the preservation of the iron-work and rigging,—little did he foresee the important uses for which they were preserved; so important, that on their preservation may be said to have depended the successful issue of his great enterprise.—*Prescott*.

³ Father Olmedo blessed the vessels, and gave each its name.—*Robertson*.

⁴ Prescott.

tack on the city was to be made from three different quarters. To Alvarado was given the command of thirty horsemen, eighteen musketeers, and one hundred and fifty men with sword and buckler. This division was accompanied by 20,000 Tlascalcan warriors.

Olid's division consisted of thirty-three horsemen, eighteen musketeers, and one hundred and sixty swordsmen. A body of 20,000 Indian allies accompanied this force.

Sandoval had under his command twenty-four horsemen, seventeen musketeers, and one hundred and fifty swordsmen. Over 30,000 Indian allies supported this division.¹

About three hundred men were left to man the brigantines—most of them good seamen. Each vessel had twenty-five men, with six musketeers. Cortés took command of the fleet himself; for, as he afterwards remarked, “the key of the whole war was in the ships.”

In our brief sketch a minute description of this historic siege is not to be expected. It would fill a small volume, for its many incidents by flood and field are among the most terrible and romantic on record. At one time the little fleet is attacked by 500 canoes; but the defeat of the Mexicans on the water was swift and signal. From that day Cortés remained master of the lake.

The Mexicans exhibited desperate valor. Each morning the Spaniards began the attack anew. But week after week the siege continued. On land and water, by day and night, one furious conflict succeeded another. Cortés, on one occasion, stormed the city with his whole force, but was repulsed with heavy loss, and came near being captured, as he was severely wounded. Six Mexican captains suddenly seized him, and were hurrying him off, when two of his bravest officers rescued the General at the cost of their own lives. The barbarians were flushed with triumph, and at this time many a poor Spaniard was sacrificed to the hideous god of war.²

¹ The train of artillery consisted of three battering cannon and fifteen field-pieces.—*Robertson*.

² As Sandoval, Alvarado, and the other chief officers were standing together, and relating what occurred to each of them, suddenly the sound of the sacrificial drum was heard, accompanied by

The Spaniards, after bravery perhaps unmatched in the annals of war, finally succeeded in penetrating to the vast square in the center of the great city, and there made a secure lodgment. The fighting was truly awful, and ghastly were the sights after each conflict. On one occasion 12,000 Mexicans were killed; and the day before the last of the siege, it is stated that no fewer than 40,000 Mexicans were slain,¹ or taken prisoners.

The final day of Mexico had come. The situation of the besieged grew so desperate that the new monarch tried to escape, but was captured by the Spaniards. Cortés received him with much courtesy. The Mexican ruler probably knew the person of the Conqueror, for he broke silence by saying: "I have done all that I could to defend myself and my people. I am now reduced to this state. You will deal with me, Malinche, as you please." "Fear not," replied the great and kind-hearted General. "You shall be treated with all honor. You have defended your capital like a brave warrior. A Spaniard knows how to respect valor even in an enemy."

The Sovereign being captured, all further opposition ceased. The whole city was taken. Sixty thousand Mexicans laid down their arms. This memorable day in the annals of American history was August the 13th, 1521. The

other musical instruments of a similar dolorous character. From the camp the great temple was perfectly visible, and when the Spaniards looked up at it for an interpretation of these melancholy tones, they saw their companions driven by blows and buffetings up to the place of sacrifice. The white-skinned Christians were easily to be distinguished amidst the dusky groups that surrounded them. When the unhappy men about to be sacrificed had reached the lofty level space on which these abominations were wont to be committed, it was discovered by their friends and late companions that plumes of feathers were put upon the heads of many of them, and that men, whose movements in the distance appeared like that of winnowers, made the captives dance before the image of *Huitzilopochtli*. When the dance was concluded, the victims were placed upon the sacrificial stones; their hearts were taken out and offered to the idols; and their bodies hurled down the steps of the temple. At the bottom of the steps stood "other butchers," who cut off the arms and legs of the victims, intending to eat these portions of their enemies. The skin of the face, with the beard, was preserved. The rest of the body was thrown to the lions, tigers and serpents. "Let the curious reader consider," says Bernal Diaz, "what pity we must have had for these our companions, and how we said to one another: 'Oh! thanks be to God, that they did not carry me off to sacrifice me to-day.'" And certainly, no army ever looked upon a more deplorable sight.—*Helps*.

¹ This fearful slaughter was chiefly the work of the Indian allies. The Spaniards could not prevent it. They were only about 900 in number, while the allies were over 150,000.—*Helps*.

² Guatemozin, the successor of Montezuma.

siege lasted seventy-five days. Its fearful results cannot be better given than in the simple words of an eye-witness. "It is true," writes Bernal Diaz, "and I swear *Amen*, that all the lake and the houses and the baracans were full of the bodies and heads of dead men, so that I do not know how I may describe it. For in the streets and in the very courts there were no other things, and we could not walk except amongst the bodies and heads of slain Indians. I have read of the destruction of Jerusalem; but whether there was such a mortality in that I do not know."¹

Thus fell the great city of Mexico.

It was, in truth, a time for thanksgiving. A procession of the whole army was formed, with Father Olmedo at its head. The soiled and tattered banners of Castile, which had waved over many a field of battle, now threw their shadows on the peaceful array of the soldiery, as they slowly moved along, rehearsing the Litany, and displaying the image of the Holy Virgin, and the blessed symbol of man's Redemption. The Reverend Father pronounced a discourse, in which he briefly reminded the troops of their great cause of thankfulness to Heaven, and ended by calling on them to "conduct themselves like Catholic Christians, that so God might continue to favor them." Cortés and his chief officers received the Blessed Sacrament, and the services concluded with a solemn thanksgiving to the God of battles, who had enabled them to carry the banner of the Cross triumphant over this barbaric empire.²

¹ "I have conversed," says the historian Oviedo, "with many hidalgos and other persons, and have heard them say that the number of the dead was incalculable—greater than at Jerusalem, as described by Josephus."—*Hist. de las Ind.*, quoted by Prescott.

² Prescott.

CHAPTER VII.

AFTER CAREER OF THE CONQUEROR OF MEXICO.

Is appointed Governor of Mexico—The new capital—The conversion of the Indians—Arrival of twelve Franciscan Missionaries—Activity of Cortés—Desperate journey to Honduras—Calumny—Cortés goes to Spain—His reception—Honors—Return to Mexico—New difficulties and enterprises—Discovery of California—To Spain once more—The call of death—His pious end—Character of Cortés.

We can merely glance at the subsequent career of the illustrious Conqueror of Mexico. In Spain he had bitter enemies. Among these were Bishop Fonseca, who had dogged Columbus to the very tomb. But in spite of every opposition, the acts of Cortés were confirmed in their full extent; and his commission as Captain-General and Chief Justice of Mexico was signed by the Emperor Charles V. in October, 1522.

In less than four years from the destruction of Mexico, a new city had risen on its ruins, which, if inferior to the ancient capital in extent, surpassed it in magnificence and strength. Great alterations, of course, took place in the fashion of the architecture. On the site of the famous Temple of the god of war arose the stately Cathedral; and, as if to complete the triumphs of the Cross, the foundations were laid with the broken images of the Mexican idols.¹

The conversion of the natives was an object of which Cortés never lost sight. In one of his reports to the Emperor, dated 1524,² he says that, “as many times as I have written

¹ Prescott.

² About this time his wife, Doña Catalina Juarez, came to Mexico. On landing she was escorted by Sandoval to the capital, where she was kindly received by her husband, and all the respect paid to her which she was entitled to by her elevated rank. But the climate of the table-land was not suited to her constitution, and she died—three months after her arrival.—Prescott.

to your Sacred Majesty, I have told your Highness of the readiness which there is in some of the natives to receive our Holy Catholic Faith, and become Christians. And I have sent to supplicate your Imperial Majesty that you would have the goodness to provide for that end religious persons of good life and example."

In obedience to these suggestions, twelve Franciscan Fathers embarked for Mexico, which they reached early in 1524. The presence of these men of God in the country was greeted with general rejoicing. The inhabitants of the towns through which they passed came out in a body to welcome them: processions were formed of the natives, bearing wax tapers in their hands, and the bells of the churches rang out a joyous peal in honor of their arrival. On entering the capital they were met by a brilliant cavalcade of the principal cavaliers and citizens, with Cortés at their head. The General, dismounting, and bending one knee to the ground, kissed the robes of Father Martin of Valencia, the Superior of this band of apostles. The natives were filled with astonishment at the Viceroy's profound reverence towards men whose naked feet and tattered garments gave them the aspect of mendicants, and henceforth regarded them as beings of a superior nature. The Indian chronicler of Tlascalala does not conceal his admiration at this edifying condescension of Cortés, which he pronounces "one of the most heroic acts of his life."

Cortés was a man of marvelous activity. He conquered Mexico, rebuilt and governed it. At the same time, he employed skillful persons to search for mines in different parts of the country, and opened some which were found to be richer than any which the Spaniards had hitherto discovered

¹ Prescott.

The missionaries lost no time in the good work of conversion. They began their preaching through interpreters, until they had acquired a competent knowledge of the language themselves. They opened schools and founded colleges, in which the native youth were instructed in profane as well as Christian learning. The ardor of the Indian neophyte emulated that of his teacher. In a few years every vestige of the primitive *teocallis* was effaced from the land.—"*History of the Conquest of Mexico*" Vol. III.

Father Toribio states that twenty years after the Conquest there were 9,000,000 of Catholic Indians in the empire.—*Hist. de las Indias*, quoted by Prescott.

in the New World. He detached his principal officers into the remote provinces, and encouraged them to settle there by bestowing upon them large tracts of land. Nor was this all. He sent out many expeditions of settlement and discovery. Of these we can notice but one.

Early in 1524, the Conqueror dispatched Olid—an officer who had greatly distinguished himself at the siege of Mexico—to make a settlement in Honduras. The lieutenant, however, proved unfaithful to his trust, and gave undeniable signs of setting up an independant government for himself. At such conduct, Cortés was extremely indignant. He regarded it as a dangerous example, calling for swift and severe punishment, and resolved to take the matter into his own hands. The journey was long and most perilous. According to Father Gomara, he marched three thousand miles, through a country abounding in swamps, thick forests, rugged mountains, deep rivers, thinly inhabited, and cultivated only in a few places. What himself and his force suffered from famine, from the hostility of the Indians, from the deadly climate, and from countless and unheard-of hardships, is, perhaps, unparalleled, even in the early history of America.¹

When Cortés reached the settlement, he was informed of the death of Olid, and of the re-establishment of his own authority. He was, therefore, cordially welcomed by his countrymen, who were greatly astonished, says Bernal Diaz, “at the presence among them of the General so renowned throughout these countries.” In this dreadful service, he spent over two years; and though it was not distinguished

¹ Among those who accompanied the expedition to Honduras was the hardy Captain Diaz. He did not wish to go. “But Cortés commanded it,” he writes, “and we dared not say no.”

The soldier-historian, when describing the construction of a certain bridge across a river, adds that the army had nothing to eat for three days but grass, and a root called *quecuenque*, which burned their lips and tongues.

In this extremity the Mexican chiefs turned cannibals. They seized upon the natives where they could find them and, baking their bodies between heated stones, devoured them. The General immediately put a stop to this abominable practice, when the facts came to his knowledge.

The following shows the desperate circumstances of all. “Oh, Señor brother Bernal Diaz,” said Cortés, “if you have left any of the food secreted by the road, for the love of me, give me some of it. I am sure you must have kept some for yourself and your friend Sandoval.” Sandoval, who was with Cortés, exclaimed: “I swear I have not even a handful of maize to roast for my supper!”—*Helps*.

by any splendid event, the Conqueror exhibited during the course of it more patience, more perseverance, greater personal courage, and more wonderful fortitude of mind than at any other period of his romantic and remarkable career.

In our day it is difficult to conceive the character of a Castilian cavalier of the sixteenth century, a true counterpart of which it would not have been easy to find in any other nation, even at that time—or anywhere, indeed, save in the tales of chivalry. The mere excitement of exploring the strange and the unknown was a sufficient compensation to the Spanish adventurer for all his toils and trials. He was a man full of faith, and fearless of danger. It seems, in truth, to have been ordered by Providence that such a race of men should exist contemporaneously with the discovery of the New World, that those regions should be brought to light which were beset with dangers and difficulties so appalling as might have tended to overawe and to discourage the ordinary spirit of adventure.¹

While the genius of Cortés was achieving prodigies in America, calumny after calumny reached Spain concerning his aims and objects. Malicious and narrow-minded officials in Mexico wrote to the home government, representing him as a bold, ambitious tyrant. Even the suspicions of Charles V. were finally aroused; and the Emperor, after some hesitation, ordered a solemn inquiry to be made into the conduct of the Conqueror.

The loyal, lofty mind of Cortés was deeply wounded at this unexpected return for services which far exceeded all that any subject of Spain had ever rendered to his sovereign. He resolved not to expose himself to the indignity of a trial in that country which had been the scene of his triumphs; and without awaiting the arrival of the Commission of Judges, he repaired directly to Castile, and committed himself and his cause to the justice and generosity of the Emperor.²

¹ Prescott.

² On his arrival at Villa Rica he received the painful tidings of the death of his father, Don Martin Cortés, whom he had hoped so soon to embrace after his long and eventful absence. Having celebrated his obsequies with every mark of filial respect, he made preparations for his speedy departure.—Prescott.

The General appeared in his native country with a splendor that became the conqueror of a mighty empire. He brought with him a large part of his wealth, many jewels and ornaments of great value, several curious productions of the New World, and was accompanied by some Mexicans of high rank, as well as by the faithful Sandoval and other officers. "In fine," writes the historian Herrera, "he came in all the state of a great lord."

The hero's arrival in Spain at once removed every suspicion and fear that had been entertained with respect to his intentions. The Emperor received him as one whom consciousness of his own innocence had brought into the presence of his master, and who was entitled by his distinguished services to the highest marks of respect and distinction. The order of St. Jago, the title of Marquis del Valle,¹ and the grant of an ample territory in Mexico were successively bestowed upon him. Charles, indeed, took frequent opportunity to show the confidence which he now reposed in Cortés. On all public occasions he appeared with him by his side; and once, when the General lay ill of a fever, the Emperor paid him a visit in person, and remained for some time in the apartment of the invalid.²

Early in the spring of 1530, Cortés embarked for Mexico. He was accompanied by the Marchioness,³ his wife, together

¹ He entered the little port of Palos in May, 1492—the same spot where Columbus had landed five-and-thirty years before, on his return from the discovery of the Western World. From Palos he soon proceeded to the Convent of La Rabida, within the hospitable walls of which Columbus had found shelter. An interesting circumstance is mentioned by historians, connected with his short stay in Palos. Francis Pizarro, the Conqueror of Peru, had arrived there, having come to Spain to solicit aid for his great enterprise. He was then in the commencement of his brilliant career, as Cortés might be said to be at the close of his. He was an old acquaintance, and a kinsman, as is affirmed, of the General, whose mother was a Pizarro. The meeting of these two extraordinary men, the Conquerors of the North and of the South in the New World, as they set foot, after their eventful absence, on the shores of their native land, and that, too, on the spot consecrated by the presence of Columbus, has something in it striking to the imagination.—*Prescott*.

While taking some repose and performing his devotions at the Convent of La Rabida, an event occurred which greatly saddened Cortés. It was the death of the brave, trusty, and still youthful Sandoval. He died like a true Catholic soldier, breathing his last in the arms of his commander. He was but thirty-one years of age, and was buried in the convent cemetery. "He was in many respects," says the American historian of the Conquest, "the most eminent of the great captains formed under the eye of Cortés."

² "Marquis of the Valley of Oaxaca."

³ Prescott.

⁴ During the General's stay in Spain, he sought the hand of Doña Juana de Zuñiga, daughter of the Count de Aguilar, and she became his second wife.

with his aged mother, who had the good fortune to live to see her son's elevation, and by a magnificent retinue of pages and attendants, such as belonged to the household of a powerful noble. How different from the forlorn condition in which, twenty-six years before, he had been cast loose, as a wild adventurer, to seek his bread upon the waters! ¹

Though dignified with new titles, Cortés returned to Mexico with diminished authority. The military department, and powers to attempt new discoveries, were, indeed, left in his hands; but the supreme direction of civil affairs was placed in a board called "The Audience of New Spain." This division of power proved the source of perpetual dissension. It embittered the life of the Conqueror, and thwarted all his vast enterprises.

He had now no opportunity to display his wonderful activity but in attempting new discoveries; and for this purpose he formed various schemes, all of which bear the impress of a genius that delighted in what was bold and splendid. He was always busy in great enterprises. He early entertained the idea, that either by steering through the Gulf of Mexico, along the eastern coast of North America, some strait would be found that communicated with the Pacific; or that by examining the isthmus of Darien, some passage would be discovered connecting the two great oceans. But he was disappointed in his expectations with respect to both, and he now confined his views to such voyages of discovery as he could make from the Mexican ports on the Pacific. There he fitted out, one after another, several small squadrons, which were either lost, or returned without making any discovery of importance.

The General grew weary of intrusting the conduct of such enterprises to others, and took the command of a new armament in person. He sailed towards the north. After enduring incredible hardships, and encountering countless dangers, he discovered the peninsula of California, and explored the greater part of the gulf which separates it from Mexico. The discovery of a country of such extent would

¹ Prescott.

have reflected credit on a common adventurer; but it could add little to the bright name of Cortés, and was far from satisfying the hopes which he had formed.¹

The Conqueror continued to meet ill-success and bitter opposition—two things to which he had not been accustomed. And disgusted at having to contest with adversaries to whom he considered it a disgrace to be opposed, he once more sought for redress his native Spain. This was in 1540. But his reception was very different from that which gratitude, and even decency, should have secured. The merit of his ancient achievements was already, in some measure, forgotten. No service of importance was now expected from a man in declining years, and one who began to be unfortunate. The Emperor behaved to him with cold civility; and his ministers treated the illustrious General sometimes with neglect, sometimes with insolence. In short, his grievances received no redress. His claims were urged without success. Like Columbus, he found that it was just possible to deserve too much!

The great man was at Seville when the warning of death came. In order to avoid the presence of visitors, he retired to the neighboring village of Castileja, attended by his son, who watched over his dying parent with tender solicitude. Bernal Diaz says he sought this quiet place for the purpose of making his will, and preparing his soul for its great departure. "And when he had settled his worldly affairs, our Lord Jesus Christ was pleased to take him from this troublesome world." Like a Christian who had "fought the good fight," his end was calm and peaceful. He made a last humble confession, and devoutly received Holy Com-

¹ Cortés discovered California, but he left that country, little conjecturing the riches which he had probably trodden under foot. It was on this occasion that his second wife wrote him a most touching letter, begging him to return to his Marquisate in Mexico, to think of his boys and girls, and no longer to tempt fortune, but to content himself with the heroic actions he had already performed, and with his world-wide fame.—*Helps*.

Though it may seem singular, Cortés was far from wealthy. In a letter dated at Mexico, 1538, he writes: "I have enough to do to maintain myself in a village where I have my wife, without daring to reside in this city, or to come into it, as I have not the means to live in it; and if sometimes I come, because I cannot help doing so, and remain in it a month, I am obliged to fast for a year."

The Conqueror of the Mexican empire had not means to live in its capital.

munion; and thus passed away the Conqueror of Mexico and Discoverer of California, on the 2d of December, 1547, at the age of sixty-two years.¹

Of all the noble band of adventurous cavaliers whom Spain, in the sixteenth century, sent forth on the career of discovery and conquest, there was none more deeply filled with the spirit of romantic enterprise than Hernando Cortés. Dangers and difficulties, instead of deterring, seemed to have a charm in his eyes. They were necessary to rouse him to a full consciousness of his powers. He grappled with them at the outset, and seemed, if we may so express it, to take his enterprises by the most difficult side.² He was certainly a great general, if that man be one who performs great achievements with the resources which his own genius has created. There is probably no instance in history where so vast an enterprise has been achieved by means apparently so inadequate.³

We know of no exact parallel to his character, but he possessed traits in common with many great generals of antiquity. He moved and conquered with the electric rapidity of Pyrrhus, but he was more successful. He subdued a more warlike empire than Alexander, but unlike the Greek conqueror, his end was not shameful. He had the courage,

¹ His body was first buried at Seville, in the chapel of the monastery of San Isidro. In 1562, it was removed, by order of his son, to Mexico, where in the monastery of St. Francis, Tezcucço, it was laid by the side of a daughter and of his mother. In 1529 the remains were again removed—this time to the church of St. Francis, in the capital. The ceremony was conducted with the pomp suited to the occasion. A military and religious procession was formed, with the Archbishop of Mexico at its head. Nor were his bones permitted to rest undisturbed. In 1794 they were removed to the Hospital of Jesus of Nazareth. It was a more fitting place, since it was the same institution which, under the name of "Our Lady of the Conception," had been founded and endowed by Cortés, and which, with a fate not too frequent in similar charities, has been administered to this day on the noble principles of its foundation.—*Prescott*.

See "History of the Conquest of Mexico," Vol. III. p. 385.

² "Once he had landed in Mexico," writes Archbishop Spalding, "and conceived the idea of conquering the empire, he burned his fleet; thus cutting off all hope of retreat, and leaving his men no alternative but to conquer or to die. He then buckled on his good sword, and with his little army followed fearlessly the banner of the Cross, which he had resolved to plant on the loftiest pinnacle of the city of Montezuma. On, on with the battle-cry of *God and San Jago!* No dangers appall—no difficulties discourage him. Labor and toil, and hardships and reverses are his daily bread. His soul rises with obstacles, as the ship rises with the waves. A child of fortune, he seems to rise superior to fortune; or rather, his genius transmutes misfortunes into brilliant success."

³ *Prescott*.

skill, and indomitable energy of Scipio, and like him he destroyed a capital; but unlike Scipio, he caused this capital to rise again from its ashes more splendid than ever. He conquered like Cæsar, and like him, "he wrote his own commentaries," almost amid the stirring scenes of the battle-field itself. He had the iron nerve and the fertile invention of Hannibal, and the same unconquerable energy in encountering difficulties; but he was much more fortunate than Hannibal.'

"He preferred," writes good old Bernal Diaz, "to be called *Cortés* by us, to being called by any title; and with good reason, for the name of Cortés is as famous in our day as was that of Cæsar among the Romans, or of Hannibal among the Carthaginians."

Nor was the Conqueror of Mexico simply an illustrious commander. He was a sincerely religious man. He was a great statesman. He was a consummate man of business. He was an eminent discoverer. These are qualities rarely, if ever, found in the same person.

Were we to overlook the religious aspect of the Conquest, it would be utterly impossible to understand or rightly appreciate its character.' The spread of the true Faith was, in fact, its great end and aim, its very life and soul. Cortés felt that he had a high mission to accomplish as a soldier of the Cross. He felt that he was engaged in a holy crusade. He felt that he could not serve Heaven better than by planting the blessed sign of man's Redemption on the blood-stained towers of pagan Mexico!'

¹ Spalding.

² There may be those who think that the Conquest of Mexico was, perhaps, not justifiable. Here we have no space to discuss the matter. The learned Archbishop Spalding in his review of Prescott's *History*, asks: "Was the Conquest justifiable?" and answers: "If ever a conquest was justifiable, that of Mexico by the Spaniards was so." We refer the reader to his able argument on this subject. See "Misc. flanea," Vol. I. p. 263.

³ Speaking of the new career of discovery and conquest opened to European nations by the genius of Columbus, the historian Prescott truly says: "Other nations entered on it also, but with different motives. The French sent forth their missionaries to take up their dwelling among the heathen, who, in the good work of winning souls to Paradise, were content to wear—nay, sometimes seemed to court—the crown of martyrdom. The Dutch, too, had their mission, but it was one of worldly lucre, and they found a recompense for toil and suffering in their gainful traffic with the natives, while our Puritan fathers, with true Anglo-Saxon spirit, left their pleasant homes across the waters, and pitched their tents in the howling wilderness, that they

His noble kindness and religious spirit shone out in the very last act of his life. By a clause in his will, he applied the revenues of his estates in the city of Mexico to establish and permanently endow three public institutions of charity—a hospital dedicated to the Immaculate Conception, a convent for nuns, and a college for the education of missionaries to preach the Gospel among the Indians. He also appropriated a sum for the celebration of two thousand Masses for the eternal repose of the souls of those who had fought with him in the campaigns of Mexico.

We conclude by a few pen-pictures from the hand of a companion. "His whole appearance," says the veteran Bernal Diaz, "in his discourse, his table, his dress, in everything, in short, he had the air of a great lord. His clothes were in the fashion of the time. He set little value on silk, damask, or velvet, but dressed plainly and exceedingly neat; nor did he wear massy chains of gold, but simply a fine one of exquisite workmanship, from which was suspended a jewel having the figure of our Blessed Lady and her precious Son, with a Latin motto cut upon it.

"He was acquainted with Latin, and, as I have understood, was made Bachelor of Laws; and when he conversed with learned men who addressed him in Latin, he answered them in the same language. He was also something of a poet. His conversation was agreeable, and he had a pleasant elocution. In his attendance on the services of the Church he was most punctual, devout in his manner, and charitable to the poor.

"When he swore, he used to say, *On my conscience*; and when he was vexed with anyone, *Evil betide you*. With his men he was very patient; and they were sometimes imperti-

might enjoy the sweets of civil and religious freedom. But the Spaniard came over to the New World in the true spirit of a knight-errant, courting adventure, however perilous, wooing danger, as it would seem, for its own sake. With sword and lance, he was ever ready to do battle for the Faith; and, as he raised his old war-cry of *St. Jago*, he fancied himself fighting under the banner of the military apostle, and felt his arm a match for more than a hundred infidels! It was the expiring age of chivalry; and Spain, romantic Spain, was the land where its light lingered longest above the horizon."—"History of the Conquest of Mexico."

This, from a Protestant pen, is a well-merited tribute to the brave old Catholic pioneers of America.

nent and even insolent. When very angry, the veins in his throat and forehead would swell, but he uttered no reproaches against either officer or soldier.

“He was affable with his followers, especially with those who came over with him from Cuba. In his campaigns he paid strict attention to discipline, frequently going the rounds himself during the night, and seeing that the sentinels did their duty. He entered the quarters of his soldiers without ceremony, and chided those whom he found without their arms and accoutrements, saying, *It was a bad sheep that could not carry its own wool.*

“On the expedition to Honduras he acquired the habit of sleeping after his meals, feeling unwell if he omitted it; and, however sultry or stormy the weather, he caused a carpet or his cloak to be thrown under a tree, and slept soundly for some time.

“He was frank and exceedingly liberal in his disposition, until the last few years of his life, when he was accused of parsimony. But we should consider that his funds were employed on great and costly enterprises, and that none of these, after the Conquest, neither his expedition to Honduras nor his voyage to California, were crowned with success.

“It was perhaps intended that he should receive his recompense in a better world; and I fully believe it; for he was a good cavalier, most true in his devotions to the Virgin, to the Apostle St. Peter, and to all the other Saints.”¹

¹ “Historia de la Conquista;” Prescott’s translation, in his “History of the Conquest of Mexico.”



ST. ROSE OF LIMA,

THE FIRST AMERICAN SAINT.¹

CHAPTER I.

THE CHILDHOOD OF AMERICA'S FIRST SAINT.

Birth of St. Rose—How she got the name of Rose—Takes St. Catharine of Sienna as her model—Her vow at five years of age—Her heroic obedience—Her spirit of penance—Rose's devotion to her father and mother.

"First floweret of the desert wild,
Whose leaves the sweets of grace exhale,
We greet thee, Lima's sainted child—
Rose of America—all hail!"

—*Father Faber.*

Rose Florez, the holy and renowned subject of our sketch, was born at Lima, the capital of Peru, in South America, on the 20th day of April, in the year 1586. Her parents, Gasper Florez and Mary Olivia, were persons of virtue and high birth.

Her aunt, Lady Isabella of Herrera, being chosen as her godmother, gave her the name of Isabella in Baptism. Three months after, however, as the child slept in her cradle, her mother and several other persons saw a beautiful rose on her sweet little countenance. From that time they called her by the name of Rose.

Rose's godmother thought herself slighted by this change of name. So much offended was the lady that she lived at

¹ Chief authorities used: Father J. B. Feuillet O. P., "Life of St. Rose of Lima," translated from the French by the Fathers of the English Oratory and edited by Rev. F. W. Faber, D.D.; Butler, "Lives of the Saints."

variance with the child's mother until an end was put to the unhappy dispute by the action of the Archbishop of Lima, who gave her the name of Rose in Confirmation.¹

As a child she was very remarkable, bore many severe afflictions with unflinching heroism, and was exceedingly neat in her dress. In prayer she was most fervent. We are assured that she received from God, at a most tender age, an inspiration to follow in the footsteps of St. Catharine of Sienna, by a perfect imitation of the virtues of that great and saintly woman.

To Rose's pure heart and girlish mind, innocence was *the* grand and only attraction. She loved purity, because it is "the beautiful and white virtue of the soul." At five years of age, we are told, she made a vow of virginity, consecrating her whole life to Heaven. Thus we may say of America's first Saint, what a celebrated Doctor of the Church said of the lovely St. Agnes—that her piety and virtue were above her years, and far beyond the strength of nature.²

Her obedience was in the highest degree heroic. Her mother—like many others who love their children more for this world than for Heaven—often begged Rose to take much care of her beauty, and even desired her to use paint and cosmetics. But the pure, simple soul of our Saint saw the folly of such advice. She knew that modesty, virtue, and simplicity in dress are the highest ornaments sanctioned by religion and good sense; and she earnestly entreated her mother not to oblige her to obey in such matters.

¹ Rose, when older, had some scruples about it on learning that it was not the name she had received in Baptism. She thought it was an effect of the complaisance or vanity of her parents, who wished to make her beauty more attractive by this agreeable name. Disturbed by this conduct, which she thought unworthy of the spirit of a Christian, she went to the Church of the Dominicans. She entered the Chapel of the Rosary, cast herself at the feet of the Blessed Virgin, and made known her uneasiness. Our Blessed Mother immediately consoled her, assuring her that the name of Rose was pleasing to Jesus Christ; and that as a mark of her affection, she would also honor her with her own name, and that henceforward she should be called *Rose of St. Mary*. So that we may say that of all the saints whose names Almighty God has changed by an extraordinary favor, St. Rose of Lima is the first and perhaps the only one whose *surname* has been also changed by Heaven.—*Father Feuillet, O. P.*

² From the testimony of her confessors, it is certain that Rose began to have the use of reason from her fifth year; and so pleased was God with the generous action related above, that He showered down upon her His choicest benedictions, and enriched her with so many graces, that she preserved her Baptismal innocence till her death.—*Father Feuillet, O. P.*

On one occasion the mother ordered her daughter to wear a garland of flowers on her head. Rose did not think herself strong enough to effect a change in this command, and obeyed. But she sanctified her submission by the painful mortification with which she accompanied it. Our Lord having recalled to her mind the remembrance of the cruel thorns which composed His Crown in His Passion, she took the garland, and fixed it on her head with a large needle, which penetrated so deeply that at night the maid could scarcely remove the garland. Thus she contrived to elude, without resisting, the orders of her mother, when they were openly opposed to the high virtue at which our Saint aimed; and she punished herself severely when she obeyed her in anything that partook of the vanity of the world.

It may be said, in truth, that from her infancy, Rose's patience in suffering and her love of mortification were extraordinary, and whilst yet a child she ate no fruit, fasted three days a week, allowing herself on them only bread and water, and on other days taking only herbs and pulse. When she was grown up, her garden was planted with nothing but bitter herbs, interspersed with figures of crosses.

By the changes of worldly fortune, Gasper Florez fell from a state of opulence into great distress. The pious wife of the Treasurer Gonsalvo took Rose into her family; and the young Saint, by working there all day in the garden, and late at night with her needle, managed to relieve and comfort her father and mother in their necessities.

She was a perfect mistress of needlework, either in designing flowers, or in tracing them on embroidery or tapestry. So much beauty and delicacy had her work, that it seemed to surpass art and nature. And what is more surprising is, that though her mind was often elevated to God during her hours of toil, yet her hand guided the work as faultlessly as if her mind was solely intent upon it.

Besides needlework, she cultivated a little garden, in which she raised violets and other flowers. These she sold, to help her parents in their necessities; and as all her industry was insufficient to save them from poverty, she con-

fessed to a holy person that Jesus Christ himself graciously supplied the deficiency by secret and wonderful means. Her parents she attended in sickness with angelic kindness and assiduity. She was always at their bedside, ready by day and by night to perform the vilest and most difficult services.

CHAPTER II.

GLANCES AT VIRTUE IN ACTION.

Matrimonial annoyances—Rose becomes a member of the Third Order of St. Dominic—Her humility—Her charity and great self-control—Her wonderful purity—Her fasts—How she chastised herself—Her singular bed—The honor paid to her even by irrational creatures.

As Rose grew up to womanhood, her extreme beauty, the refinement of her mind, her delightful conversation, and even her virtue itself, which greatly enhanced her personal attractions, captivated many hearts. To her this was a great annoyance, as she never for a moment forgot her vow of virginity. She invented all sorts of means to disfigure herself. She made her face pale and livid with fasting, and washed her hands in hot lime to take the skin off them. She sought solitude, shut herself up closely in the house, went out very seldom, and then only when it was quite necessary. Thus several years passed away.

But notwithstanding all these precautions, the good young lady was not able to prevent several persons from seeking her hand in marriage. Among others, one of the most distinguished women in the capital, as much delighted with her virtue as her beauty, wished her to become the bride of her only son. The lady openly made the request to Rose's parents, who, having eleven children to provide for, received the proposal most favorably, thinking the alliance would be very advantageous to themselves and their family.

Our Saint was the only person to whom this offer was disagreeable. She blamed herself for it. She saw that there was now no means of escape but by openly declaring her firm resolution not to marry. Her parents were surprised,

but did not lose hopes of inducing her to comply with their wishes. They tried caresses, threats, and finally blows; but it was all in vain.

After this storm blew over, Rose sought a port of safety in the Third Order of St. Dominic. She solemnly received the habit at the hands of the Rev. Father Velasquez on the 10th of August, 1606, being twenty years of age. This state of life, it may be observed, did not prevent the Saint from continuing to assist her father and mother.

It is said that he who knows not how to be humble knows nothing. Humility now-a-days is a rare virtue, but it is, nevertheless, a great one. This wise young lady was a model of deep humility. All her actions proclaimed it. At confession the abundance of her tears might make her pass in the eyes of a stranger for a great public sinner. Yet so pure and innocent was the life she led that her confessors had often great difficulty in finding matter for absolution in those things of which she accused herself with so many tears.

She kept so strict a watch over herself, that she was never heard to speak one word louder than another, or to find the least fault with the actions or conduct of others. There was nothing in her behavior that could give annoyance to those with whom charity or duty obliged her to converse; on the contrary, her sweet and obliging manners made her so agreeable to everyone, that it was commonly said that the name *Rose* did not suit her, because she had not its thorns.

Her charity towards mankind was so universal, that this queen of virtues seemed to be the soul which animated her words, actions, and entire conduct. The love which she had for God and her neighbor filled her whole heart, and had so entirely disengaged it from earthly things, that she was insensible to the pleasures which most men love so passionately. Being asked one day if, in the midst of the delights and consolations which Almighty God infused so abundantly into her soul, she did not feel her heart attached to worldly things, she confessed that it was impossible for her

to think of them, or to take the least pleasure in them. By this wonderful detachment from creatures, she attained to a rare purity of heart, in some degree similar to that which the angels possess by the privilege of their nature.*

Her spirit of penance, the mark of the true Christian, was not less marvelous. By long training she reached an astonishing degree of abstinence. Often for the space of twenty-four hours she would take nothing but a piece of bread and a little water. This must have been at the expense of great suffering, for the extreme heat of Peru is very exhaustive of physical strength.

During the last few years of her life, Rose accustomed herself to fast in the following manner: She observed very strictly the fast of her Order from the festival of the Exaltation of the Holy Cross until Easter Sunday. From the beginning of Lent, she left off bread, contenting herself with a few orange pippins every day of the forty that are consecrated to penance. On Fridays she took only five. She ate so little during the rest of the year, that what she took in eight days was scarcely sufficient nourishment for twenty-four hours. Indeed, she was known to make a moderate-sized loaf and a pitcher of water last fifty days. But what seems miraculous in her austerities, is that the Saint derived more strength from her fasts than from the food which she took.

Rose likewise daily chastised her body with instruments of penance, so much so, that her confessors were obliged to restrict her in the use of them. After she became a nun, she was not content with a common sort of discipline. She made one for herself, composed of two iron chains, and used it daily with merciless severity. She disciplined herself, first, for her own sins; secondly, for all souls engaged in sin; thirdly, for the pressing necessities of the Church;

* During the whole course of her life—which lasted thirty-one years—she was never guilty of the slightest fault against purity; and, what is something miraculous, she was never even assailed with thoughts contrary to that holy and beautiful virtue. And this is a privilege not granted to the most cherished and favored saints of God. Eleven learned priests, six Dominicans and five Jesuits, who had several times heard her general confessions, deposed this on their solemn oath.

fourthly, for Lima or Peru, when threatened with any great misfortune; fifthly, for the souls in purgatory; sixthly, for those in their last agony; and, seventhly, in reparation of the outrages offered to Almighty God.

The bed Rose used—and which she constructed herself—was in the form of a rough wooden box. Into it she put a quantity of small stones of different sizes, that her body might suffer more and more, and might not enjoy the repose which a smoother couch would have afforded. Nor did this seem hard enough. She afterwards added pieces of wood and broken tiles; and such was the luxurious bed on which this young, delicate, and beautiful girl took the rest necessary to recruit her exhausted strength for the space of fifteen years!

When some good persons, through charity, entreated the Saint to moderate her austerities, she answered: “As I cannot do any good, is it not just that I should suffer whatever I am capable of suffering?”

Rose's body being so obedient to the laws of her mind, and her mind so perfectly submissive to the will of God, it is not surprising to learn that even irrational creatures respected her virtue. The dampness of the earth, and the foliage of the trees which surrounded her little hermitage, drew thither a countless multitude of mosquitoes. It is well known how these small, malicious busybodies love the shade, and take such a queer delight in ceaselessly annoying all who are within their reach. But there was one whom they touched not. It was Rose. Not one of the legion of mosquitoes that covered the walls, windows, and doors of her garden cell presumed to annoy her. On the contrary, they showed so much respect for the purity and sanctity of her person that they seemed to honor in her the sovereign power of the good God who had created them. To the Saint's mother, however, and other persons who came to visit her, the mosquitoes exhibited no such marked defer-

¹ After the Saint's death, Mary of Usategni kept some links of this discipline, which it is said, exhaled so sweet an odor that all who examined them were obliged to confess that so strange a phenomenon was supernatural.

ence. They attacked all comers with that vigor and venom for which they are so renowned even to this day in the backwoods of America.

In the last year of her life, a bird whose melody was most charming placed itself opposite her room during the whole season of Lent. As soon as the sun began to sink in the west, Rose ordered the little warbler to employ its notes in praising God. The bird obeyed, and, raising its tiny voice, it sang vigorously, until the Saint, unwilling to be outdone in offering canticles of praise and benediction to God, began most sweetly to sing hymns to His glory. When she had finished, the little songster of the grove commenced again, and thus together the Saint and the bird composed a choir in which they sang alternately for an hour the praises of the Almighty. At six o'clock, she dismissed her little feathered companion till next day, and so punctual was it that never did it fail to appear at the time fixed!

CHAPTER III.

ALONG THE STRAIGHT AND NARROW WAY.

Rose's spirit of prayer—Her deep insight into the mysteries of religion—A tormenter at home—Persecution—Sickness—The Saint's charity—Her confidence in God—She learns of the day of her death by revelation—Her last sufferings—The end.

The path that leads to saintliness is, it is true, a straight and narrow one; but it has its pure joys, and peace, and beauties, and consolations. Many were the extraordinary graces which God bestowed upon this holy American lady; and Christ once in a vision called her soul his Spouse.

"The more a man is united within himself, and interiorly simple," writes the author of *The Imitation of Christ*, "the more and higher things does he understand without labor, for he receives the light of understanding from above. A pure, simple, and steady spirit is not dissipated by a multitude of affairs, because he performs them all to the honor of God, and endeavors to be at rest within himself, and free from all seeking of himself."

It was thus with Rose of Lima. The supernatural lights with which God enriched her understanding inflamed her heart with so ardent a love for prayer, that even sleep itself could not distract her from it. So completely absorbed was her imagination in this holy exercise, that she was often heard to repeat while asleep the same number of vocal prayers as she had said during the day.

She meditated every day for three hours on the benefits of God, and the countless graces she had received from His mercy. Her vocal prayer was continual. Indeed, it is beyond the power of our imagination to conceive how, though

the presence of God entirely engrossed all the interior powers of her soul, she still acted in exterior things with great presence of mind, giving the proper answers to questions, and carefully finishing any work she commenced. When in church she kept her eyes fixed on the altar, and never looked at anything else. Thus, according to the advice of the Holy Book, she kept God in her mind all the days of her life.

The Almighty rewarded this purity and simplicity of mind by giving her a deep insight into the most profound mysteries of religion. Some learned theologians hearing of this, had the curiosity to converse with her on such sublime subjects as the Blessed Trinity, the Incarnation, grace, and predestination; and after a long conference, they confessed that they had never known a more enlightened soul, and that the Saint had not acquired the knowledge of these elevated truths of faith by the vivacity of her mind, or by application to study.

But there is another feature in her career to which we must devote a few words. As thorns spring forth with roses, so grief and pain seem to have been born with the blessed Rose. Her life was one long chain of sufferings, sickness, pains, and crosses, which exercised her patience from the cradle to the tomb by a tedious martyrdom.

The sweet disposition and religious spirit of the Saint were often severely tried by the passionate temper of her mother, who found fault with everything her daughter did. She condemned her reserve, blamed her fasts, disliked her taking up so much time in prayer and retirement so opposed to the maxims of the world; and for these reasons she often scolded Rose, and went so far as to use a thousand abusive epithets, as if she had been an infamous person. At the least provocation she gave her blows on the cheek, but when she was carried away by the fury of anger, she put no bounds to her malicious abuse. She even assailed her daughter with blows and kicks; and on one occasion she took a thick, knotty stick and struck her with all her strength. She began to treat Rose thus when she cut

off her hair, after having consecrated her virginity to God, and she continued the same treatment on many other occasions.

Those with whom the holy heroine lived were also actuated towards her by the vilest feelings of envy and vexation, and all because they saw her lead a life so different from theirs. To disoblige and annoy her, they did everything in their power. They even threatened to report her to the Inquisition as a deluded girl and a hypocrite, who was deceiving the world by a false appearance of virtue!

Sickness came upon her in all sorts of shapes. She was three years in bed a paralytic, suffering great torture without shedding a tear, or making the least complaint. These diseases arose from different causes, which all united in her body to give her an increase of torture. Even the physicians were surprised to see her suffer so long, sometimes from tertian, sometimes from quartan fevers, which made her burn with heat and then shiver with cold; for so dried up and attenuated was her body that there seemed to be scarcely anything remaining to nourish fever.

On her part, this heroic woman adored the hand of God in her infirmities, acknowledging that they did not proceed in her from any derangement of the system, as is the case with others, but from the particular dispensation of Christ, who sent them to exercise her patience and to furnish her with opportunities of grace and merit. She was a daughter of affliction. But in the midst of her pains and sorrows, she would look at her crucifix, and exclaim: "Oh, Jesus, increase my sufferings, but increase also Thy divine love in my soul!"

Her charity was boundless. One day when she had nothing to give a poor woman, who begged her for the love of God to give her some old clothes to cover her poor little half-naked children, Rose took a large cloak belonging to her mother, and without any permission beyond that which she interiorly received from God, who inspired her to perform this action, she bestowed it upon the unhappy mendicant. Her mother was displeased with this sort of liberal-

ity; but the Saint humbly entreated her not to be uneasy; and assured her that Almighty God would make her a return far beyond the cost of her cloak. Nor was she deceived in her expectations. During the same day a stranger came in and gave her fifty pieces of money. Three days after, a lady sent her by a servant a piece of cloth large enough to make another cloak; and the Dominicans added to this by sending her another fine piece of cloth.

Rose made herself the attendant and infirmarian of the poor. She took home with her Jane de Bovadilla, a young orphan lady, who, besides her great poverty, had a cancer in her breast, of which no one could bear the insupportable odor. God revealed her condition to the Saint. She went immediately to see the unfortunate girl, offered to wait upon her, and that she might be able to do it, she persuaded her to come to her father's house, where she could render her every kind of assistance. Still, as the Saint knew that her mother was a little too much attached to her own interests, she told her patient that she would hire a room in the house, and that she would give her the money to pay for herself, only requiring that the young lady should keep this a secret. Rose hired the room, brought Miss de Bovadilla to it, charitably waited upon her, and worked more than usual to obtain the money necessary for the payment of the lodging, which the young lady did not quit till she was perfectly recovered.

A little while after, her mother became acquainted with the foregoing case, and gave her leave to bring home sick persons. On receiving this permission, Rose exercised her charity towards the poor women and girls whom she met in the streets, whatever might be their condition. Nor was she satisfied with merely giving them a lodging. She nursed them, made their beds, dressed their ulcers, washed their clothes, and, in short, rendered them every sort of service, making no distinction between the Spaniard and the Indian, the free and the slave, the European or the African Negro.

We are told in the Holy Book that the shadow of St.

Peter restored the sick to health. The mere sight of our Saint often effected a cure. On one occasion Don John d'Almansa, a gentleman of high rank, being dangerously ill, desired very much to speak to Rose once more before he died. She went to see him, to afford him this satisfaction. When the saintly lady entered his room, he remarked quite a heavenly beauty on her pure countenance, from which he conceived a firm hope that she would obtain his cure from Almighty God, who alone could raise him from the sad state to which he was reduced. While she was speaking to him, he fell asleep with this consoling thought in his mind, and awoke as perfectly recovered as if he had never been ill!

Like her charity, our Saint's childlike confidence in God was wonderful. One day, seeing that there was no money in the house to buy provisions, or a bit of bread to eat, she went to open the chest in the assurance that the Almighty, who never abandons those who trust in him, would provide for those so dear to her. She was not deceived. She found the bread-chest full of loaves, whiter and of a different shape from the ones they were accustomed to eat.

On another occasion the supply of honey—which is much used in Peru—having failed, and her brothers having brought word that there was not a single drop remaining, Rose, full of confidence in God, went to the place, and found the vessel quite full of excellent honey. It lasted the family eight months.

When her father, Gasper Florez, was sick and weighed down with sorrow at not being able to pay the sum of fifty livres which he owed, and which he was pressed to return, Rose was informed of the affair. She went to the church and begged of Christ to assist him on the occasion, and not to allow her parent to be put to confusion. As she returned she saw a stranger enter the house. He gave her father a little purse, which contained precisely the sum wanted to satisfy his creditor. On many other occasions, in the great necessities to which her family was often reduced, God favored its members by miraculous means, to reward the

Saint's admirable confidence in His almighty power and goodness

Rose learned by revelation that she would die on the Festival of St. Bartholomew, and when she reached her thirty-first year—which she knew she would not live to complete—she made the wife of Don Gonzalez, her great benefactor and the protector of her family, acquainted with the day and place of her death. She was in perfect health when she communicated this sad intelligence.

God likewise enlightened our Saint as to the extreme sufferings she was to endure at the close of her holy and humble life. He showed her their number, and revealed to her that her pains would be so violent that each member of her body would have its own particular torment. She was told that she would have to suffer the same thirst which tormented our Blessed Redeemer on the Cross, and also a burning heat which would dry up the very marrow in her bones. But the heroine trembled not at the thought of this woeful species of martyrdom.

On the night of the 1st of August, Rose retired to her room in perfect health; but at midnight she was heard piteously crying and moaning. The wife of Don Gonzalez, at whose house she lived, hastened to the Saint's room, and found her extended on the floor, half dead, cold, pulseless, motionless, and scarcely breathing.

Skilled physicians were at once summoned; and after a most careful diagnosis they all declared that her infirmities and sufferings were beyond human endurance, and that such a union of incompatible symptoms was something truly miraculous. They were of opinion, in short, that her illness was not natural, but that the hand of God had sent the torments which thus afflicted His servant. As for Rose herself, in the midst of her agonies of pain, she exhibited the greatest peace of mind, and continually thanked all who attended her for their kindness and devotion.

At length, her last hour arrived. It was towards midnight, and a mysterious noise warned her that the angel of death had come. She received the announcement with joy. Just

before expiring, she requested her brother to remove the bolster from beneath her head, and to place some pieces of wood in its stead. He complied, and she thanked him for this last act of kindness. She placed her head upon the pieces of wood, to die, as it were, upon a sort of Cross, and said twice, "Jesus be with me!" and thus passed away to its heavenly home the pure and beautiful soul of America's first Saint, Rose of Lima. Her precious death took place on the 24th of August, the Feast of St. Bartholomew, in the year 1617.¹

So lovely did death itself appear upon her countenance, that those who remarked the freshness of her complexion and the redness of her lips, which were separated so as to form a pleasing smile, doubted for a long time whether her soul had really quitted the body. They beheld so much brightness in her eyes, and such apparent marks of life, that they could not be satisfied till they had placed a mirror before her mouth, and perceived that she did not in the least tarnish it with her breath. Then they knew that their holy friend had forever bade adieu to the scenes of this world.

¹ On the same night a lady named Aloysia de Serrano had a revelation of the Saint's death; and as Rose and she had promised one another, that the one who died first would make it known to the other, Rose kept her word and informed her friend of her death and of the happiness she enjoyed.—*Father Feuillet, O. P.*

CHAPTER IV.

MIRACLES AND CANONIZATION.

Examination of one hundred and eighty persons—A visit to the Saint's tomb—What a physician saw—The visions of a pious lady—Sinners converted—Two persons raised to life—An incurable arm cured—A poor cripple healed of his infirmities—A child cured of leprosy—Canonization of St. Rose.

The Saints die only to live. Their true glory is beyond the tomb. So it was with the holy daughter of Peru. The fame of her sanctity was so great that in May, 1630, an Apostolic Brief was received at Lima, by which the Sacred Congregation of Rites established a tribunal for the purpose of examining canonically into the life, actions, and miracles of Sister Rose of the Third Order of St. Dominic. Two years were employed in hearing, juridically, one hundred and eighty persons who presented themselves, and deposed on their solemn oath what they had seen.

Nothing more remained to terminate the proceedings but to visit the relics of the servant of God. It was fifteen years after her death. The members of the examining tribunal went to her tomb, and having opened it, they found her bones entire, covered with dry flesh, which exhaled a delightful odor like that of roses.

A physician well known for his virtue, Dr. Juan de Castile, swore before the examining commissioners that Rose had appeared to him several times, fifteen years after her death, environed with an extraordinary light, and that he saw her in the midst of this light, clothed in her religious habit, but so glorious and majestic that he could find no words to depict her splendor. In her right

hand she held a lily, the emblem of her virgin purity ; and she spoke of the happiness of the Saints in so sublime a manner that he would try in vain to express their glory.

In the last examination, made at Lima in 1631, Dr. Juan de Castile deposed on oath that for six months, whenever he made his meditation, either by day or night, he had been permitted to see the more than royal magnificence with which Almighty God rewarded the merits of St. Rose. This he saw by means of an angel whom she sent from Heaven to invite him to witness such a celestial spectacle.

She appeared likewise to a pious widow that lived in Lima. One day when this good lady was enraptured to see the Saint amid a multitude of the blessed, Rose said to her: "Mother, this state of glory is only acquired by generous efforts. Much labor is necessary. But the recompense with which God crowns our trials is exceedingly great. You see how His mercy rewards abundantly, and even beyond my hopes, the pains I suffered, and the few good actions I performed while on earth."

During life the Saint often exhibited her love for her native city and its inhabitants ; and it seems that she testified the same interest for them in Heaven. The pious lady already mentioned was one day praying for Lima. Rose appeared to her and said : "Mother, I will do what you request. God has promised to grant me for these dear people whatever concerns their salvation. Those things which have been recommended to my intercession I remember well, and I shall not fail to ask for them."

The miracles wrought by the Saint after death cannot be here recounted. According to her biographer, the number was so great that a volume might be filled on this subject alone. We merely notice a few of the most remarkable.

When her body was exposed before burial, it was observed that some young libertines who came to the church merely to gaze on the pure beauty of "Lima's holy child," whom they had not been able to look upon attentively during life, returned home penetrated with great contrition, and resolved to change their sinful ways.

Magdalen de Torrez was the daughter of a poor laborer, who dwelt in the outskirts of Lima. She was seized with a violent fever, and died. Everything was ready for the girl's burial, when her mother, placing her confidence in God and St. Rose's protection, laid on the mouth of her dead daughter a piece of a garment which had belonged to our Saint. Wonderful to relate, this girl, who was quite cold and whose body was stiff, opened her eyes, and in the presence of her father and several others who were in the room, arose from the mattress in as perfect health and strength as if she had never been unwell. This happened in October, 1627.

In the year 1631, Anthony Bran, the servant of a pious lady, died of a complication of diseases. His mistress was much afflicted. On visiting the room of the departed, she saw a paper picture of St. Rose on the pillow of the bed. The lady immediately entreated the Saint's protection in her sorrow, and earnestly besought her to obtain from God the life of this good servant. She placed the picture on the corpse, and prayed again with others who were in the room. Anthony came to life, rose up in a sitting position, and proclaimed in a loud voice the marvelous favor he had received through the intercession of St. Rose. The same day he went to her tomb, to return thanks to God and his kind benefactress.

During the time that the remains of the Saint were lying in church before interment, Elizabeth Durand visited the place. She wished to touch the holy body, in order to recover the use of her arm, which the surgeons pronounced incurable. She returned home with the arm perfectly restored.

The miraculous cure of Alphonsus Diaz is not less authentic. He was a poor cripple, well known to hundreds, and begged his bread from door to door in Lima. With much difficulty he dragged himself along on little crutches, on account of a contraction of the nerves, which had some years before so dried up and shortened his feet that he could no longer support himself upon them. In this unhappy condition he prayed near the coffin of St. Rose, and

earnestly invoked her assistance that he might be cured. Suddenly he felt his feet stretch out. He tried his weight upon them, to see if he could walk. He was no longer a cripple. He was overjoyed to find his feet once more possessed of all the vigor and elasticity of youth!

In November, 1631, an orphan babe, ten months old, named Mary, lived at the house of Jerome de Soto Alvarado, who had taken her through charity. This little sufferer was afflicted with leprosy, and was truly a horrible object. The servant of the house, seeing that the physicians despaired of curing the child, went to the Church of St. Dominic to pick up a number of roses which had been placed on the statue of our Saint. She took them home, and without mentioning her intention, applied them to all the marks of leprosy which appeared on the child's body. She then wrapped her unhappy little charge up carefully, carried her to bed, and the next morning found her cured of the leprosy. In ecstasies of joy she ran to acquaint her master. Alvarado hastened to view the wonderful cure; and so astonished was he, that he proceeded at once to give testimony of it before the Apostolic Commissioners who were then examining the life and miracles of St. Rose. This miracle was so public and well authenticated that, to keep it in mind, they ordered that the little girl should be called Mary Rose, which name she bore all her life.

The crowning glory of Rose of Lima was yet to come. She was canonized in 1671 by Pope Clement X., who appointed August 30th for her festival. Thus the Church of God solemnly set the seal of her unerring approval upon that chain of wonders which extended from the cradle to the grave in the career of America's first Saint. What a life of purity, beauty, and childlike simplicity! In this hollow, heartless and pretentious age, it brings forcibly to our minds the profound philosophy embodied in the words of Jesus Christ: "Unless you become as little children, you shall not enter into the Kingdom of Heaven."

SAMUEL DE CHAMPLAIN,

THE

FOUNDER OF THE CITY OF QUEBEC AND FATHER OF CANADA.¹

CHAPTER I.

GLANCES AT CHAMPLAIN'S EARLY CAREER.

Birth and parents—Early years—Henry IV. and Champlain—Visit to the West Indies—Discovery of Canada—The Commander de Chastes—Champlain's first visit to Canada—De Monts and his schemes—Acadia—Visit to the Bay of Fundy—Champlain's labors—Father Aubry lost in the woods—St. Croix—The Coast of Maine—Winter again—The first garden in North America—Fight with Massachusetts Indians—The "Ordre de Bon-Temps."

Samuel de Champlain, whose Catholic name is one of the brightest in the early history of North America, was born in France, in 1567, at Brouage, a small seaport on the Bay of Biscay. His worthy parents were Anthony de Champlain and Margaret le Roy. Of his youth we know little. But his clear head, brave heart, and active spirit obtained early recognition, as we find him, though young in years, a captain in the royal navy. Nor was he a stranger to the

¹ Chief authorities used: Champlain, "Narrative of a Voyage to the West Indies and Mexico, 1599 to 1602," translated by A. Wilmere; "Œuvres de Champlain," publiées par l'Abbé C. H. Laverdière; Père Charlevoix, S. J., "History and General Description of New France," translated by J. G. Shea; Abbé Ferland, "Cours D'Histoire du Canada;" Parkman, "Pioneers of France in the New World;" Parkman, "The Jesuits in North America;" Parkman, "The Old Régime in Canada;" Belknap, "Biographies of the Early Discoverers;" Garneau, "Histoire du Canada;" De Fontpertuis, "Les Français en Amérique."

land, for we are told that he drew his good sword on more than one field of fiery conflict.

At this period the famous Henry IV. guided the destinies of France; and with the keen eye of a soldier he did not fail to see that Champlain was no ordinary man. The Monarch kept him near his person, and as his small purse and great merit were rather out of harmony, Henry settled a pension on the future Founder of Canada.

When peace returned, Champlain determined to visit the West Indies in the interests of France. Spanish jealousy had hitherto excluded all foreigners, and mystery overshadowed the affairs of these islands. The young French commander felt that it would be a good work, however perilous, to throw some light on such a dark corner of the world. He set out on his journey. Through the influence of an uncle, he obtained the command of one of the vessels of a Spanish squadron about to sail for the West Indies. What was the result?

At Dieppe, in France, there is a curious old manuscript in clear, decisive, and somewhat formal handwriting of the sixteenth century, garnished with sixty-one colored pictures. Here we see many ports, harbors, islands, and rivers, adorned with rude portraitures of birds, beasts, and fishes pertaining thereto. Here are Indian feasts and dances—here, too, are descriptions of natural objects, each with its singular illustrative sketch, some drawn from life, some from memory—as the chameleon with two legs—others from hearsay, among which is the portrait of the *griffin* said to haunt certain districts of Mexico, a monster with the wings of a bat, the head of an eagle, and the tail of an alligator. This is Champlain's journal. It is written and illustrated by his own hand, and with the most complete independence of the laws of art. The West Indian adventure occupied him two years and a half.¹ He visited the principal ports of the islands, made plans and sketches of them all, and then, landing at Vera Cruz, journeyed inland to the city of Mexico. Returning, he made his way to Panama. Here,

¹ 1599 to 1602.

more than two centuries and a half ago, his bold and active mind conceived the plan of a ship-canal across the isthmus, "by which," he says, "the voyage to the South Sea¹ would be shortened by more than fifteen hundred leagues."²

When our hero returned to France, the work of his life awaited him. In the first half of the sixteenth century,³ James Cartier, a pious, hardy, and enterprising captain, of St. Malo, discovered Canada, explored its great river, and erected crosses in its soil. Many were the attempts made to colonize the new country, but failure frowned on them all. Providence reserved such a glorious achievement for Samuel de Champlain; and, as a preparation, he was to serve a long apprenticeship in another field of exploration.

At this time there lived in France a man to whom Henry IV. was much indebted, a white-headed veteran, a devout Catholic, and a stern soldier. It was the Commander de Chastes. He wished to end his days engaged in some noble work. To plant the Cross and the *fleur-de-lis*⁴ in the wilderness of Canada became the object of his laudable ambition. He went to Court to beg a patent. "And though his head," writes Champlain, "was crowned with gray hairs as with years, he resolved to proceed in person to New France, and dedicate the rest of his days to the service of God and his King."

The patent was readily granted. With himself De Chastes associated several merchants of Dieppe, and fixed his eye on Champlain as one of the men to aid in carrying out such a cherished enterprise. Well the veteran knew the young officer's merit and experience. A preliminary exploration was agreed upon. Two small vessels were put in readiness at Honfleur, and spreading his canvas, Champlain stood across the Atlantic in the year 1603.⁵ After buffeting the billows for many a day, they came in sight of the wild shores of the New World, and held their course up the lonely St. Lawrence. For the first time the eagle glance of

¹ The Pacific Ocean.

² Parkman.

³ 1534-35.

⁴ The royal insignia of France.

⁵ In this voyage Champlain was accompanied by Pontgravé, a merchant of St. Malo, who had already been in Canada; he had spent some time in trading at Tadoussac.

Champlain took in the bare cliffs of Quebec, but all was solitude, and the little ships bravely bore against the stream until the island of Montreal was reached. There stood Mount Royal, clothed in its wild but stately forest garment, rising before the eye in all the majesty of savage grandeur.

Champlain explored a portion of the island, and, with the aid of a few Indians, tried to pass the St. Louis Rapids. He tried in vain, however, and was forced to return. He then made many inquiries of the redmen concerning their country, its rivers, falls, lakes, mines, and mountains. On the deck of his vessel the Indians drew a rude map of the river above, exhibiting, with more or less correctness, its chain of rapids, the vast lakes by which it is fed, and the wandering tribes living near its banks.

The hardy but baffled explorer now turned the prows of his vessels homeward, and reached Havre de Grace only to learn of the death of the worthy veteran, the Commander de Chastes.

The mantle of De Chastes fell upon the shoulders of Peter du Guast, Sieur de Monts. This nobleman wished to colonize *Acadia*,¹ and the French King, by granting him a patent, encouraged the enterprise. He was constituted Lieutenant-General of all the territory from the fortieth to the forty-sixth degree of north latitude, with power to subdue the natives and convert them to the Catholic faith.² De Monts equipped two vessels, and sailed for his new government in March, 1604. Champlain was pilot of the expedition.

In May they arrived at a harbor on the southeast side of the peninsula of Acadia, where they found one of their countrymen, named Rossignol, trading with the Indians without license. They seized his ship and cargo; but left him the poor consolation of giving his name to the harbor

¹ Acadia, or Acadie, was the name of the peninsula now called Nova Scotia, from its first settlement by the French, in 1604, till its final cession to the English, in 1713. In the original commission of the King of France, New Brunswick and a part of Maine were included in Acadia, but practically the colony was restricted to the peninsula.—*American Cyclopædia*.

² De Monts, though a Calvinist, was obliged to promise that the Indians would be instructed in the true Faith.

where he was taken. The provisions found in his vessel were a most seasonable supply, for without them the enterprise must have been abandoned. The place is now called Liverpool.

Coasting along the peninsula to the southwest, they doubled Cape Sable, and came to anchor in St. Mary's Bay. One day a party went on shore and strolled through the forest. Among them was Father Nicholas Aubry, of Paris. He separated from his companions, and got lost in the dense woods. In vain they searched, shouting his name to the echoing solitudes. Trumpets were sounded and cannon fired, but Father Aubry appeared not. He was given up for dead, and after sixteen days they quit-
ted the place.

The voyagers now proceeded to explore the Bay of Fundy,¹ called by De Monts La Bay Françoise. On the eastern side of the Bay they discovered a narrow strait, into which they entered, and soon found themselves in a spacious basin, environed with hills, down which trickled streams of fresh water in all their silvery beauty. Between the hills ran a fine navigable river, which they named the Equille. Baron de Pontrincourt, a member of the expedition, was delighted with the scene. Here he even determined to make his residence, and having obtained a grant of it from De Monts, the Catholic nobleman gave it the name of Port Royal.²

From this point they sailed farther into the great Bay, to visit a copper-mine. It was a high rock on a promontory between two bays. The copper, though mixed with stone, was found to be very pure. Crystals and curious colored stones were also found, and specimens of these were sent to Henry IV.

On a further examination of the coast, they came to a great river to which they gave the name of the St. John. It was swarming with fish and full of islands. The voyagers sailed up this river about fifty leagues, and were extremely

¹ The Bay of Fundy is about 170 miles long and from 30 to 50 miles wide. It is remarkable for its extraordinary tides, which rush up from the sea with such rapidity as sometimes to overtake swine feeding on shellfish on the shores.

² Now Annapolis.

delighted with the vast quantity of grapes which grew on its banks. At last they anchored in Passamaquoddy Bay.

The untiring Champlain, exploring, surveying, sounding, had made charts of all the principal roads and harbors; and now, pursuing his research, he entered a river which he calls *La Rivière des Etechemins*. Near its mouth he found an islet, fenced around with rocks and shoals, and called it *St. Croix*, a name now borne by the river itself.¹ With singular infelicity, this spot was chosen as the site of the new colony. It commanded the river, and was well fitted for defense. These were its only merits. Cannon, however, were landed on it, a battery was planted on a detached rock at one end, and a fort begun on a rising ground at the other.²

At *St. Mary's Bay* the voyagers had found, or thought they had found traces of iron and silver. A pilot was now sent back to pursue the search. As he and his men lay at anchor, fishing, not far from land, one of them heard a strange sound, like a weak human voice. They looked towards the shore, and saw a small black figure in motion, seemingly a hat waved at the end of a stick. Rowing in haste to the spot, they found Father Aubry. For sixteen days the unhappy priest had wandered in the woods, sustaining life on berries and wild fruits. He was but a shadow of his former self. When he was carried to *St. Croix*, his companions greeted him as one risen from the grave.³

Various habitations were erected on *St. Croix*. It was determined to found a colony. The winter, however, proved extremely severe. To add to the miseries of the ice-bound Frenchmen, scurvy attacked them, and thirty-six of their number soon peopled the little cemetery. The remaining forty, who were nearly all sick and dispirited, lingered till the spring, when their woes diminished, and they gradually

¹ The name of *St. Croix* (or Holy Cross) was given to the island because that two leagues higher there were brooks which "came cross-wise to fall within this large branch of the sea."—*Belknap*.

The *St. Croix River* now forms the N. E. boundary between the United States and British America. It is about 125 miles long.

² Parkman.

³ *Ibid*.

recovered by means of the fresh vegetation. "Yet among them," writes Parkman, "there was one at least, who, amid languor and defection, held to his purpose with an indomitable tenacity; and where Champlain was present there was no room for despair."

Weary of St. Croix, De Monts would fain seek out a more auspicious site, whereon to rear the capital of his wilderness dominion. During the previous September, Champlain had ranged the westward coast in a pinnace, visited and named the cliffs of Mount Desert, and entered the mouth of the River Penobscot. Now, embarking a second time in a bark of fifteen tons, with De Monts, several gentlemen, twenty sailors, and an Indian and his squaw, the future Founder of Quebec set forth in June, 1605, on a second voyage of discovery. Along the strangely indented coast of Maine, by reef and surf-washed island, black headland and deep-embosomed bay—by Mount Desert and the Penobscot, the Kennebec, Portsmouth Harbor, and the Isles of Shoals—landing daily, holding conference with Indians, giving and receiving gifts—they held their course, like some adventurous party of pleasure, along those now familiar shores. Champlain, who, we are told, "delighted marvelously in these enterprises," busied himself, after his wont, with taking observations, sketching, making charts, and exploring with an insatiable avidity the wonders of the land and the sea. Of the latter, the horseshoe-crab awakened his especial curiosity, and he describes it at length, with an amusing accuracy. With equal care and truth he paints the Indians, whose round, mat-covered lodges they could see at times thickly strewn along the shores, and who, from bays, inlets, and sheltering islands, came out to meet the Frenchmen in canoes of bark or wood. They were an agricultural race. Patches of corn, beans, tobacco, squashes, and various eatable roots lay near all their wigwams.¹

The voyagers finally came to Cape Cod, on the coast of Massachusetts. In some of the places passed, the land was most inviting, and particular notice is taken of the grapes.

¹ Parkman.

But the savage natives appeared to be numerous, unfriendly, and thievish. De Monts, however, preferred safety to pleasure, and returned first to St. Croix, and then to Port Royal. Here he found a ship from France with fresh supplies, and a reinforcement of forty men. The stores which had been deposited at St. Croix were removed across the Bay of Fundy, but the buildings were left standing. New houses were erected at the mouth of the river which runs into the basin of Port Royal. There the stores and people were lodged.

De Monts, having put his affairs in good order, embarked for France, leaving Pontgravé as his lieutenant. Champlain and another pilot were to perfect the settlement, and continue to explore the country.

The winter of 1605-6 came on. The colonists it seems were plentifully supplied by the Indians with venison, and a great trade in furs was carried on. Nothing is said of the scurvy; but they had a short allowance of bread. This, however, was not from any scarcity of grain; but because they had no other mill to grind it than the hand-mill, which required hard and unceasing labor. So much did the red men hate this unromantic exercise that they preferred hunger to the task of grinding corn, though they were offered half of it in payment. Only six men died in the course of this winter.

Spring came around, and Baron de Poutrincourt began his plantation. A spot of ground was cleared. Within fifteen days, he sowed grains and several kinds of garden vegetables. Thus the first field, cultivated by white hands, that marked the wild, shaggy continent of North America from Florida to the Pole, owed its existence to the enthusiastic industry of a Catholic nobleman. This is a trifling fact, but one not unworthy of remembrance.

In the fall of 1606, Champlain, accompanied by Poutrincourt, again set forth on a voyage of discovery. Their vessel was a miserable craft of eighteen tons. It was roughly handled by the gales of autumn. Coasting along to Nantucket Sound, they became disgusted, and turned

back. It was battling with danger and hardship for nothing.

Along the eastern verge of Cape Cod the voyagers found the shore thickly studded with the wigwams of a race who were less hunters than tillers of the soil. At Chatham Harbor five of the company, who, contrary to orders, had remained on shore all night, were assailed as they slept around their fire by a shower of arrows from four hundred Indians. Two were killed outright, while the frightened survivors fled for their boat, bristled like porcupines. The scene is oddly portrayed by the pencil of Champlain. He, with Poutrincourt and eight men, hearing the cries for aid, and the war-whoops of the savages, sprang up from sleep, and charged the yelling, dusky multitude, who fled before their spectral assailants. The French buried their dead comrades; but as they chanted their funeral hymn, the Indians, at a safe distance on a neighboring hill, were dancing in glee and triumph, and mocking them with unseemly gestures, and no sooner had the party re-embarked than they dug up the dead bodies, burned them, and arrayed themselves in their shirts.¹

After a perilous voyage, Champlain and his companions arrived at Port Royal on the 14th of November. The manner in which they spent the third winter was social and festive. At the chief table—to which fifteen persons belonged—an Order was established by the name of “L’Ordre de Bon-Temps.” It was the work of the ever-cheerful Champlain.

Each was Grand Master for a day, during which he wore the collar of the Order, donned a napkin, and carried the staff of office. After supper he resigned his accoutrements, with the ceremony of drinking a cup of wine to the health of his successor. It seems this was an excellent institution. Its advantage was that each member was emulous to be prepared for his day as Grand Master, by previously hunting or fishing, or purchasing fish and game of the simple natives. It was a point of honor to fill the post with credit.

¹ Parkman.

The invited guests were Indian chiefs.¹ Those of humbler degree—warriors, squaws, and children—sat on the floor, or crouched together in the corners of the hall, eagerly waiting their portion of biscuit or of bread—a novel and much-coveted luxury. Treated always with kindness, they became fond of the French, who often followed them on their moose-hunts, and shared their winter bivouac.²

Only four died this winter; and it is remarked that they were “sluggish and fretful.”

Leaving the story of French Acadia, its struggles and misfortunes, we must now follow the footsteps of Champlain to a new field of activity and enterprise—a field where he toiled with the shining virtue of a true Christian and the indomitable energy of a hero, where success finally smiled on his enlightened and well-directed toil, and he founded a nation, which to-day finds a conspicuous place on the map of North America.

¹ The principal of these was an old chief by the name of Memberton, a fast friend of the French, and still a redoubted warrior, though over one hundred years of age. He was, perhaps the first adult convert made by the French missionaries in North America. Father La Fleche was his pious instructor. “Memberton was first catechised,” says Parkman. “confessed his sins, and renounced the Devil, whom, we are told, he had faithfully served during a hundred and ten years. His squaws, his children, his grandchildren, his entire clan, were next won over. It was in June, the Day of St. John the Baptist, when the naked proselytes, twenty-one in number, were gathered on the shore at Port Royal. Here was the priest in the vestments of his office; here were gentlemen in gay attire, soldiers, laborers, lackeys—all the infant colony. The converts kneeled; the sacred rite was finished, the *Te Deum* was sung, and the roar of cannon proclaimed to the astonished wilderness this triumph over the powers of darkness. Memberton was named Henri, after the King; his principal squaw, Marie, after the Queen. One of his sons received the name of the Pope, another that of the Dauphin; his daughter was called Marguerite, after Marguerite of Valois, and, in like manner, the rest of the squalid company exchanged their barbaric appellations for the names of princes, nobles, and ladies of rank.”—*Pioneers of France in the New World*, p. 254.

Old Memberton, or Henri, continued faithful, and died a devout Christian.

² Parkman.

CHAPTER II.

THE PRINCE OF PIONEERS IN CANADA.

Champlain's love of adventure—He founds the city of Quebec—How he strangled a conspiracy—Spending the winter at Quebec—A woeful scene of destitution—The Hurons and Algonquins—The Iroquois—Discovery of Lake Champlain—A battle with the Iroquois—Homeward bound.

Turning away from Acadia and its ruined hopes, De Monts, at the suggestion of Champlain, fixed his eyes on Canada. He made his projects known to Henry IV., and solicited a monopoly of the fur trade for one year. His request was granted. This privilege began in January, 1608. Many advantages were expected to flow from establishing a colony on the River St. Lawrence.

Champlain, at this time, was in Paris; but his unquiet thoughts turned westward. He was enamored of the New World, whose rugged charms had seized his fancy and his heart; and as explorers of Arctic Seas have pined in their repose for polar ice and snow, so did he, with restless longing, revert to the fog-wrapped coasts, the piny odors of forests, the noise of waters, the sharp and piercing sunlight, so dear to his remembrance. Fain would he unveil the mystery of that boundless wilderness, and plant the Catholic Faith and the power of France amid its ancient barbarism. Five years before, he had explored the St. Lawrence as far as the rapids above Montreal. On its banks, as he thought, was the true site for a settlement, a fortified post, whence, as from a secure basis, the waters of the vast inte-

rior might be traced back towards their sources, and a western route discovered to China and the East

Early in the summer of 1608, a vessel pursued its solitary course up the St. Lawrence. It was from Hontfleur, and was commanded by Samuel de Champlain. After sailing many a league up the lordly river, the hardy voyagers came to a point where the vast channel narrows to a mile in width. The bold cliffs of Quebec mirrored their bare, rugged features in the waters below. Here the anchor was cast on the 3d of July, for the keen eye of Champlain marked the wild but picturesque spot as the site of a city—to-day, the most historic city in America.¹ "Two centuries and a half," says Parkman, "have quickened the solitude with swarming life, covered the deep bosom of the river with barge and steamer

¹ Parkman.

² The word Quebec is of Indian origin, and means a *strait, or narrowing of the river*. The learned Abbé Ferland writes: "Quant au mot *Kébec* (Quebec), il n'y a pas à douter qu'il se soit d'origine algonquine. Champlain et Lescarbot le disent expressément; le premier le répète jusqu'à deux fois. Dans les différents dialectes algonquins, *Kepak* ou *Kébec* signifie rétrécissement d'une rivière." "Quebec," dit M. Richer Lafèche, "veut dire, chez les Cris *c'est bouche*. Il vient de *Kepak*, temps indéfini du verbe *Kipao*."

"Voici ce qu'écrivait à ce sujet M. Jean-Marie Bellanger, ancien missionnaire, un des hommes de notre temps que ont le mieux connu la langue des Micmacs: 'Kébec, en micmac, veut dire *rétrécissement des eaux* formé par deux langues ou pointes de terre qui se croisent. Dans les premiers temps que j'étais dans les missions, je descendais de Ristigouche à Carleton; les deux sauvages qui me menaient en canot, répétant souvent le mot Kébec je leur demandai s'ils se préparaient à aller bientôt à Québec. Ils me répondirent: *Non; regarde les deux pointes et l'eau qui est resserrée en dedans—on appelle cela Kébec en notre langue*.'"—*Cours d'Histoire du Canada*, Vol. I., p. 90.

Quebec is now the capital of the Province of Quebec. It is 180 miles N. E. of Montreal, and nearly 400 miles from the Gulf of St. Lawrence. Its population in 1871 was 53,002; and of these 52,357 were Catholics. It is a walled city, and on account of its massive fortifications, has been styled the "Gibraltar of America." The ancient college, founded by the Jesuit Fathers in 1633, was occupied as a barrack by the English troops after 1812.

Of the great institutions in the city founded by Champlain, the most famous is Laval University. This Catholic seat of learning was founded in 1852, by the Seminary of Quebec, which was itself founded in 1683, by the venerable Laval, first Bishop of Canada. By Royal charter it confers degree in arts, science, law and medicine; and it possesses flourishing schools in each of these departments. The Holy See empowered the University to confer all degrees in theology; and in 1876, the illustrious Pius IX, by Letters Apostolic, raised it canonically to the rank, dignity, and privileges of a Catholic University. It has several of the finest museums and collections for the study of science in America, besides a complete philosophical apparatus, chemical laboratory, herbarium, splendid gallery of paintings, and a library of 55,000 volumes. Among its distinguished professors have been the Abbé Ferland, author of *Cours d'Histoire du Canada*; Rev. Dr. B. Paquet, author of *Le Liberalisme*; Rev. Dr. Bégin, author of *La Primauté et l'Infaillibilité du Souverain Pontife*; Abbé Laverdière, editor of *Relation des Jésuites*; Judges Morin, Crémazie, and others. The Very Rev. Thomas E. Hamel, M. A., V. G., Rector of the University, is a native of Quebec, and was born in 1830. He made a special study of science in France.—*History of the Catholic Church in the United States*, p. 465.

and gliding sail, and reared cities and villages on the site of forests. but nothing can destroy the surpassing grandeur of the scene."

A few weeks passed, and a pile of wooden buildings rose on the brink of the St. Lawrence, on or near the site of the market-place of the Lower Town of Quebec. The pencil of Champlain, always regardless of proportion and perspective, has preserved its semblance. A strong wooden wall, surmounted by a gallery loop-holed for musketry, enclosed three buildings, containing quarters for himself and his men together with a court-yard, from one side of which rose a tall dove-cot like a belfry. A moat surrounded the whole, and two or three small cannon were planted on salient platforms towards the river. There was a large magazine near at hand, and a part of the adjacent ground was laid out as a garden. Thus began the oldest city on the St. Lawrence, the future capital of Canada, and the strongest fortress in the New World.¹

"Our habitation," wrote Champlain, "is in forty-six and a half degrees north latitude. The country is pleasant and beautiful. It is suitable for all sorts of grains. The forests are stocked with every kind of trees. Fruit trees are plentiful—wild, of course, none being cultivated—as the walnut, cherry, plum, raspberry, gooseberry, etc. The rivers produce fish in abundance, and the quantity of game is infinite."

Scarcely was the corner-store of Quebec laid, when a serious piece of news came to the ears of Champlain. Several base and turbulent spirits among the workmen were hatching a plot to kill him, and to deliver the place into the hands of certain Spaniards, then at Tadoussac. All this was not to be done for nothing. A vagabond locksmith, named Duval, was at the head of the movement. One of the conspirators, conscience-smitten, no doubt, discovered the whole fiendish affair to Champlain.

¹ Parkman.

² Champlain montra la sûreté de son coup d'œil non-enlement dans le choix qu'il fit d'une position avantageuse pour la future capitale du Canada, mais encore lorsque, peu de temps après, il désigna le site d'un autre fort à l'endroit, qui est devenu le centre de la ville de Montréal.—*Abbé Ferland*.

After a careful examination, rigorous justice was meted out to the ringleader. "Duval's body swinging from a gibbet," writes Parkman, "gave wholesome warning to those he had seduced; and his head was displayed on a pike, from the highest roof of the building, food for birds, and a lesson to sedition." This act of vigor re-established submission among the malcontents. The other guilty ones acknowledged their fault, and received pardon. And thus ended a conspiracy which placed the infant colony on the very verge of destruction, by menacing the days of the only man capable by his prudence and marvelous energy to build up such a vast enterprise, surrounded by difficulties.

With twenty-eight men, Champlain resolved to spend the winter at Quebec. The works already begun progressed as the fall passed away; but during the long winter, all hands found sufficient occupation to cut and carry fire-wood, or to battle with the inevitable scurvy.

It seems that the Indians around the new settlement were a miserable herd. Their laziness was nearly boundless, and their accomplishments may be briefly summed up by saying that they were skilled liars, filthy and cowardly in an extreme degree. With such neighbors, it is scarcely necessary to say that Champlain had abundant opportunity for the exercise of his patience and charity.

On one occasion a group of wretched beings was seen on the farther bank of the St. Lawrence, like wild animals driven by famine to the borders of the settlers' clearing. The river was full of drifting ice; none could cross without risk of life. The Indians in their desperation made the attempt; and midway their canoes were ground to atoms among the tossing masses. Agile as wild-cats, they all leaped upon a huge raft of ice, the squaws carrying their children on their shoulders, a feat at which Champlain marveled when he saw their starved and emaciated condition. Here they began a wail of despair; when happily the pressure of other masses thrust the sheet of ice against the northern shore. Landing, they soon made their appearance at the fort, worn to skeletons and horrible to look upon.

The French gave them food, which they devoured with a frenzied avidity, and, unappeased, fell upon a dead dog left on the snow by Champlain for two months past as a bait for foxes. They broke this carrion into fragments, thawed and devoured it, to the disgust of the spectators, who vainly tried to prevent them.¹

At length, the ice drifted down the river, and the sun of May chased the snow from hill and valley. The hardy Champlain and but eight of his men survived the winter. The other twenty had succumbed to the grim fight with scurvy, and taken their solemn way to the silent tomb. The little French colony had, indeed, come to sit down on the banks of the mighty St. Lawrence; but ere it became firmly attached to the soil, it was condemned to be shaken by storms, to be scourged by disease, to be tormented by the Iroquois, and to be attacked by its neighbors of New England. For a long time it was really on the point of perishing; but, aided by Providence, it gradually took firm root, and finished by becoming naturalized under the rigorous sky of Canada.²

The summer came, and with it fresh supplies from France. Champlain resolved at once to begin his long-meditated explorations, by which, like La Salle seventy years later, he had good hope of finding a way to China. But there was a lion in the path. The Indian tribes, war-hawks of the wilderness, to whom peace was unknown, infested with their scalping parties the streams and pathways of the forest, increasing ten-fold its inseparable risks. To danger the Founder of Canada was more than indifferent, but he prudently sought to make friends of the red men who roamed the vast wilderness that stretched along the north side of the St. Lawrence.

At that time, two great Indian families—the Hurons and Algonquins—ranged the woods of Canada and claimed possession of its soil. The Algonquin territory may be said to have extended from Quebec along to the headwaters of the Ottawa river; while the Huron country lay south of Geor-

¹ Parkman.² Ferland.

gian Bay, within comparatively narrow limits. The Hurons and Algonquins were allies in a deadly struggle with the Iroquois, or Five Nations. These occupied the central part of the State of New York, and were famous warriors, of hardy mould and fierce disposition.

The hour for action on the part of Champlain soon arrived. An Algonquin chief from the wild banks of the Ottawa came to Quebec, and begged the commander to aid him against his enemies, the Iroquois. Champlain consented, and threw his power on the side of his red neighbors. War and exploration were thus destined to go hand in hand.

Early in the summer of 1609, a war party in high glee might be seen paddling up the St. Lawrence, from Quebec towards some distant point. It was a band of Huron and Algonquin warriors, and Champlain was in company. They were on their way to attack the Mohawks. Let us follow them: On coming to the Richelieu,¹ they turned, pursued their course up its channel, and entered the beautiful lake which to-day bears the name of Champlain. He was the first white man who gazed on its crystal bosom.²

A review of their forces showed that they mustered twenty-four canoes and sixty warriors. To these may be added Champlain and his two Frenchmen, well armed.

The canoes shot along the waters of the lake, and, when not far from the historic site of Crown Point, the allies fell in with a party of their enemies. The mingled war-cries were echoed by the neighboring hills and mountains. Evening was casting its shade over land and water. The Iroquois landed, and spent the night in active preparations, but the Hurons and Algonquins remained on the lake, their canoes being made fast together. Both parties had agreed that the fight should be deferred till daybreak.

It was the 30th of July. As day approached, Champlain

¹ The Richelieu river is the outlet of Lake Champlain. It falls into the St. Lawrence at the town of Sorel, 45 miles below Montreal. It is about 80 miles in length.

² Lake Champlain lies between New York and Vermont, and extends from Whitehall in the former State to St. John's in Canada. It is 136 miles long, and varies in breadth from 40 rods to 15 miles. It contains many islands and is navigable throughout its whole extent. Many an historic scene lies along its shores.—*American Cyclopædia*.

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CHAMPLAIN FIGHTING THE BATTLE OF THE INDIANS.

and his two followers put on the light armor of the time. Champlain wore the doublet and long hose then in vogue. Over the doublet he buckled on a breastplate, and probably a back-piece, while his thighs were protected by *cuisse*s of steel, and his head by a plumed casque. Across his shoulder hung the strap of his bandoleer, or ammunition-box; at his side was his sword, and in his hand his arquebuse,¹ which he had loaded with four balls. Such was the equipment of this ancient Indian fighter, whose exploits date eleven years before the landing of the Puritans at Plymouth, and sixty-six years before King Philip's War.²

At the first rays of the morning sun, the Hurons and Algonquins landed, taking care to conceal Champlain and his two followers in the midst of their ranks. On the other side, about two hundred Iroquois advanced from their rude barricades. They were bold, fierce-looking warriors, and, stepped to the battle-ground with much order and steadiness. At their head were three chiefs, whose long plumes made them conspicuous.

The contending hosts were soon face to face. The allies now opened their ranks, and loudly called on their champion to advance. Champlain came to the front, and only halted about thirty steps from the Iroquois. He appeared like a warlike apparition in their path, and they stood staring in mute astonishment at the odd clothing and calm, dauntless bearing of the stranger.

But after a moment's hesitation, however, they prepared to attack the allies. Champlain quickly raised his gun to his shoulder, and took a well-directed aim. Two of the Iroquois chiefs dropped dead, and one of the warriors was mortally wounded. Then arose a wild yell such as would have drowned a thunder-clap, and the air was thick with arrows. Suddenly the two Frenchmen came to the front, and another deadly discharge of fire-arms did its work. The Iroquois broke and fled in terror, and the victory was com-

¹ The arquebuse was a matchlock or firelock somewhat like the modern carbine, and from its shortness not ill-suited for use in the forest.—*Parkman*.

² *Parkman*.

plete. The savage joy of the Hurons and Algonquins at the speedy and triumphant issue of the conflict was indescribable.¹

The victors made a prompt retreat from the scene of their triumph. Three or four days brought them to the mouth of the Richelieu. Here they separated; the Hurons and Algonquins made for the Ottawa—their homeward route—each with a share of prisoners for future torments. At parting they invited Champlain to visit their towns, and aid them again in their wars—an invitation which this paladin of the woods failed not to accept.²

¹ Thus did New France rush into collision with the redoubted warriors of the Five Nations. Here was the beginning—in some measure, doubtless, the cause of a long suite of murderous conflicts, bearing havoc and flame to generations yet unborn. Champlain had invaded the tiger's den, and now, in smothered fury, the patient savage would lie, biding his day of blood.—*Parkman*.

² *Parkman*.

CHAPTER II.

HOW A PATHWAY TO CHINA WAS NOT FOUND.

Champlain's visit to France—Returns to Canada—The attack on an Iroquois fortress—Meets two hundred Indians—Death of Henry IV.—Marriage of Champlain—His unceasing toil and activity—The imposter Du Vignon, and the voyage up the Ottawa—Coming down the stream—Algonquin fear of the Iroquois—At the Chaudière Falls—In France.

Champlain on his return to Quebec, resolved to proceed to France, in order to render an account to De Monts of the work which he had accomplished in the wilderness of Canada, during the last twelve months. He sailed in the fall of 1609, in company with Pontgravé, leaving as commandant in his absence Captain Peter Chauvin.

The hero of the Canadian forests was favorably received by Henry IV., to whom he presented a belt wrought in embroidery of the dyed quills of the porcupine. The lively King listened with pleasure as Champlain recounted his expeditions and adventures by lake, and land, and rushing river. The stay in France, however, was brief. Early in the spring of 1610, he again put to sea, and soon reached Quebec. He found his men in excellent health and spirits.

Nor did Champlain take a moment's rest. He longed to explore the unknown solitudes. He was met by Indian deputations. He was earnestly sought, as a valuable ally. He was both to fight and to explore, but, to use his own words, he had "two strings to his bow." The Algonquins promised to guide him to Hudson Bay, the Hurons said they would show him the Great Lakes, with the mines of copper on their shores; and to each the same reward was

promised—to join them against the common foe, the deadly Iroquois. The rendezvous was at the mouth of the River Richelieu, and thither Champlain now repaired.¹

It was past the middle of June when the ever-active explorer reached the point of destination. He was accompanied by four of his men, and, as for Algonquin warriors, they were in abundance. Suddenly a war-cry was raised. A party of Algonquins had discovered about one hundred Iroquois strongly entrenched in the woods at some distance away. The enemy had formed a circular barricade by means of large fallen trees, with the branches crossed and interlaced. With wild yells the savages rushed to attack this wooden fortress.

Champlain and his men were left behind in the race; and without waiting for them, the Algonquin warriors charged the Iroquois entrenchments. They were very warmly received, and were far from having made any progress when Champlain appeared on the scene. A shout now arose that resounded for miles through the unbroken forests, and the attack was renewed with desperation as the allies surrounded the enclosure. The Iroquois fought like tigers; but again the gun did its work. Even the fierce Mohawk quailed before the destructive fire of the white man; the barricades were scaled, and the awful work of carnage soon terminated. "By the grace of God," wrote Champlain, "behold the battle won!" But he did not escape unharmed. A stone-headed arrow had split his ear, and torn its way through the muscles of his neck.

The next day a reinforcement of two hundred Hurons and Algonquins arrived, under the command of a famous chief called Iroquet. In harsh, guttural tones the newcomers loudly expressed regret at not being in time to take part in the recent fight with the Mohawks; but their joy was unbounded at seeing for the first time the Europeans of whom they had heard so much. The rude son of the forest viewed the hardy, courteous, and adventurous son of France, with his strange dress, strange appearance and stranger weapons, as a

¹ Parkman.

wonderful human curiosity—in short, a most mysterious being.

Before bidding adieu to his dusky friends, Champlain requested the chief, Iroquet, to take with him a young Frenchman, who was to visit the lakes, rivers, and mines, and at the same time, learn the Indian tongue. The chief not only consented, but promised to treat the young man as his own son; and in return Champlain took with him and carried to Paris a young Huron, to whom he gave the name of Savignon.

When Champlain reached Quebec, he heard sad news. Henry IV. had fallen under the knife of an assassin. The royal friend who had smiled on all his enterprises was no more. He at once hastened to France in the interest of the colony.

At this time there lived at Paris a gifted and beautiful girl, Mlle. Helena Boullé, daughter of Nicholas Boullé, Secretary of the Royal Chamber. She was but twelve years of age, and was destined to be Champlain's bride. The marriage took place early in 1611. The hardy veteran of sea and land not only loved his child-wife, but became her instructor, and had the glory of making her a pious and sincere Catholic. She had been secretly brought up a Protestant—a fact unknown to him for some time. God blessed them, and to the end they were most happy companions. On account of her extreme youth, however, Champlain left his wife to reside at Paris, near her parents; and ten years passed away before she followed him to Canada to share his toils and his hardships.

In May, 1611, Champlain was again in Quebec, passed up the river, and, within the present limits of the city of Montreal, cleared a piece of ground as a site for a trading post. He called it *Place Royale*.¹ He had many a long conference with the Indians, and on one occasion he made the experiment of shooting St. Louis Rapids in a birch-bark canoe.²

¹ The hospital of the Gray Nuns was built on a portion of Champlain's *Place Royale*.—*Parkman*.

² The first white man to descend the rapids of St. Louis was a youth who had volunteered, the previous summer, to go with the Hurons to their country and winter among them—a proposal to which Champlain gladly assented. The second was a young man named Louis, who had gone up

A few months later we find him in France. In spite of all his efforts, the little colony in Canada was fading away. He alone was its life and soul.¹ But something more was necessary. Another was wanted. A powerful protector must be had—a great name to shield the enterprise from assaults and intrigues of jealous rival interests. On reaching Paris, he addressed himself to a prince of the blood, Charles of Bourbon, Comte de Soissons; described New France, its resources, its boundless extent, urged the need of unfolding a mystery pregnant perhaps with results of the deepest moment, laid before him maps and memoirs, and begged him to become the guardian of this new world. The royal consent being obtained, the Comte de Soissons became Lieutenant-General for the King in New France, with vice-regal powers. These, in turn, he conferred upon Champlain, making him his lieutenant, with full control over the trade in furs at and above Quebec, and with power to associate with himself such persons as he saw fit, to aid in the exploration and settlement of the country.²

Again Champlain is on the Atlantic, with the prow of his vessel turned towards the New World. He arrived at Quebec in May, 1613, after an absence of nearly two years, during which he had been unceasingly occupied in furthering the interests of the little colony. He found all in excellent health, a proof of the salubrity of the climate.

It had long been the desire of Champlain to penetrate the great country of the west. One of his men, named Nicholas du Vignon, had passed a winter with the Algonquins of the Ottawa. He came back with a tale of wonders; for, writes Champlain, "he was the most impudent liar that has been seen for many a day."

He averred that at the sources of the Ottawa he had found a great lake, that he had crossed it, and discovered a river flowing northwards; that he had descended this river,

with Indians to an island in the rapids, to shoot herons, and was drowned in the descent. The third was Champlain himself.—*Parkman*.

¹ Since the death of Henry IV., De Monts had lost all the influence which he had before possessed at Court.—*Abbé Ferland*.

² *Parkman*.

and reached the shores of the sea; that here he had seen the wreck of an English ship, whose crew, escaping to land, had been killed by the Indians; and that this sea was distant from Montreal only seventeen days by canoe. The clearness, consistency, and apparent simplicity of his story deceived Champlain.

Anxious to set out on the path of discovery, the illustrious explorer left the isle of St. Helena¹ in May, with two canoes, four Frenchmen, and an Indian. They passed over Lake St. Louis, and entered the Ottawa river. Champlain recounts his voyage with such clearness that, among the many details given, it is still quite easy to recognize the spots which he visited. His description of the picturesque site of the present city of Ottawa is, indeed, most accurate.

Pushing along his rugged way, he came to the Isle des Allumettes, the principal seat of the Algonquin nation. Nothing can picture the astonishment of the dusky horde, when they saw Champlain—the “great French war-captain.” Warriors stood in amazement, squaws stared, and naked children ran away. A chief offered the calumet, exclaiming: “These white men must have fallen from the clouds. How else could they have reached us through the woods and rapids which even we find it hard to pass? The French chief can do anything. All that we have heard of him must be true.”

After a repast of fish, Champlain hastened to pay his respects to Tessouat, one of the most powerful of the Algonquin chiefs. Tessouat was astonished and overjoyed. He gave expressions to his feelings of unusual delight by making a solemn feast. All the neighboring chiefs were invited, and the cabin was well swept.

The singular ceremony and what followed it cannot be better described than in the picturesque language of Parkman. Champlain and his Frenchmen, writes the prince of American word-painters, were seated on skins in the place

¹ Parkman.

² A little island in the St. Lawrence, near the city of Montreal. Champlain named it in honor of his wife.

of honor, and the naked guests appeared in quick succession, each with his wooden dish and spoon, and each ejaculating his guttural salute as he stooped at the low door. The spacious cabin was full. The congregated wisdom and prowess of the nation sat expectant on the bare earth. Each long bare arm thrust forth its dish in turn, as the host served out the banquet, in which, as courtesy enjoined, he himself was to have no share.

First, a mess of pounded maize, wherein were boiled, without salt, morsels of fish and dark scraps of meat; then, fish and flesh broiled on the embers, with a kettle of cold water from the river. Champlain, in his wise distrust of Ottawa cookery, confined himself to the simpler and less doubtful viands. A few minutes, and all alike had vanished. The kettles were empty.

Then pipes were filled and touched with fire brought in by the duteous squaws, while the young men who had stood thronged about the entrance now modestly withdrew, and the door was closed for counsel. First, the pipes were passed to Champlain. Then, for full half an hour, the assembly smoked in silence. At length, when the fitting time was come, he addressed them in a speech in which he declared that, moved by affection, he visited their country to see its richness and its beauty, and to aid them in their wars; and he now begged them to furnish him with four canoes and eight men to convey him to the country of the Nipissings, a tribe dwelling northward on the lake which bears their name.

His audience looked grave, for they were but cold and jealous friends of the Nipissings. For a time they discoursed in murmuring tones among themselves, all smoking meanwhile with redoubled vigor. Then Tessonat, chief of these forest republicans, rose and spoke in behalf of all:

“We always knew you for our best friend among the Frenchmen. We love you like our own children. But why did you break your word with us last year, when we all went down to meet you at Montreal, to give you presents and go with you to war? You were not there, but other French-

men were there, who abused us. We will never go again. As for the four canoes, you shall have them, if you insist upon it; but it grieves us to think of the hardships you must endure. The Nipissings have weak hearts—they are good for nothing in war, but they kill us with charms, and they poison us. Therefore we are on bad terms with them. They will kill you, too.”

Such was the pith of Tessouat’s discourse, and at each clause the conclave responded in unison with an approving grunt.

Champlain urged his petition; sought to relieve their tender scruples in his behalf; assured them that he was charm-proof, and that he feared no hardships. At length he gained his point. The canoes and the men were promised, and seeing himself, as he thought, on the highway to his phantom Northern Sea, he left his entertainers to their pipes, and with a light heart issued from the close and smoky den to breathe the fresh air of the afternoon. He visited the Indian fields, with their young crops of pumpkins, beans, and French peas—the last a novelty obtained from the traders. Here, Thomas, the interpreter, soon joined him with a countenance of ill news. In the absence of Champlain, the assembly had reconsidered their assent. The canoes were denied.

With a troubled mind he hastened again to the hall of council, and addressed the naked senate in terms better suited to his exigencies than to their dignity:

“I thought you were men. I thought you would hold fast to your word; but I find you children, without truth. You call yourselves my friends, yet you break faith with me. Still, I would not incommode you; and if you cannot give me four canoes, two will serve.”

The burden of the reply was, rapids, rocks, cataracts, and the wickedness of the Nipissings.

“This young man,” rejoined Champlain, pointing to Vignon, who sat by his side, “has been to their country, and did not find the road or the people so bad as you have said.”

"Nicholas," demanded Tessouat, "did you say that you had been to the Nipissings?"

The impostor sat mute for a time, then replied :

"Yes, I have been there."

Hereupon an outcry broke forth from the assembly, and their small, deep-set eyes were turned on him askance, "as if," says Champlain, "they would have torn and eaten him."

"You are a liar," returned the unceremonious host; "you know very well that you slept here among my children every night and rose again every morning; and if you ever went where you pretend to have gone, it must have been when you were asleep. How can you be so impudent as to lie to your chief, and so wicked as to risk his life among so many dangers? He ought to kill you with tortures worse than those with which we kill our enemies."

Champlain urged him to reply, but he sat motionless and dumb. Then he led him from the cabin and conjured him to declare if, in truth, he had seen this Sea of the North. Vignon, with oaths, affirmed that all he had said was true. Returning to the council, Champlain repeated his story—how he had seen the sea, the wreck of an English ship, eight English scalps, and an English boy, prisoner among the Indians.

At this, an outcry rose, louder than before. "You are a liar!" "Which way did you go?" "By what rivers?" "By what lakes?" "Who went with you?"

Vignon had made a map of his travels, which Champlain now produced, desiring him to explain it to his questioners; but his assurance had failed him, and he could not utter a word.

Champlain was greatly agitated. His hopes and his heart were in the enterprise; his reputation was in a measure at stake; and now, when he thought his triumph so near, he shrank from believing himself the sport of an impostor. The council broke up; the Indians displeased and moody; and he, on his part, full of anxieties and doubts. At length, one of the canoes being ready for departure, the time of decision came, and he called Vignon before him.

"If you have deceived me, confess it now, and the past shall be forgiven. But if you persist, you will be discovered, and then you shall be hanged."

Vignon pondered for a moment; then fell on his knees, owned his treachery, and begged for mercy. Champlain broke into a rage, and, unable, as he says, to endure the sight of him, ordered him from his presence, and sent the interpreter after him to make further examination. Vanity, the love of notoriety, and the hope of reward, seem to have been his inducements; for he had, in truth, spent a quiet winter in Tessouat's cabin, his nearest approach to the Northern Sea; and he had flattered himself that he might escape the necessity of guiding his commander to this pretended discovery.

The Indians were somewhat exultant. "Why did you not listen to chiefs and warriors, instead of believing the lies of this fellow?" And they counseled Champlain to have him killed at once, adding that they would save their friends trouble by taking that office upon themselves.'

Thus vanished the dear hopes of finding a way to China and the Indies. Champlain, however, possessed his soul in patience, and turned to pursue his route homewards, adown the rapid current of the Ottawa. He was accompanied by a part of Tessouat's people, who were bound for Montreal for the purpose of trading. As the band descended, the fleet of canoes grew larger and larger. When about ten or twelve leagues below the Isle des Allumettes, all stopped to add to their stock of fresh provisions. Fish was in abundance here. But towards the middle of the night the dusky fishers grew alarmed. It was suddenly announced that four canoes of the enemy were seen at a distance. Nor was the fact improbable, as the Iroquois were swift and mighty hunters, skilled alike in chasing beast and man.

Three canoes were immediately dispatched to reconnoitre, but could discover nothing. Still, a cloud of fear hung over the voyagers, and while the warriors slept on the ground, the squaws, little reassured, remained in the canoes.

¹ "Pioneers of France in the New World."

Just before daybreak, one of the Indians in his uneasy slumber dreamed that they were attacked by the Iroquois. He jumped up, yelling that he was killed, and sprang for the water. His frightened companions, hearing his shouts, also leaped up in terror, and sprang into the river. The noise alarmed the French, who were sleeping at some distance. They hastened to the spot ; but what was their surprise on seeing the Algonquins tumbling about in the water, some up to their necks, and shouting without any apparent cause. The scene was one worthy of a crowd of roaring, half-drowned lunatics.

Having found out the cause of the uproar, Champlain re-established tranquillity among the savages, and laughed the terror panic away. Such was the fear inspired by the Iroquois throughout the whole country that ludicrous scenes of this kind were not uncommon among the Algonquin tribes.

When day came the fleet of canoes was again in motion. At the Chaudière Falls¹ Champlain was present at a ceremony which the Indians never omitted. The passage at this point became doubly dangerous. The waters not only plunged down with violence, but it was a favorite spot for Iroquois ambuscades.

Having carried their canoes to the bottom of the cataract, all the voyagers assembled. They stood in a circle. A wooden plate was passed around, and each deposited on it a small piece of tobacco. The collection made, they danced and sang around the plate. A harangue was pronounced. Then all followed to see the tobacco thrown into the falls, and this offering to the guardian Manitou was accompanied by a general and prolonged shout. To pass down without making the accustomed gift would be to insult the Manitou and call forth his sure vengeance!

On his return to the St. Louis Rapids, Champlain became convinced that nothing more could be done during the

¹ The Chaudière Falls now stand at the western extremity of the city of Ottawa, the capital of the Dominion of Canada. The waters plunge forty feet, and partly disappear by an underground passage, the outlet of which is unknown.

coming winter, and decided to proceed to France, where his presence would prove useful in farthering interests of the colony. He kept his word with Du Vignon, left the scoundrel unpunished, bade farewell to the Indians, embarked in a trading vessel, and in the fall of 1613 stood once more on the soil of la belle France. Under the protection of the Prince of Condé he labored to form a powerful trading company composed of the merchants of St. Malo and Rouen. After many difficulties his scheme was crowned with success, and the company was duly constituted for eleven years, with the approval of the King and the Prince of Condé.

CHAPTER IV.

RELIGION IN THE WILDERNESS.

Champlain as a missionary—The first priests in Canada—Mass at Quebec—Beginning of the Canadian missions—Father Dolbeau—Father Le Caron—Voyage to the Huron country—Champlain again on the war-path—The Huron Nation—The first Mass in Upper Canada—The march for the land of the Iroquois—A picture of early warfare—The return to Canada—Wintering among the savages—State of affairs at Quebec—Other important events—Madame de Champlain comes to Quebec.

“The salvation of a single soul,” writes the noble Champlain, “is worth more than the conquest of an empire, and kings should seek to extend their dominions in countries where idolatry reigns, only to cause their submission to Jesus Christ.” And he adds, that he undertook his Canadian toils and labors with patience, in order “to plant in this country the standard of the Cross, and to teach the knowledge of God and the glory of His Holy Name, desiring to increase charity for his unfortunate creatures.”

The favorable circumstances of the colony now convinced Champlain that the proper time had arrived to invite missionaries to visit the banks of the St. Lawrence, for the purpose of reviving and sustaining the Faith among the French and of preaching the Gospel to the dusky sons of the forest. He would fain rescue from perdition a people living, as he says, “like brute beasts, without faith, without law, without religion, without God.”

To accomplish such a sublime enterprise, he “sought out some good Religious, who would have zeal and affection for

God's glory." As those who earnestly seek always find, so Champlain did not look in vain for apostolic men. Four Franciscan Fathers offered their services, but as they "were as weak in resources as Champlain himself," to use the words of Parkman, "he repaired to Paris, then filled with bishops, cardinals, and nobles assembled for the States-General. Responding to his appeal, they subscribed fifteen hundred livres for the purchase of vestments, candles, and ornaments for altars. The Pope authorized the mission, and the King gave letters-patent in its favor."¹

The four religious pioneers named for the Canadian mission were Fathers Denis Jamet, John Dolbeau, Joseph Le Caron, and Brother Pacific du Plessis—men "who were borne away by holy affection, who burned to make this voyage, if so, by God's grace, they might gain some fruit, and might plant in these lands the standard of Jesus Christ, with fixed resolution to live, and if need were, to die, for His Sacred Name."²

The necessary preparations for departure being made, "each of us," to quote once more the words of Champlain, "examined himself and purged himself of his sins by penitence and confession, so as best to say adieu to France and to place himself in a state of grace, that each might be conscientiously free to give himself up in the keeping of God and to the billows of a vast and perilous sea."

Champlain ordered the sails to be spread, and the good ship stood out to sea, leaving Honfleur in April, 1615. Qu bec was reached towards the end of May. A little convent and chapel were erected for the missionaries, and on the 25th of June Father Dolbeau had the happiness of celebrating the first Mass ever said in the rude rock-built capital of the little colony.³

¹ Champlain.

² The Franciscans, writes Parkman, made an altar, and celebrated the first Mass ever said in Canada. Dolbeau was the officiating priest; all New France knelt on the bare earth around him, and cannon from the ship and the ramparts hailed the mystic rite.—"*Pioneers of France in the New World*," p. 360.

The Abbé Ferland does not appear to think that this was the first Mass celebrated in Canada. He writes:

Le vingt-cinq juin, 1615, le P. Dolbeau eut le bonheur de dire la première messe qui ait été célébrée à Québec depuis les voyages de Cartier et de Roberval.—"*Cours D'Histoire du Canada*," p. 170, Vol. I.

"Nothing was wanting," writes Father Le Clercq, "to render this action solemn, as far as the simplicity of the infant colony would permit. . . . All made their confessions and received Holy Communion. The *Te Deum* was chanted, and its sounds mingled with the roar of the artillery and the acclamations of joy, which were re-echoed by the surrounding solitudes, of which it might be said that they were changed into a paradise, all therein invoking the King of Heaven, and calling to their aid the guardian angels of these vast provinces."

A month after, Mass was celebrated regularly every Sunday at Quebec. Truly it was a grand and beautiful day for Champlain and for the colonists who clustered around him in the poor little chapel of Quebec, as they assisted for the first time at the Holy Sacrifice on the banks of the mighty St. Lawrence. This was the beginning of Catholicity in Canada. During a century and a half the church of Quebec was the center and almost only focus of the Faith in the immense regions which extended from Hudson's Bay to the Gulf of Mexico.*

Each Father began the work assigned him. It was a vast field, with few laborers. The Huron mission fell to Le Caron. Dolbeau was charged with the roving bands of Algonquins below Quebec. For the present Jamet and Du Plessis were to remain at Quebec. Let us glance for a moment along the thorny pathway of Dolbeau and Le Caron—the pioneer missionaries of Canada. The picture is from a non-Catholic pen.

"Dolbeau, full of zeal," writes Francis Parkman, "set out for his post, and, in the next winter, essayed to follow the roving hordes of Tadoussac to their frozen hunting-grounds. He was not robust, and his eyes were weak. Lodged in a hut of birch bark, full of abominations, dogs, fleas, stench, and all uncleanness, he succumbed at length to the smoke, which well-nigh blinded him, forcing him to remain for several days with his eyes closed. After debat-

* "Etablissement de la Foy," I., 62.

* The Catholic colony of Maryland was the only exception.

ing within himself whether God required of him the sacrifice of his sight, he solved his doubts with a negative, and returned to Quebec, only to set forth again with opening spring on a tour so extensive that it brought him in contact with the outlying bands of the Esquimaux.

"Meanwhile Le Caron had long been absent on a mission of more noteworthy adventure. While his brethren were building their convent and garnishing their altar at Quebec, the ardent Friar had hastened to the site of Montreal, then thronged with a savage concourse, come down to the yearly trade. He mingled with them, studied their manners, tried to learn their languages; and when, soon after, Champlain and Pontgravé arrived, he declared his purpose of wintering in their villages. Dissuasion availed nothing. 'What,' he demanded, 'are privations to him whose life is devoted to perpetual poverty, who has no ambition but to serve God?'"

The assembled Hurons and Algonquins begged Champlain to aid them against the common enemy, the Iroquois. He consented, promising to join them with all the men at his command. The Indians were to muster without delay twenty-five hundred men, and the fierce enemy would soon feel the power of such a formidable combination. To hasten preparations, Champlain proceeded to Quebec, while the Indians awaited his return. But they soon grew impatient of delay, and hastened to their villages, accompanied by the indefatigable Father Le Caron. The voyage was long and painful.

"It would be hard to tell you," the apostolic priest writes to a friend, "how tired I was with paddling all day, with all my strength, among the Indians; wading the rivers a hundred times and more, through the mud and over the sharp rocks that cut my feet; carrying the canoe and luggage through the woods, to avoid the rapids and frightful cataracts, and half-starved all the while, for we had nothing to eat but a little *sagamite*, a sort of porridge of water and pounded maize, of which they gave us a very small allow-

¹ "Pioneers of France in the New World."

ance every morning and night. But I must needs tell you what abundant consolation I found under all my troubles; for when one sees so many infidels needing nothing but a drop of water to make them children of God, he feels an inexpressible ardor to labor for their conversion and sacrifice to it his repose and his life.'"

About a week after, the devoted Champlain was following on the track of the pious Franciscan. With two canoes, ten Indians, his interpreter, and a Frenchman, he pushed up the currents of the Ottawa, passed into the Mattawan, and was soon on the shores of Lake Nipissing. Here he was well received by the Indians, and rested for two days. His canoes then skimmed down the French river, and soon his eyes beheld the placid waters of Lake Huron, to which he gave the name of "Mer Douce." Paddling to the south, along the eastern shore of Georgian Bay, he landed, and, on the 1st of August, found himself in the famed country of the Hurons.'

The Huron territory stretched from north to south between the rivers to-day named the Severn and Nottawasaga; and from east to west between Lake Simcoe and the Georgian Bay. Its length was about twenty or twenty five leagues, and its width not more than seven or eight leagues. Although the soil was sandy, it was quite fertile, and produced Indian corn, beans, and pumpkins in abundance. Indeed, the Huron country was regarded as the granary of the Algonquin nations, whose half-naked hordes came hither yearly from the borders of Lake Nipissing and the banks of the Ottawa river, to buy their provisions. Champlain found eighteen villages. "By the Indian standard," writes Park-

¹ Parkman's translation. With the exception of the last sentence, this extract can be found in Ferland, "Cours d'Histoire du Canada," Vol. I. p. 172. The original sources are Sagard, "Histoire de la Nouvelle France," and Le Clercq, "Etablissement de la Foy." The foregoing is quoted from "Pioneers of France in the New World," p. 363.

² For more than a hundred miles, his course was along the eastern shores of the Georgian Bay through tortuous channels, of islets countless as the sea-sands—an archipelago of rocks worn for ages by the wash of waves. Not to this day does the handiwork of man break the savage charm of those lonely coasts. He crossed Byng Inlet, Franklin Inlet, Parry Sound, and the wider Bay of Matchedash, and seems to have debarked at the inlet now called Thunder Bay, at the entrance of the Bay of Matchedash and a little to the west of the harbor of Penetanguishene.—*Parkman*.

man, "it was a mighty nation; yet the entire Huron¹ population did not exceed that of a second or third class American city, and the draft of twenty-five hundred warriors pledged to Champlain must have left its villages bereft of fighting-men."

Father Le Caron, on his arrival, took up his abode in the village of Carhagonha. Here he built for himself a cabin of poles and bark, in which he erected an altar for the celebration of the Sacred Mysteries. Champlain came just in time to assist at the first Mass. When the Holy Sacrifice was ended, a large wooden Cross was made, blessed, and planted in the soil, while all the Frenchmen present chanted the *Te Deum*, and a volley of musketry resounded through the forests. Thus was the precious sign of Redemption erected for the first time in a land covered with the darkness of paganism.

On the 1st of September the little army of Hurons began the march under the leadership of Champlain, who was accompanied by twelve Frenchmen. The fleet of canoes skimmed over Lake Simcoe, then followed the course of a number of little rivers, and passed over a portage to the lakes which form the sources of the River Trent. As they traversed a country full of game and fish, there was no danger of starvation. Passing down the Trent, the little fleet entered the Bay of Quinté, and, after a voyage of thirty-five days, Champlain beheld the sparkling waters of the grand and beautiful Lake Ontario. "There," he writes, "is the beginning of the great River St. Lawrence."

The nimble paddles cut the smooth surface of Ontario, and soon the birch-bark squadron touched the New York shore. We shall let the photographic pen of Parkman recount what befell the hardy invaders.

After hiding their light craft in the woods, the warriors took up their swift and wary march, filing in silence between

¹ This people received the name of Hurons about the year 1600; they called themselves *Wyandots*.

Eux-mêmes se nommaient Wendats. Ils avaient reçu le nom de Hurons vers l'année 1600, lorsque ayant entendu parler des Français qui faisaient la traite à Tadoussac, ils y étaient descendus pour échanger leur pelletteries.—*Abbé Ferland*.

the woods and the lake, for twelve miles along the pebbly strand. Then they struck inland, threaded the forest, crossed the River Onondaga, and, after a march of four days, were deep within the western limits of the Iroquois. Some of their scouts met a fishing-party of this people, and captured them, eleven in number—men, women and children. They were brought to the camp of the exultant Hurons. As a beginning of the jubilation, a chief cut a finger of one of the women ; but desisted from further torturing on the angry protest of Champlain.

Light broke in upon the forest. The hostile town was close at hand. Rugged fields lay before them, with a slovenly and savage cultivation. The young Hurons in advance saw the Iroquois at work among the pumpkins and maize, gathering their rustling harvest, for it was the 10th of October. Nothing could restrain the hare-brained and ungoverned crew. They screamed their war-cry and rushed in ; but the Iroquois snatched their weapons, killed and wounded five or six of the assailants, and drove back the rest discomfited. Champlain and his Frenchmen were forced to interpose ; and the crack of their pieces from the border of the woods stopped the pursuing enemy, who withdrew to their defenses, bearing with them their dead and wounded.

It was a town of the Senecas, the most populous and one of the most warlike of the five Iroquois tribes ; and its site was on or near the lakes of Central New York, perhaps Lake Canandaigua. Champlain describes its defensive works as much stronger than those of the Huron villages. They consisted of four concentric rows of palisades, formed of trunks and trees, thirty feet high, each aslant in the earth and intersecting each other near the top, where they supported a kind of gallery, well defended by shot-proof timber, and furnished with wooden gutters for quenching fire. A pond or lake which washed one side of the palisade, and was led by sluices within the town, gave an ample supply of water, while the galleries were well provided with magazines of stones.

Champlain was greatly exasperated at the desultory and

futile procedure of his Huron allies. At their evening camp in the adjacent forest, he upbraided the throng of chiefs and warriors somewhat sharply, and, having finished his admonition, he proceeded to instruct them in the art of war.

In the morning, aided doubtless by his ten or twelve Frenchmen, they betook themselves with alacrity to their prescribed task. A wooden tower was made, high enough to overlook the palisade, and large enough to shelter four or five marksmen. Huge wooden shields, or movable parapets, like the mantelets of the Middle Ages, were also constructed. Four hours sufficed to finish the work, and then the assault began. Two hundred of the strongest warriors, with unwonted prowess, dragged the tower forward, and planted it within a pike's length of the palisade. Three arquebusiers mounted to the top and opened a raking fire along the galleries, now thronged with wild and naked defenders.

But nothing could restrain the ungovernable Hurons. They abandoned their mantelets, and, deaf to every command, swarmed out like bees upon the open field, leaped, shouted, shrieked their war-cries, and shot off their arrows; while the Iroquois, hurling defiance from their ramparts, sent back a shower of stones and arrows in reply. A Huron, bolder than the rest, ran forward with firebrands to burn the palisade, and others followed with wood to feed the flame. But it was stupidly kindled on the leeward side, without the protecting shields designed to cover it; and torrents of water poured down from the gutters above quickly extinguished it. The confusion was redoubled. Champlain strove in vain to restore order. Each warrior was yelling at the top of his throat, and his voice was drowned in the outrageous din. Thinking, as he says, that his head would split with shouting, he gave over the attempt, and busied himself and his men with picking off the Iroquois along their ramparts.

The attack lasted three hours, when the assailants fell back to their fortified camp, with seventeen warriors wounded.

Champlain, too, had received an arrow in his knee and another in his leg, which, for the time, disabled him. He was urgent, however, to renew the attack; while the Hurons, crest-fallen and disheartened, refused to move from their camp unless the five hundred allies for some time expected should appear.

They waited five days in vain, beguiling the interval with frequent skirmishes, in which they were always worsted; then began hastily to retreat in confused lines along the somber forest-pathways, while the Iroquois, sallying from their stronghold, showered arrows on their flanks and rear. Their wounded—Champlain among the rest—had been packed in baskets for transportation, each borne on the back of a strong warrior, "bundled in a heap," says Champlain, "doubled and strapped together after such a fashion that one could move no more than an infant in swaddling-clothes. . . . I lost all patience, and as soon as I could bear my weight I got out of this prison, or, to speak plainly, out of hell."

At length the dismal march was ended. They reached the spot where their canoes were hidden, found them untouched, embarked, and recrossed to the northern shore of Lake Ontario. The Hurons had promised Champlain an escort to Quebec; but, as the chiefs had little power, in peace or war, beyond that of persuasion, each warrior found good reason for refusing to go, or lend his canoe.

Champlain, too, had lost prestige. The "man with the iron breast" had proved not inseparably wedded to victory; and though the fault was their own, yet not the less was the luster of their hero tarnished. There was no alternative. He must winter with the Hurons. The great war-party broke into fragments, each band betaking itself to its hunting-ground. A chief named Durantal offered Champlain the shelter of his lodge, and he was fain to accept it.¹

Winter wore away, spring came, and finally summer. It was, in truth, a novel and stirring time for Champlain. Here his many adventures "by flood and field" cannot be

¹ "Pioneers of France in the New World."

recounted. Our space is too small. We must hasten on. It was the 11th of July, 1616, as he again trod the rude streets of Quebec, accompanied by his Huron host, Durantal. Great were the rejoicings, for the Indians had reported that he was dead. Father Le Caron—who had returned a little before him—welcomed the brave companion of his toils; and the Franciscans offered up a solemn Mass of thanksgiving in their little chapel.

Serious work now remained for Champlain. In his absence the puny colony had been daily wasting away, and without the constant support of his strong arm and magic presence, it must soon ingloriously perish. He was the life and soul of Canada, yet there were colonists on whose friendship he dare not count. His was a stern and thankless toil.

The picture of affairs given by Parkman is dismal. At Quebec all was discord and disorder. Champlain was the nominal commander; but the actual authority was with the merchants, who held, excepting the Franciscan Fathers, nearly every one in their pay. Each was jealous of the other, but all were united in a common jealousy of Champlain. From a short-sighted view of self-interest, they sought to check the colonization which they were pledged to promote. Some of the merchants were of Rouen, some of St. Malo; some were Catholics, some were Huguenots. Hence unceasing bickerings. All exercise of the Reformed Religion, on land or water, was prohibited within the limits of New France; but the Huguenots set the prohibition at naught, roaring their heretical psalmody with such vigor from their ships in the river that the unhallowed strains polluted the ears of the Indians on shore. Champlain, in this singularly trying position, displayed a mingled zeal and fortitude. He went every year to France, laboring for the interests of the colony.¹

¹ "Pioneers of France in the New World."

D'année en année, les mêmes difficultés poursuivaient le fondateur de Québec. En France, tracasseries, lésineries, délais, du côté des associés; jalousies, procès, empiètements, de la part des marchands étrangers à la compagnie; indifférence de la cour, qui ne pouvait, ni ne voulait s'occuper de ces possessions lointaines; sur mer, des voyages longs, pénibles et souvent dangereux: en Amérique, la disette et les maladies parmi les Français, la légèreté et la malveillance des nations indigènes: voilà les épreuves, toujours renaissantes, que Champlain était condamné à

The founder of Quebec remained in France during 1619. In the midst of the events which then agitated that Kingdom, it was scarcely to be expected that the distant colony of Canada would command much attention. Still, the young Duke de Montmorency purchased from the Prince of Condé the profitable lieutenancy of the colony. He paid 11,000 crowns for the bargain, and constituted Champlain his Lieutenant-General.

Louis XIII., recognizing the services rendered to religion and to France, addressed the following letter to the intrepid explorer:

“Champlain: Having learned of the commission which you have received from my cousin, the Duke de Montmorency, Admiral of France, and my Viceroy in Canada, to proceed to that country as his Lieutenant, and to have a care for what concerns my service, I have great pleasure in addressing you this letter, in order to assure you how very agreeable shall be the services which you will render me on this occasion, above all, if you preserve the colony in my obedience, leading the inhabitants to live in conformity with the laws of France, and having due care for the progress of the Catholic Faith, to the end that you may thereby call down the Divine blessing on yourself, and that you may succeed in all your enterprises for the glory of God, whom I beseech to keep you in His holy Grace. Given at Paris, the 7th day of May, 1620.”

The prospects of the colony were growing brighter. Champlain engaged a number of persons to emigrate with him to Canada, and he even decided to make his own permanent residence on the banks of the St. Lawrence. He sailed from France, accompanied by his wife and several of her relations, and landed at Quebec in the summer of 1620. The Governor was received with every mark of joy and respect. A solemn *Te Deum* was chanted in the chapel of the Franciscans, and new life and happiness seemed to

subir dans l'accomplissement de sa noble mission. Et cependant sa foi au succès de son œuvre était si ferme, son désir de fonder un empire français en Amérique, et d'appeler les nations sauvages à la civilisation et à la religion chrétienne était si ardent et si persévérant, que rien ne pouvait ébranler son dévouement, ni diminuer sa confiance dans la protection de Dieu.—*Abbé Ferland.*

be infused into the rough, motley society of the little rock-built capital of Canada.

It was surely a period of no small pleasure to the noble Champlain, on finding himself, after so many fatigues, anxieties and voyages, in the bosom of his family, happily reunited near him, in the colony which he had founded, and which was to become his adopted country.

The young and amiable Madame de Champlain had taken with her two or three ladies, attached to her service, and who were to her a necessity in the midst of a society composed almost entirely of men. Although but twenty-two years of age, she had exhibited no common courage in undertaking such a long and painful voyage at that early epoch of American history. During the four years she remained in Canada, she won the respect and affection of both the French and the Indians. The poor savages were delighted with her beauty and goodness. And she, with the most praiseworthy energy and devotion, learned the Algonquin dialect, and taught catechism to the little tawny half-naked children who crowded around her knee, earned her sweet smile, and heard words of holy instruction fall from her lips.

Throughout her whole life Madame de Champlain continued to testify the deep interest she took in the Canadian missions; and when, after the death of her illustrious husband, she retired to the Ursuline convent, at Meaux, in France, she ceased not to remember the simple children of the forest, some of whom had listened in other days to the sound of her maternal voice.

CHAPTER V.

THE DEATH OF CHAMPLAIN.

Growth of the colony—Religious discord—Quebec taken by the English—The feeling in France—The lofty energy of Champlain—Canada restored to France—Champlain becomes Governor—His influence over the Savages—Onward progress of the colony—A college at Quebec—Glance at Champlain's daily life—His death, on Christmas Day, 1635—His Character.

The religious controversies which prevailed in France added to the number of colonists that sought new homes in Canada. Champlain was laboring late and early for the welfare of the colony. A settlement was made at Three Rivers, and a brisk trade was carried on at Tadoussac. In 1626 Quebec began to assume the face of a city. Most of the old buildings had been leveled with the ground, and new ones erected. The fortress was rebuilt with stone.¹

Religious troubles, however, unhappily began to disturb the peace of the colony. The Caens, who held the monopoly of trade, were bitter Calvinists. This added to the difficulties of Champlain's position. He was deeply scandalized by the contumacious heresy of Émery de Caen, who not only assembled his Huguenot sailors at prayers, but forced Catho-

¹ The year 1624 was rendered memorable at Quebec by St. Joseph's being chosen as the *first* Patron Saint of Canada.

L'année 1624 fut marquée à Québec par une solennité religieuse, à laquelle assistèrent tous les Français et plusieurs sauvages. Elle fut célébrée en exécution d'un vœu fait à l'honneur de Saint Joseph, que, dans cette occasion, fut choisi comme *premier patron* de la Nouvelle France. Depuis ce temps, la dévotion envers Saint Joseph s'est toujours conservée vive et efficace parmi les Canadiens, ainsi que l'attestent les nombreuses églises placées sous sa protection, et les confréries établies en son honneur.—*Abbé Ferland.*

The first band of Jesuits that trod the soil of Canada landed at Quebec in 1625. It consisted of Fathers Charles Lalemant, John de Brébeuf, Enemond Masse, and two Brothers.

lies to join them. Caen was ordered thenceforth to prohibit his crews from all praying and palm-singing on the River St. Lawrence. The crews revolted, and a compromise was made. It was agreed that, for the present, they might pray, but not sing. "A bad bargain," says the pious Champlain, "but we made the best of it we could." Caen, enraged at the Viceroy's reproofs, lost no opportunity to vent his spleen against the Jesuits.¹

In this divided state, the colony was suddenly attacked by an English armament, under the command of Sir David Kirk, in 1623. He sailed up the St. Lawrence, appeared before Quebec, and demanded the surrender of the place. Champlain, though ill prepared to resist an attack, gave a bold and dignified refusal. But the town was so miserably supplied with provisions, that in a short time each man was reduced to live on seven ounces a day of peas. A relief squadron from France entered the river, but was captured by the English. This last blow made further resistance useless, and Champlain was reluctantly obliged to capitulate.

He was carried to France in a British vessel, and found the minds of the rulers there much divided with regard to Canada. Some considered it not worth regaining, as it had cost the government vast sums, without making any return; others deemed the fishery and fur trade to be great national objects, especially as they proved to be a nursery for seamen.

Champlain still ardently hoped to see his colony re-established. With him patriotism, religion and civilization were inseparable. To found a Christian empire in America, to civilize the Indian and make him a child of the Church—such were the grand objects to which this illustrious man consecrated his energy, his affection, his life. He now used all his influence and his eloquence to show the value of Canada to the mother country. Nor were his efforts in vain. By the Treaty of St. Germain, in 1632, Canada was restored to France.

¹ Parkman.

In May, 1633, Champlain landed at Quebec. He carried with him his commission as Governor of Canada, signed by Cardinal Richelieu in behalf of the company of New France. He was handed the keys of the citadel, and resumed command. The joy of the colonists was boundless on seeing the founder of their country. All recognized and admired his devotion, and his noble, indomitable character.

But a few days passed away, when he held a great council, to which he invited his dusky friends, the Algonquin chiefs. He had heard that it was their intention to trade with the English, and he spoke to them with such skill and insinuating eloquence that the Indians promised to hold no commerce with the enemies of the French. On such occasions, Champlain was accustomed to gain over the savages not only by his tact, prudence, and pointed reasoning, but even more so by his gayety and excellent good humor. "You are always the same," said a chief, addressing him at the close of this assembly. "You have always something to say which gladdens our hearts and puts us in good temper."

The blessing of Heaven now seemed to rest on the colony, and it advanced with rapid strides on the road of peace and prosperity. Immigrants flowed in. The Jesuit Fathers established the Huron missions, attended to the spiritual welfare of the colonists, and founded a college at Quebec, the first college erected in North America from Hudson's Bay to the Gulf of Mexico. "Its foundation was laid," writes Bancroft, "under happy auspices in 1635, just before Champlain passed from among the living; and two years before the immigration of John Harvard, and one year before the General Court of Massachusetts had made provisions for a college."¹

Since his return to Quebec the venerable Champlain led a most active and saintly life. He established such admirable order among both citizens and soldiers that, according to Father Le Jeune, S. J., "the fort resembled a well regulated academy." Following the example of their chief, all

¹ "History of the United States," Vol. III.

approached the Sacraments. Their conduct was regular and edifying. Jesuit Fathers and scarfed officers mingled at Champlain's table. There was little conversation, but in its place good histories and the lives of the saints were read aloud, as in the refectory of a monastery. In the evening, like a true father, the Governor reunited the soldiers together in his room to make the examination of conscience, and to say the prayers for the night. He also established the custom—so religiously continued to the present time—of sounding the Angelus bell three times a day.

In the midst of all these happy circumstances the angel of death came. On Christmas day, 1635, the sad news was whispered around Quebec that Champlain was no more. And thus, at the age of sixty-eight, after receiving all the holy consolations of religion, on the most beautiful festival in the calendar of the Church, the illustrious Founder of Canada went to receive the reward of the faithful servant.

"Christmas Day, 1635," writes Parkman, "was a dark day in the annals of New France. In a chamber of the fort, breathless and cold, lay the hardy frame which war, the wilderness, and the sea had buffeted so long in vain. After two months and a half of illness, Champlain, at the age of sixty-eight, was dead. His last cares were for his colony and the succor of its suffering families. Jesuits, officers, soldiers, traders, and the few settlers of Quebec followed his remains to the church; Le Jeune¹ pronounced his eulogy, and the feeble community built a tomb to his honor."

Champlain passed away, loved and honored by all. Many years afterwards, a Jesuit missionary heard among the Huron Indians the warmest testimony of their admiration for the virtues which they had remarked in Champlain during the winter that he passed in their country. They held his memory in the greatest respect.

A careful study of his life and character will show us that he possessed all the qualities to be expected in the founder of a colony—constancy, firmness, courage, disinterestedness, honor, loyalty, patriotism, and above all a living

¹ The Superior of the Jesuit Fathers at Quebec.

practical faith which crowned the beauty of his noble character, and led him to regard "the salvation of a single soul as worth more than the conquest of an empire."

To profound religious convictions, he added grandeur of views, firmness in the midst of reverses, and a marvelous perseverance in the principal work of his life. His unwavering confidence in the protection of God, and his faith in the success of his enterprises, are worthy of our admiration. In the midst of a thousand difficulties he marched on courageously towards the goal at which he aimed for the glory of God and the honor of France.

Thirty-two years before his death he had visited the majestic St. Lawrence for the first time, and formed the grand project of planting the French flag on the heights of Quebec. Year after year, he persevered in this glorious enterprise. In war, in councils, in his long voyages of discovery, and in every position, he never ceased to exhibit an energy, courage, skill, and constancy which were beyond all praise.

He founded the city of Quebec, and with rare happiness chose the sites on which stand to-day the cities of Three Rivers¹ and Montreal.² So carefully did he protect the public and private interests of both the French colonists and the Indians that they regarded him as a father; and in the midst of contests and disputed matters, which he had often to decide, never was a doubt raised as to the supreme rectitude of his intentions.

"Of the pioneers of the North American forests," says Parkman, "his name stands foremost on the list. It was he who struck the deepest and boldest strokes into the heart of their pristine barbarism. At Chantilly, at Fontainebleau,

¹ Champlain's zeal for the propagation of the Catholic religion was so great that it was a common saying with him that "the salvation of one soul was of more value than the conquest of an empire."—*Jeremy Belknap*.

² The city of Three Rivers is between Quebec and Montreal. It is the see of a Catholic Bishop, and in 1871 had a population of 7,570.

³ Montreal is to-day the largest city in the Dominion of Canada, and the commercial capital of the country. It stands on an island of the same name, which is about 30 miles long by 10 wide. In 1871 the population was 107,225, of which 77,980 were Catholics. Mount Royal, from which it derives its name, rises 750 feet above the harbor.

at Paris, in the cabinets of princes and of royalty itself, mingling with the proud vanities of the Court; then lost from sight in the depths of Canada, the companion of savages, sharer of their toils, privations, and battles, more hardy, patient, and bold than they—such for successive years were the alternations of this man's life. A soldier from his youth, in an age of unbridled license, his life answered to his maxims; and when a generation had passed after his visit to the Hurons, their elders remembered with astonishment the continence of the great French war-chief.”

“That which we most admire in him,” writes Charlevoix, “was his constancy in carrying out his enterprises, his bravery in the greatest dangers, his courage, which was proof against the most trying misfortunes, his ardent and disinterested zeal for his country, and his tender and compassionate heart. He was the very soul of honor and charity. But what gave the crowning feature to all these good qualities was that, in his conduct as well as in his writings, he was ever a true Christian, zealous for the service of God and full of candor and religion.”²

¹ In the preparation of the foregoing sketch we especially acknowledge our great indebtedness to Parkman's *Pioneers of France in the New World*, and to Abbé Ferland's *Cours d'Histoire du Canada*.

² Besides the volume *Des Sauvages*, issued in 1603, Champlain published *Voyages* in 1613, with very valuable charts of the New England coast. In 1632 he published a work containing a very badly executed abridgment of the previous voyages, without their valuable maps. This volume also contains a catechism in Huron and prayers in Montagnais. It was reprinted at Paris in 1830, without maps. As scholars required all the voyages to know what Champlain really wrote, two learned Catholic clergymen of Quebec, the Abbés Laverdière and Casgrain, well known for their historical studies, published in 1870 the whole series, including his Mexican voyage, in 6 vols., with notes and fac-similes of all the maps and illustrations.—*American Cyclopædia*.

FATHER ISAAC JOGUES, S. J.,

THE APOSTLE OF THE IROQUOIS.¹

CHAPTER I.

THE YOUTH OF A GREAT MISSIONARY.

Jogues' birth and family—His mother—Education—Becomes a Jesuit—Ordination—Seeks a foreign mission—Is sent to Canada—Letter to his mother—Another letter—Is sent to the Huron mission—Description of the journey—His missionary toils—Difficulties of the missionaries—His journey to the Tobacco Nation.

Isaac Jogues, "one of the purest examples of Catholic virtue which this Western Continent has seen," was born at Orléans, France, on the 10th of January, 1607. He belonged to a most worthy family. At an early age, the boy was deprived of his father, but, happily, he found in his mother a noble woman, who understood the holy mission which God had confided to her in the education of her children.

In his tenth year, Isaac entered the college just opened by the Jesuit Fathers in his native city. As he grew in age, he made rapid progress in his studies, and always stood high in his class. When talent is backed by hard work, the reward is never uncertain. In this instance, we are told, success was the fruit of constant application, seconded by a

¹ Chief authorities used: Père F. Martin, "Le Re. P. Isaac Jogues, de la Compagnie de Jésus, Premier Apôtre des Iroquois;" Père F. J. Bressani, "Relation Abrégée de Quelques Missions," nouvelle édition, 1877; Abbé Ferland, "Cours d'Histoire du Canada;" Bancroft, "History of the United States;" Parkman, "The Jesuits in North America;" Shea, "History of the Catholic Missions among the Indian Tribes of the United States;" MacLeod, "Devotion to the Blessed Virgin in North America;" Spalding, "Miscellanea;" De Courcy, "The Catholic Church in the United States;" "History of the Catholic Church in the United States,"

solid judgment, an excellent memory, much penetration, and happy dispositions of heart. Nothing is more favorable to the highest development of intelligence than a good heart; and truly a pure, good heart beat in the boyish bosom of Isaac Jogues.

With the consent and blessing of his mother, he entered the novitiate of the Society of Jesus, at Rouen, in his seventeenth year. Here the future Apostle of the Iroquois found a master profoundly versed in the knowledge and practice of the things of God. This was the famous Father Louis Lalemant, S. J. The virtue, aptitudes, and happy disposition of the young novice were striking. He "advanced in wisdom, age, and grace before God and man." After a time he taught with applause, passed through various colleges of the Society, and was ordained in 1636.

Father Jogues' desire for a foreign mission was soon gratified, and in the spring of 1636 he was ordered to Dieppe, where a squadron was about to sail for Canada. Before quitting Rouen, he wrote a few words of consolation to his mother. The letter bears the marks of haste, but it shows the simplicity, grandeur of soul, and filial affection of the writer:

"Most Honored Mother:

"It would be failing in the first duty of a good son towards so excellent a mother, if, being on the point of stepping upon the broad ocean, I should forget to say adieu. I sent you a letter last month by Mr. Tanzeau, stating that I started for Dieppe. We hoped to sail about Holy Week, but headwinds and unfavorable weather have caused delay. I hope that God will deign to give us a fair, pleasant voyage, as our squadron is made up of quite a number of vessels, and many good souls pray for us. I am sure you will please contribute something to the success of our voyage by your prayers, and, above all, by a generous resignation of your will to the Divine will, conforming your desires to those of Divine Providence, which are never other than most holy and honorable for us, since they emanate from



FATHER ISAAC JOGUES, S. J.,

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the heart of a Father passionately solicitous for our welfare.

"I hope, as I have said on another occasion, that if you receive this little affliction in the proper spirit, it will be extremely agreeable to the Almighty, for the love of whom should be given not only one son, but all the others, and even life itself, if it were necessary. For a little gain men traverse the seas, enduring at least as much as we; and for the love of God we hesitate to endure what men do in the interest of the world!

"Adieu, my dear Mother. I thank you for all your tender affection to me. Should we not meet again in this world, God will call us together in the land of the Blessed.

"Please to give my most humble regards to my brothers and sisters, to whose affectionate prayers, as to your own, I commend myself,

Your most humble son and obedient servant in J. C.,

ISAAC JOGUES.

DIEPPE, April 6th, 1636."¹

The events connected with his voyage and landing in Canada are recounted in the following letter to his mother, dated at Three Rivers, August 20th, 1636:

"At last, it has pleased our Lord that I should stand upon the soil of New France. This is something for which I had long hoped. We sailed from Dieppe on the 8th of April, eight vessels in company, and arrived eight weeks after our departure. I landed on an isle called Miscous, where two of our Fathers are employed in ministering to the French, who have one habitation, and in beginning the work of conversion among the savages. After spending fifteen days with them, I boarded another vessel, which brought me to Tadoussac. This is a place where the ships stop, whilst the barks and smaller vessels proceed up the great and lengthy River St. Lawrence to Quebec, a French post which is daily growing. I arrived there on the 2d of July, the Day of the Visitation of Our Lady.

¹ A copy from the original of this letter can be found in Martin's *Le P. Isaac Jogues, Premier Apôtre des Iroquois*, p. 18, of which the Rev. author says that the 'autographe est conservé avec un religieux respect dans la famille du serviteur de Dieu, et que nous copions littéralement.'

"I have enjoyed such continued and excellent health on sea and land, thanks be to God, that it is a cause of astonishment to myself, as it is not by any means an ordinary thing to make such a long journey without being annoyed by either sea-sickness or the least indisposition. The vestments for Mass have been of the greatest use to me, for I have offered up the Holy Sacrifice every day during favorable weather, a happiness of which I would have been deprived but for the thoughtful generosity of our family; this has been a great consolation for me, and a favor which our Fathers did not enjoy in preceding years. The squadron profited thereby. Without this the eighty voyagers who were on our vessel would have been two months without assisting at the Holy Sacrifice, in place of which, on account of the faculty which I had to celebrate, they all made their confessions and received Communion on the festivals of Pentecost, Ascension Day, and Corpus Christi. God, in His gratitude, will not fail to bless you and Madame Hondelin, for having contributed to this good work.

"And now, dear Mother, every year, with the grace of God, you will receive letters from me, and, in return, I shall expect to hear from you. It shall ever be to me a consolation to hear from you and from our family, as I scarcely hope to see you again in this world. But may God mercifully grant that we shall meet again in the abode of the blessed, to praise Him for all eternity! . . .

"I write this separated from you by more than a thousand leagues, and it may happen that during the present year I shall be sent on a mission to a nation called the Hurons. Their country is three hundred leagues distant. It is said they are well disposed to embrace the Faith. But it matters not where we are, provided that we are always in the hands of Providence and in His holy grace—this is the wish which from the altar I shall every day breathe to Heaven for you and all our family."

A few days after this,¹ the devoted Jagues was on his

¹ He even refers to his new mission in the postscript: "P. S. Je viens de recevoir l'ordre de me disposer à partir dans trois ou quatre jours pour aller chez les Hurons."

way up the St. Lawrence to the country of the Hurons. In a letter written the subsequent year¹ to his mother, the missionary gives us a glimpse at the details of the long and painful journey; and certainly it was something far different from a steamboat excursion of our day up the Hudson or on the St. Lawrence.

“As it is not every year that an opportunity may present itself to write to you,” he begins, “I now seize an occasion to acquit myself of this duty to so good a mother. I am sure you will be exceedingly glad to learn the Divine goodness to me since my arrival in the country of the Hurons. I wrote to you last year, in the month of August, just at the moment that I was about to begin the journey. I left Three Rivers on the twenty-fourth of August, St. Bartholomew’s Day. I was put in a birch-bark canoe which would not carry more than five or six persons. It is not very easy to recount to you all the annoyances of such a voyage; but the love of God, which called us to these missions, and the desire to contribute in some way to the conversion of the poor barbarians, renders all that so sweet that we would not change these pains for all the joys of the world. The food of the voyagers was a little Indian corn, crushed between two stones and boiled in water, without any other seasoning. We slept on the earth or on the frightful rocks which guard the banks of the great river, and always in the glimmer of the moonshine. The posture which we are obliged to take in the canoes is extremely unpleasant. So small and narrow was the space that you need not think of stretching your legs. You could scarcely stir, fearing to be upset into the water. I was obliged to keep a profound silence.

“Other things added to the sum of our troubles and fatigues. During the voyage we met between sixty and eighty rapids or waterfalls, which descend with such impetuosity that, by approaching too near them, the canoes are frequently engulfed. It is true that, as we were going against the stream, we were not exposed to these dangers; but we were

¹ It is dated June 5th, 1637.

none the less obliged to travel over rocks, push through the woods, and take our way over by-paths, loaded at the same time with all the baggage, and even the canoe. As for me, I not only carried my little package, but lent a hand to the Indians, until a boy ten or twelve years of age, who belonged to our party, fell sick, and I took charge of him, carrying him on my shoulders at the portages occasioned by the cataracts of which I have spoken.

"We pushed along the route with such diligence that instead of twenty-nine or thirty days, which this journey commonly occupies, we reached the end in nineteen. Here I found five of our Fathers, some of whom have resided in the country for five or six years. The two last arrivals were Fathers Garnier and Chastelain, who reached the mission a month before me. And thus has God preserved me to this day full of health and strength."

On the 11th of September, 1636, Father Jogues arrived at the Huron village of Ihonatiria, surnamed St. Joseph. This was the point of destination. It was the abode of the missionaries. Great was the joy in the cabin of the Fathers on the arrival of the new brother who came to be a partaker in their toils and hopes. The illustrious Superior, Father John de Brébeuf, received him with open arms, as an angel from Heaven.

A few days after his arrival, Father Jogues fell sick. A pestilential disorder broke out and swept the land of the Hurons. The cabin of the missionaries became a veritable hospital. At one time the priests were all down, except Father de Brébeuf and two others. But all finally recovered, and rushed to the care of the sick and dying. At the same time every village resounded with the orgies, games, feasts, and other rites in honor of the Manitou, Autoerhj, ordered by the medicine-men, in whom the savages had unbounded confidence, and who attributed the scourge to the anger of that god.

Amid this tumult, the missionaries continued their task. The catechumens were the first object of their solicitude. No effort was spared to prevent their dying unbaptized; but

when the wretched medicine-men accused the Fathers of being the authors of the disease, the Indians drove the latter from their wigwams.

Singular as it may seem, not the least of the difficulties which the man of God had to encounter, was to represent himself in his proper character to this ignorant, sensual, and superstitious race. Often he was hated and persecuted as a sort of superior medicine-man who had evil designs in visiting the Indians. The presence of "the mysterious strangers garbed in black," aroused fear and suspicion. They were narrowly watched. Their lives were in constant peril.

They were generally held accountable for all the misfortunes that befell the village in which they had come to make their abode. Sickness, small-pox, bad crops, want of success in war—all were laid to the charge of the priests! Their clock, beads, crucifixes, breviaries, were all, in turn, suspected of being charms for the destruction of the red race. Whole tribes came to regard Baptism with horror, as a deadly incantation. One of the Jesuit Fathers had a little box in which he carried his stationery; and it was seriously thought to be used for the purpose of holding the souls of dead Indians, which he bore away, and tormented for his amusement!

In short, the pagan Indians thought that the missionaries were mighty magicians, masters of life and death; and they came to them for spells—sometimes to destroy their enemies, and sometimes to kill grasshoppers. It took years of instruction and sublime example to eradicate this false and ridiculous impression from the crude savage mind.

After toiling three years among the Hurons, the new and perilous mission of the Tobacco Nation fell to Father Jagues and Father Garnier. They were well chosen; and yet neither of them was robust by nature, in body or mind, though Jagues was noted for personal activity. The Tobacco Nation lay at the distance of a two days' journey from the Huron towns, among the mountains at the head of Nottawassaga. The two missionaries tried to find a guide

at Ossossané; but none would go with them, and they set forth on their wild and unknown pilgrimage alone.

The forests were full of snow; and the soft, moist flakes were still falling thickly, obscuring the air, beplastering the gray trunks, weighing to the earth the boughs of spruce and pine, and hiding every footprint of the narrow path. The Fathers missed their way, and toiled on till night, shaking down at every step from the burdened branches a shower of fleecy white on their black cassocks. Night overtook them in a spruce swamp. Here they made a fire with great difficulty, cut the evergreen boughs, piled them for a bed, and lay down. The storm presently ceased; and, "praised be God," writes one of the travelers, "we passed a very good night."

In the morning they breakfasted on a morsel of corn bread, and, resuming their journey, fell in with a small party of Indians, whom they followed all day without food. At eight in the evening they reached the first Tobacco town, a miserable cluster of bark cabins, hidden among forests and half-buried in snow-drifts, where the savage children, seeing the two black apparitions, screamed that Famine and Pest were coming.

Their evil fame had gone before them. They were unwelcome guests; nevertheless, shivering and famished as they were, in the cold and darkness, they boldly pushed their way into one of these dens of barbarism. It was precisely like a Huron house. Five or six fires blazed on the earthen floor, and around them were huddled twice that number of families, sitting, crouching, standing, or flat on the ground; old and young, women and men, children and dogs, mingled pell-mell.

The scene would have been a strange one by daylight; it was doubly so by the flicker and glare of the lodge-fires. Scowling brows, sidelong looks of distrust and fear, the screams of scared children, the scowling of squaws, the growling of wolfish dogs—this was the greeting of the strangers.

The chief man of the household treated the priests at

first with the decencies of Indian hospitality ; but when he saw them kneeling in the litter and ashes at their devotions, his suppressed fears found vent, and he began a loud harangue, addressed half to them and half to the Indians. "Now, what are these *okies* doing? They are making charms to kill us, and destroy all that the pest has spared in this house. I heard that they were sorcerers; and now, when it is too late, I believe it." It is wonderful that the Fathers escaped the tomahawk. Nowhere is the power of courage, faith, and an unflinching purpose, more strikingly displayed than in the record of these missions.

In other Tobacco towns their reception was much the same; but at the largest, called by them St. Peter and St. Paul, they fared worse. They reached it on a winter afternoon. Every door of its capacious bark houses was closed against them; and they heard the squaws within calling on the young men to go out and split their heads, while children screamed abuse at the black-robos. As night approached, they left the town, when a band of young men followed them, hatchet in hand, to put them to death. Darkness, the forest, and the mountain favored them; and eluding their pursuers, they escaped. Thus began the mission of the Tobacco Nation.¹

¹ Parkman.

CHAPTER II.

A CAPTIVE AMONG THE MOHAWKS.

The Cross planted in Michigan—The Huron mission—Father Jogues on his way to Quebec—Is taken on the return voyage by the Mohawks—Sufferings and adventures on the way from the St. Lawrence to the land of the Mohawks—Lake George—Revolted tortures—The death of Goupil—The martyr-missionary's life among the savages—His escape and arrival in New Amsterdam.

In the fall of 1641, Father Jogues and his companion, Father Raymbault, passed northward along the shores of Lake Huron, entered the strait through which Lake Superior discharges itself, pushed on as far as Sault Sainte Marie, and preached the Faith to two thousand Algonquin Indians there assembled. The chiefs invited the Fathers to dwell among them, and hopes were inspired of a permanent mission. "We will embrace you," said they, "as brothers; we will derive profit from your words." Thus Father Jogues was the first to plant the Cross in the soil of Michigan.¹

¹ Thus did the religious zeal of the French bear the Cross to the banks of the St. Mary and the confines of Lake Superior and look wistfully towards the home of the Sioux in the valley of the Mississippi, five years before the New England Elliot had addressed the tribe of Indians that dwelt within six miles of Boston harbor.—*Bancroft*.

The "New England Elliot," should not be mentioned on the same page with the very humblest of the Jesuit missionaries. Did he, or any other Protestant minister, ever make any *great* sacrifices for the spiritual benefit of the Indians? Did he "leave father and mother, and home and wife," to devote himself, body and soul, for their salvation, amid "perils of rivers, in perils of robbers, in perils in the wilderness, in labors and painfulness, in watching often, in hunger and thirst, in many fastings, in cold and in nakedness?" Was ever a Protestant minister known to endure all this, or even any considerable portion of it, for the love of Christ, and the conversion of the heathen? Al! these privations, however, the Jesuits cheerfully endured, and many of them much more besides; for many of them gladly laid down their lives in this cause. The first missionaries among the Hurons—Fathers Daniel, De Brébeuf and Lallement—all fell glorious martyrs to their devoted zeal. The "New England Elliot" is not known to have penetrated much further into the Indian wilderness than six miles from Boston harbor; and he did very little and succeeded very poorly, even when he reached this amazing distance from home! —*Archbishop Spalding*.

Reverses were now beginning to overshadow the Huron mission. It was in a state of destitution. There was need of clothing for the priests, of vessels for the altars, of bread and wine for the Holy Sacrifice, of writing materials—in short, of everything. Father Jogues, accompanied by a train of Indians, was sent down to Quebec for supplies. It was a most dangerous journey, at that time, for the Iroquois were ravaging the Huron territory, and their fierce war-cry resounded along the banks of the St. Lawrence.

Father Jogues arrived at Quebec in safety, executed his various commissions, and prepared to return with the Hurons. This was in 1642. After commending themselves to God, the party, which consisted of twelve canoes, set forth on the return voyage. Having reached the western extremity of Lake St. Peter, the frail crafts were hugging the shore to avoid the strong currents of the river, when suddenly the war-whoop of the Iroquois rang through the air, and a shower of balls rattled about them. Several canoes of the enemy, filled with warriors, pushed out from their concealment, and bore down upon the devoted Jogues and his companions. In a moment the pagan Hurons like shameful cowards leaped from the canoe; but the Jesuit, the three Frenchmen, and a few Christian Indians with him, “offered up a prayer to Christ, and faced the enemy.” At the first whistling of the balls, a catechumen threw himself on his knees, and the fearless priest baptized him. About a dozen of them fought, but the Iroquois were seventy in number. The missionary did not even try to escape. Goupil was taken, fighting like a lion.

The next brought in was a famous Christian chief, Ahasistari, who cried out: “My Father, did I not swear to live or die with you!” Finally, Couture, a young Frenchman who had escaped, came back and gave himself up, saying, “I cannot abandon you, my dear Father.” This heroism won him the honor of torture. The Iroquois stripped him at once, tore away his nails, crushed his fingers with their teeth, and ran a sword through his right hand; and Father Jogues, who consoled the brave fellow, was also violently

attacked, beaten till he fell senseless, for they rushed on him like wolves, and, not content with blows, tore out his nails, and gnawed his fingers to the very bone.

The Iroquois now embarked with their prey; but not until they had knocked on the head an old Huron, whom Jogues, with his mangled hands, had just baptized, and who refused to leave the place. Then, under a burning sun, they crossed to the spot on which the town of Sorel¹ now stands, at the mouth of the River Richelieu, where they encamped.

Their course was southward, up the River Richelieu and Lake Champlain; thence, by way of Lake George, to the Mohawk towns. The pain and fever of their wounds, and the clouds of mosquitoes, which they could not drive off, left the prisoners no peace by day nor sleep by night.

On the eighth day, they learned that a large Iroquois war-party, on their way to Canada, were near at hand; and they soon approached their camp, on a small island near the southern end of Lake Champlain. The warriors, two hundred in number, saluted their victorious countrymen with volleys from their guns; then, armed with clubs and thorny sticks, ranged themselves in two lines, between which the captives were compelled to pass up the side of a rocky hill. On the way, they were beaten with such fury that Jogues, who was last in the line, fell powerless, drenched in blood and half-dead. As the chief man amongst the French captives, he fared the worst.² His hands were again mangled, and fire applied to his body; while the Huron chief, Ahasistari, was subjected to tortures even more atrocious. When at night the exhausted sufferers tried to rest, the young warriors came to lacerate their wounds and pull out their hair and beards.

In the morning they resumed their journey. And now the lake narrowed to the semblance of a tranquil river.

¹ The town of Sorel is about 45 miles below Montreal, at the mouth of the Richelieu river. It occupies the site of the old fort built by the French in 1685. In 1871 its population was 5,636.

² "God alone," he afterwards wrote "for whose love and glory it is sweet and glorious to suffer, can tell what cruelties they perpetrated on me then."

Before them was a woody mountain, close on their right a rocky promontory, and between these flowed a stream, the outlet of Lake George.

On those rocks, more than a hundred years after, rose the ramparts of Ticonderoga. They landed, shouldered their canoes and baggage, took their way through the woods, passed the spot where the fierce Highlanders and the regiments of England breasted in vain the storm of lead and fire, and soon reached the shore where Abercrombie landed and Lord Howe fell.

First of white men, Father Jagues and his companions gazed on the romantic lake that bears the name, not of its gentle discoverer, but of the dull Hanoverian King. Like a fair Naiad of the wilderness, it slumbered between the guardian mountains that breathe from crag and forest the stern poetry of war. But all then was solitude; and the clang of trumpets, the roar of cannon, and the deadly crack of the rifle had never as yet awakened their angry echoes.

Again the canoes were launched, and the wild flotilla glided on its way. The Iroquois landed at or near the future site of Fort William Henry, left their canoes, and, with their prisoners, began their march for the nearest Mohawk town. Each bore his share of the plunder. Even Jagues, though his lacerated hands were in a frightful condition and his body covered with bruises, was forced to stagger on with the rest under a heavy load. He, with his fellow-prisoners, and indeed the whole party, were half-starved, subsisting chiefly on wild berries. They crossed the upper Hudson, and, in thirteen days after leaving the St. Law-

¹ Lake George is a picturesque sheet of water in the State of New York, 36 miles long and from three-fourths of a mile to 4 miles wide. In some places it is 400 feet deep. It discharges its waters into Lake Champlain on the north. It is remarkable for the transparency of its water, its multitude of little islands, popularly supposed to correspond in number with the days of the year. Beautiful is the scenery on its shores. Black Mountain, on the east shore, has an elevation of about 2,200 feet above the surface of the lake; and 12 miles distant from it is a very steep rock rising 200 feet from the water, down which it is said Major Rogers, when pursued by Indians during the French war, slid and landed safely on the ice. Not far from this spot is the place where the English under Lord Howe landed previous to their attack on the French stronghold, Fort Ticonderoga. The ruins of that fort can still be seen at the east end of the narrow channel through which the waters of Lake George are conveyed to Lake Champlain.—*American Cyclopædia*.

rence, neared the wretched goal of their pilgrimage, a palisaded town, standing on a hill by the banks of the River Mohawk.

The whoops of the victors announced their approach, and the savage hive sent forth its swarms. They thronged the side of the hill, the old and the young, each with a stick or a slender iron rod, bought from the Dutchmen on the Hudson. They ranged themselves in a double line, reaching upward to the entrance of the town; and through this "narrow road of Paradise," as Jogues calls it, the captives were led in single file, Couture in front, after him a half-score of Hurons, then Goupil, then the remaining Hurons, and at last Jogues. As they passed, they were saluted with yells, screeches, and a tempest of blows. One, heavier than the others, knocked Jogues' breath from his body, and stretched him on the ground; but it was death to lie there, and, regaining his feet, he staggered on with the rest.

When they reached the town, the blows ceased, and they were all placed on a scaffold, or high platform, in the middle of the place. The three Frenchmen had fared the worst, and were frightfully disfigured. Goupil, especially, was streaming with blood, and livid with bruises from head to foot.

They were allowed a few minutes to recover their breath, undisturbed, except by the hooting and gibes of the mob below. Then a chief called out: "Come, let us caress these Frenchmen!"—and the crowd, knife in hand, began to mount the scaffold. They ordered a Christian Algonquin woman, a prisoner among them, to cut off Jogues' left thumb, which she did; and a thumb of Goupil was also severed, a clam-shell being used as the instrument, in order to increase the pain. It is needless to specify further the tortures to which they were subjected, all designed to cause the greatest possible suffering without endangering life.

At night, they were removed from the scaffold, and placed in one of the houses, each stretched on his back, with his limbs extended and his ankles and wrists bound

¹ Jogues, Couture, and Goupil.

fast to stakes driven into the earthen floor. The children now profited by the examples of their parents, and amused themselves by placing live coals and red-hot ashes on the naked bodies of the prisoners, who, bound fast, and covered with wounds and bruises, which made every movement a torture, were sometimes unable to shake them off.¹

The captives were led about to other villages, but in all they met the same barbarous treatment. In one of these the scaffold was already occupied by Huron prisoners, several of whom were catechumens. On reaching them, Father Jogues made instant inquiries as to their religion. He heard the confessions of the Christians, and prepared the others for the Sacrament of Baptism. But he was a prisoner himself, and alas! could not procure a drop of water. At the moment, however, a warrior passed by, and threw him a stalk of Indian corn. The morning dew still glistened on the bright green leaves. The Jesuit used the pearly drops so as to baptize two, and shortly after, while crossing a stream, he conferred the Sacrament on another. Heaven was opened. The Mohawk mission had commenced. A council of chiefs was held, and it was decreed that all should die; but on further consideration the French were reserved as prisoners, and but three of the Hurons were sentenced to death. Among these was the noble Christian chief, Ahasistari.²

¹ "It was on the 29th of September, 1642," writes Father Jogues, "that this angel of innocence this martyr of Jesus Christ, at the age of thirty-five years was immolated to Him who had given his life for his redemption. He had consecrated his heart and his soul to God, and his hand and his existence to the service of the poor Indians." René Goupil had been educated for the medical profession. He attached himself to the Canadian missions as a *donné*, that is "a man who has given himself to the mission without any hope of earthly reward."—See Bressani's *Relation Abrégée* p. 152; and Martin's *Vie de Isaac Jogues*, p. 335.

The brave Conture was adopted by the Mohawks, but did not live long among them. In 1649 he married Anne Aymart, and established himself at Point Lévis, opposite Quebec, where he held a government position. He died in 1702, at the age of 64 years. His descendants are numerous. Among these have been Mgr. Turgeon, Archbishop of Quebec, and Mgr. Bourget, Bishop of Montreal.—*Abbé Ferland*.

² Among the converts made by the illustrious De Brébeuf and his companions of the Huron mission there is none that stand forth so prominently in the records of the time as Ahasistari. Nature had planted in his mind the seeds of religious faith. "Before you came to this country," he would say to the missionaries, "when I have incurred the greatest perils and have alone escaped, I have said to myself: 'Some powerful spirit has the guardianship of my days;'" and

Father Jogues, to quote Parkman, lost no opportunity to baptize dying infants, while Goupil taught children to make the sign of the cross. On one occasion he made the sign on the forehead of a child, grandson of an Indian in whose lodge they lived. The superstition of the old savage was aroused; some Dutchmen had told him that the sign of the cross came from the devil, and would cause mischief. He thought that Goupil was bewitching the child; and, resolving to rid himself of so dangerous a guest, applied for aid to two young braves.

Jogues and Goupil, clad in their squalid garb of tattered skins, were soon after walking together in the forest that adjoined the town, consoling themselves with prayer, and mutually exhorting each other to suffer patiently for the sake of Christ and His Holy Mother, when, as they were returning, reciting their rosaries, they met the two young Indians, and read in their sullen visages an augury of ill.

The Indians joined them, and accompanied them to the entrance of the town, where one of the two, suddenly drawing a hatchet from beneath his blanket, struck it into the head of Goupil, who fell, murmuring the name of Christ.¹ Jogues dropped on his knees, and, bowing his head in prayer, awaited the blow, when the murderer ordered him to get up and go home. He obeyed, but not until he had given absolution to his still breathing friend, and presently

he professed his belief in Jesus Christ, as the good genius and protector whom he had before unconsciously adored. After trials of his sincerity, he was baptized; and enlisting a troop of converts, savages like himself, "Let us strive," he exclaimed, "to make the whole world embrace the faith in Jesus."—*Bancroft*.

¹ René Goupil, or "the good René," as all called him, was a native of Angers, and educated as a physician. He entered the Society of Jesus, but was compelled to leave from want of health. On his recovery, he offered himself as a *donné* to the Canadian mission. He here rendered signal service, especially in the care of the sick, and was admired by all for his goodness, piety, zeal, and devotion. He was put to death September 29th, 1642. The fullest sketch of his life is in a manuscript of Father Jogues; and that illustrious missionary does not hesitate to call him "a martyr, not only to obedience, but also to Faith and the Cross."—*Shea*.

The brave Couture was adopted by the Mohawks, but did not live long among them. In 1649 he married Anne Aymart, and established himself at Point Lévis, opposite Quebec, where he held a government position. He died in 1702, at the age of 94 years. His descendants are numerous. Among these have been Mgr. Turgeon, Archbishop of Quebec, and Mgr. Bourget, Bishop of Montreal.—*Abbé Ferland*.

saw the lifeless body dragged through the town amid hootings and rejoicings.

Jogues passed a night of anguish and desolation, and in the morning set forth in search of Goupil's remains. "Where are you going so fast?" demanded the old Indian, his master. "Do you not see those fierce young braves, who are watching to kill you?" The heroic priest persisted, and the old man asked another Indian to go with him as a protector.

The corpse had been flung into a neighboring ravine, at the bottom of which ran a torrent; and here, with the Indian's help, Jogues found it, stripped naked and gnawed by dogs. He dragged it into the water, and covered it with stones, to save it from further mutilation, resolving to return alone on the following day and secretly bury it. But with the night there came a storm; and when, in the gray of the morning, Jogues descended to the brink of the stream, he found it a rolling, turbid flood, and the body was nowhere to be seen.

Had the Indians or the torrent borne it away? Jogues waded into the cold current; it was the 1st of October; he sounded it with his feet and with his stick; he searched the rocks, the thicket, the forest, but all in vain. Then, crouched by the pitiless stream, he mingled his tears with its waters, and, in a voice broken with groans, chanted the service of the dead.

The Indians, it proved, and not the flood, had robbed him of the remains of his friend. Early in the spring, when the snows were melting in the woods, he was told by Mohawk children that the body was lying, where it had been flung, in a lonely spot lower down the stream. He went to seek it; found the scattered bones, stripped by the foxes and the birds; and, tenderly gathering them up, hid them in a hollow tree, hoping that a day might come when he could give them a Christian burial in consecrated ground.

After the murder of Goupil, Father Jogues' life hung by a hair. He lived in hourly expectation of the tomahawk, and would have welcomed it as a boon. By signs and

words, he was warned that his hour was near; but, as he never shunned his fate, it fled from him, and each day, with renewed astonishment, he found himself still among the living.'

Now solitary amid the Mohawks, the man of God devoted his leisure moments to the spiritual comfort of the Huron captives, who were scattered through the towns. The Mohawk dialect differed so much from the Huron, that he was unable to address himself on religious topics to the natives, and, as he daily expected death, he deemed it useless to attempt a comparison of the two dialects. Led as a slave to the hunting-grounds, he drew on himself ill treatment and threats of death by his firmness in refusing to touch food which had been offered to the demon of the forest.¹ He also excited the ill-will of the fierce savages by his constant prayer before a rude cross carved on a tree.

But he bore his load of griefs manfully; and found solace in his sorrows by reflecting that he alone, in that vast region, adored the Creator of earth and heaven. Roaming through the stately forests of the Mohawk valley, he wrote the name of Jesus on the bark of trees, engraved crosses, and entered into possession of these countries in the name of God—often lifting up his voice in a solitary chant. What a theme for the pen, what a subject for the pencil—this living martyr, half-clad in shaggy furs, kneeling on the snow among the iced rocks, and beneath the gloomy pines, bowing in adoration before the glorious emblem of the Faith, in which was his only hope and his only consolation!

¹ "The Jesuits in North America."

² Late in the autumn, a party of Indians set forth on their yearly deer-hunt, and Jagues was ordered to go with them. Shivering and half-famished, he followed them through the chill November forest, and shared their wild bivouac in the depths of the winter desolation. The game they took was devoted to Areskoni, their god, and eaten in his honor. Jagues would not taste the meat offered to a demon; and thus he starved in the midst of plenty. At night, when the kettle was slung, and the savage crew made merry around their fire, he crouched in a corner of the hut, gnawed by hunger, and pierced to the bone with cold. They thought his presence unpropitious to their hunting, and the women especially hated him. His demeanor at once astonished and incensed his masters. He brought them firewood, like a squaw; he did their bidding without a murmur, and patiently bore their abuse; but when they mocked at his God, and laughed at his devotions, their slave assumed an air and tone of authority, and sternly rebuked them.—*Parkman.*

As time passed, however, Father Jogues became more familiar with the Mohawk language. He could converse a little. The chiefs began to respect him, and as he showed no disposition to escape, he was allowed a large liberty. Nor was he slow in availing himself of this privilege. He visited other towns, and when he passed, God passed with him. He ministered to Christian prisoners, often preparing them for eternity amid the very flames. He baptized infants in danger of death; and when grace touched the pagan heart, he was consoled by a conversion. Thus not without fruit was the captivity of the martyr-missionary.

He accompanied his Indian masters on several trading excursions to the Dutch settlement of Rensselaerswyck.¹ It was while here in August, 1643, that Jogues wrote the famous letter to his Provincial, in which he recounts, in elegant Latin, the scenes and sufferings that had marked the days of his captivity.²

But scarcely was the ink dry on his letter, when the Jesuit learned that the Indians were plotting his destruction. Some of the principal Dutch inhabitants pressed him to escape, and kindly offered him every aid in their power. The priest, however, hesitated, and spent a night in prayer before coming to any decision. He concluded that it was the will of God to embrace the opportunity given him.

But the heroic missionary passed through many an adventure and "hair-breadth escape" before regaining his liberty. On one occasion, while crossing a fence, he was severely bitten in the leg by a fierce dog. He was stowed away for several days in the bottom of a boat in the river,

¹ Now Albany.—"The centre of this rude little settlement," says Parkman, "was Fort Orange, a miserable structure of logs, standing on a spot now within the limits of the city of Albany. It contained several houses and other buildings; and behind it was a small church, recently erected, and serving as the abode of the pastor, Dominic Megapolensis, known in our day as the writer of an interesting, though short account of the Mohawks. Some 25 or 30 houses, roughly built with boards and roofed with thatch, were scattered at intervals on or near the borders of the Hudson, above and below the fort. Their inhabitants, about 100 in number, were for the most part rude Dutch farmers, tenants of Van Rensselaer, the patroon, or lord of the manor."—*The Jesuits in North America*. Such was the capital of the State of New York in 1643.

² It is dated "At the colony of Rensselaerswyck, in New Belgium, the 5th of August, 1643." This letter fills from page 120 to page 173 of Bressani's *Relation Abrégée*, where a French translation is given.—See *Martin's new edition*.

and as the weather was excessively warm, he got nearly suffocated. Furious at his escape, the savages ransacked the settlement. The officers of the boat were terrified, and Jogues, for greater safety, was placed in the garret of an old house in Fort Orange. He was visited in this hiding-place by the minister, Megapolensis, who, to this honor be it said, treated him with extreme kindness.

As the clamors of the Indians for their captive redoubled, and each interview grew more boisterous than the last, the Dutch friends of the Jesuit determined once for all to take a bold stand. "The Frenchman for whom you search," exclaimed a brave Hollander, "is under my protection, and I shall not give him up." He then reasoned with the noisy savages, and finished by saying: "Here is money for the ransom of your prisoner," handing them the sum of three hundred livres. This manly, generous action gave Father Jogues his freedom. He boarded a small vessel, and was soon carried down the lordly stream; and thus for the first time a Catholic priest passed along—

"Where Hudson's wave o'er silvery sands
Winds through the hills afar."

Father Jogues' captivity among the Mohawks lasted fifteen months, during which time he baptized about seventy persons.

CHAPTER III.

THE GLORIOUS END.

New York City two centuries and a half ago—Two Catholics—A pious Irishman—Father Jogues is wrecked on the English coast—Lands in France on Christmas Day—Pathetic incidents—At the College of Rennes—The nation honors him as a saint and martyr—Returns to Canada—Again among the Mohawks—Returns to Quebec—Comes back as an apostle—The glorious death of Father Jogues.

On arriving at New Amsterdam,¹ Father Jogues was received with much honor by Governor Kieft, with whom he remained for some time. This was in the fall of 1643. Manhattan Island was then a rude place, containing about five hundred inhabitants, a motley crowd of many nationalities. The Governor informed Father Jogues that eighteen languages were spoken in their midst. The good Jesuit found just two Catholics—a young Irishman and a Portuguese woman.² The good, warm-hearted son of Erin had the honor and happiness of making his confession, and receiving absolution from the martyr-missionary of the fierce Mo-

¹ Now New York City.

² Of these two, Father Martin, S. J., in his "*Vie de Père Jogues*," writes: Son embarras fut grand avec une femme d'origine portugaise. En entrant dans une maison près du fort, il avait été agréablement surpris de voir sur la cheminée deux images, l'une de la Sainte Vierge, l'autre de Saint Louis de Gonzague : il interroge et apprend que la maîtresse du logis était la femme du porte-enseigne et qu'elle était catholique. Malheureusement elle ne savait aucune des langues que parlait le P. Jogues.

Il trouva plus de consolation dans ses rapports avec un bon catholique irlandais, qui arriva sur ces entrefaites des côtes de la Virginie. A la nouvelle de la présence d'un prêtre catholique, il n'eut rien de plus pressé que de manifester au serviteur de Dieu tout l'intérêt qu'il prenait à son sort, et de profiter de son ministère pour approcher des sacraments. C'est par lui que le P. Jogues apprit les progrès de la foi dans cette colonie anglaise des bords de Chesapeake. Fondée depuis peu d'années par un lord catholique qui fuyait sa patrie pour jouir de la liberté religieuse et vivre en paix dans sa foi, elle prit le nom de *Maryland*, en l'honneur de la reine Henriette-Marie.

hawks, the first priest who ever set foot on Manhattan Island. This was the first time the Sacrament of Penance was administered in the great commercial Metropolis of America, which is now the see of a Cardinal-Archbishop, and contains fifty Catholic Churches.

The hospitable Dutch Governor gave Father Jagues a new suit of clothes—something he was painfully in need of—and procured him a passage in the first ship bound for the shores of beautiful France. A storm drove the vessel on the English coast, and the martyr Jesuit fell into the hands of some thievish wreckers—a class of men little removed in barbarism from the Mohawks that ranged the forests of New York. He was stripped of everything in his possession. Even his clothes were not spared. After many hardships, however, he found his way across the English Channel, in a collier's bark, and was landed on the shores of Brittany, on Christmas Day, 1643.

In a rude sailor's coat, dragging himself along with pain, aided by a staff, the venerable priest was no longer recognized. Hospitality was cordially extended to him in a peasant's cot; here he was invited to share the simple morning meal, but the missionary's only thought was to celebrate duly the festival by receiving the Blessed Eucharist. He had the nearest church pointed out, and there had the supreme happiness of approaching the holy altar. For nearly a year and a half he had been deprived of Communion.

The good Bretons lent him a hat and a little cloak to appear more decently in Church. They thought him to be one of those unfortunate children of Catholic Erin, whom persecution frequently drove to the shores of France; but, when on his return from Mass, his charitable hosts saw the frightful condition of his hands, Father Jagues was compelled to satisfy their pious curiosity, by modestly relating his history. The peasants of Leon fell at his feet, overcome with pity and admiration. He himself relates how the young girls, moved by the story of his misfortunes, gave him their little alms. "They came," he says, "with so much generosity and modesty to offer me two or three

pence, which was probably all their treasure, that I was moved to tears."

By the assistance of these good peasants, Father Jogues was enabled to reach the city of Rennes, which contained a college of the Society. It was early morning, and when the porter came to the door to answer the call, he beheld a poor and almost deformed beggar. The stranger humbly asked if he could see the Rector. The porter hastily answered that he was about to say Mass, and could not be seen at that hour. "But," persisted the stranger, "tell him that a poor man from Canada would gladly speak with him." When the porter whispered the message, the Father Rector was putting on his vestments. At the name of "Canada," which was then the great missionary field of the French Jesuits, the Superior disrobed, and proceeded to the parlor. The poor and ragged traveler handed him a certificate of character from Governor Kieft. Without even glancing at it, the Rector hastily inquired:

"Are you from Canada?"

"Yes."

"Do you know Father Jogues?"

"Very well."

"The Iroquois have taken him," continued the Rector; "is he dead? Have they murdered him?"

"No," answered Jogues, "he is alive, and at liberty, and I am he." And as he uttered these words he fell upon his knees, asking the benediction of his Superior. . . .

That was a day of almost boundless joy in the College of Rennes. Nor was there less rejoicing among his fellow-religious over all France. He was supposed to be dead, and his sudden reappearance among them was something extraordinary.

At the French Court he was received as a saint and martyr. Queen Ann of Austria kissed his mutilated hands. The nobility and ladies of the Court vied in exhibiting their deep sentiments of respect and veneration. Indeed, the slave of the Mohawks became the revered and "admired of all admirers." The Pope granted him a dispensation to

celebrate Mass with his mutilated hands, saying: "It would be unjust to refuse a martyr of Christ the privilege of drinking the Blood of Christ."

It was the earnest desire of all that Father Jagues should remain in France; but he sighed after the American missions, and returned to Canada in 1645. In July of the following year he was present at the peace negotiations at Three Rivers between the French and Hurons on one side and the Mohawks on the other. This event led the apostolic priest to conceive bright hopes of founding a permanent mission among the Iroquois.

In May, 1646, he set out with a companion for the Mohawk castles, in order to confirm the peace already made. He went less as a missionary than as an ambassador. He even laid aside his religious habit on this occasion, for an Algonquin chief urged it, saying: "There is nothing more repulsive at first than this doctrine, which seems to exterminate all that men hold dearest; and since your long gown preaches it as much as your lips, you had better go in a short coat." On this journey he reached the portage of Lake George on the eve of the festival of Corpus Christi, and named it *Lac Saint Sacrament*, or Lake of the Holy Sacrament.

He visited Fort Orange, and spent some days with the kind Dutch friends to whom he owed his life. Then passing further up, he soon reached the first Mohawk town. The French embassy was well received. After a council and much smoking of pipes, the priest, as ambassador from the French, began to harangue the dusky assembly. Grunts of applause kept pace with his periods, and the usual presents were made with great formality. Having thus established peace on what he considered a firm basis, Father Jagues returned to Canada, with the intention of making all necessary preparations for the conversion of the fierce Mohawks. He set out again with three or four Hurons and a *donné* of the mission, named Lalande, in August, 1646. The brave missionary had a singular presentiment of his fate, for previous to leaving Canada he

wrote to a friend: "*I shall go, but shall not return.*"

It was only too true. On the way, some Indians crossed their path, and warned them that a change of feeling had taken place among the Mohawks. The Hurons fled on hearing such news, but Father Jogues and his young companion, Lalande, pressed on. Scarcely, however, had the two travellers reached the confines of the Mohawk territory when their danger became apparent.

A little box, which the Jesuit had left behind on his first visit, was now returned. The savages considered it the secret cause of much mischief. The bad crops, the sickness, and all the misfortunes that had recently befallen the nation, were attributed to the mysterious box! It sealed the martyr's fate.

A band of warriors seized the priest and his companion, stripped them, and hurried them to the nearest town. A barbarous crowd gathered, howling like ferocious beasts. A furious savage sprang on Jogues, and cut strips of flesh from his back and arms, exclaiming; "Let us see if this white flesh is the flesh of a manitou!"

"I am a man, like yourselves," replied the intrepid Jesuit; "but I fear neither death nor torture. Why do you kill me? I have come to your country to confirm peace, to strengthen the land, and to show you the way to Heaven, and you treat me like a dog."

The star of Father Jogues' earthly hope had set. He looked but to Heaven. Like our dear, Divine Lord, he was to water the scene of his labors, captivity, and sufferings with the last drops of his blood. In the evening, smarting with his wounds and bruises, he was sitting in one of the lodges, when an Indian entered and asked him to a feast. To refuse would have been an offence. He arose and followed the savage, who led him to the lodge of the "Bear" Chief. The missionary bent his head to enter, when an-

* "Le cœur on dit que si j'ai le bien d'être employé dans cette mission, *ibo et non redibo*; mais je serais heureux si Notre-Seigneur voulait achever le sacrifice là où il l'a commencé et que le peu de sang répandu en cette terre fût comme les arrhes de celui que je lui donnerais de toutes les veines de mon corps."

* See Martin's *R. P. Isaac Jogues*, p. 275.

other Indian, standing concealed within, at the side of the doorway, struck him with a hatchet. An Iroquois, called by the French, Le Berger, who seems to have followed in order to defend him, bravely held out his arm to ward off the blow ; but the hatchet cut through it, and sank into the martyr's brain. He fell at the feet of his murderer, who at once finished the awful work by hacking off his victim's head.¹ The saintly and immortal Jogues was no more ! His head was placed high on the palisades, with the face turned towards the road by which he had come to the land of the Mohawks.²

¹ Parkman.

² The young and faithful Lalande also bravely met death.

The Indian, Le Berger, voluntarily came to Three Rivers two years afterwards, and gave himself up to a party of Frenchmen. He was converted, baptized, and carried to France, where his behavior is reported to have been edifying, but where he soon died. "Perhaps he had eaten his share of more than fifty men," is the reflection of Father Rageuneau, after recounting his exemplary conduct.—*Parkman*.

The date of Father Jogues' glorious death was the 18th of October, 1646.



FATHER JOHN DE BREBEUF, S. J.

FOUNDER OF THE HURON MISSION.

FATHER JOHN DE BRÉBEUF, S. J.,

THE APOSTLE OF THE HURONS.¹

CHAPTER I.

THIRTY-SIX EVENTFUL YEARS.

The Pioneer Jesuits of North America—John de Brébeuf—His birth—His family—Enters the Society of Jesus—His humility—Goes to Canada—Hardships—Is sent on the Huron Mission—Among the red men—All alone—His recall to Quebec—Returns to France.

After carefully examining the lives of the early Jesuit Fathers in North America, the historical student is forced to the conclusion that they were a band of almost incomparable men. The more thoroughly the records containing their history are sifted and scrutinized, the more firmly does this conviction become rooted in the mind. Though differing in ability, physical strength, and personal character, there is, however, one shining quality possessed in common by them all—the most lofty Christian heroism. Men more capable of attracting our admiration, and whose glorious footsteps point out the way to Heaven, were not produced, even in the first ages of Christianity.

The biography of Father John de Brébeuf is not, indeed,

¹ Chief authorities used: Father Felix Martin, S. J., "Le B. Jean de Brébeuf, sa vie, ses travaux, son martyre;" "Relations des Jésuites," Father Bressani, S. J., "Relation Abrégée, traduite de l'Italien par le Père Felix Martin, de la même Compagnie (nouvelle édition, 1877);" Abbé Ferland, "Cours d'Histoire du Canada;" Parkman, "The Jesuits in North America;" Parkman, "The Pioneers of France in the New World;" Parkman, "The Old Regime in Canada;" Kip, "Early Jesuit Missions in N. America;" Father Macleod, "History of Devotion to the Blessed Virgin in North America;" "History of the Catholic Church in the United States."

found in Butler's "Lives of the Saints;" but, perhaps, we might search in vain through that excellent work for anything to surpass it in sublime interest. In his towering figure, iron frame, and supernatural gifts, he resembled St. Columbkille; in his rare meekness, kindness, and great practical sense, he was not unlike St. Francis de Sales; while his lion heart and martyr-spirit would, in truth, have done honor to St. Lawrence. We shall glance at the career of this illustrious priest, who stands forth in the religious annals of the seventeenth century as the prince of Indian missionaries—the greatest of the American Jesuits.

John de Brébeuf was born on the 25th of March, 1593, in Condé-sur-Vivre, Department of La Manche, France. His family was ancient and noble.¹ It had given Normandy many a brave soldier and fearless knight. Of John's young years we have no record. At the age of twenty-four, however, he entered the novitiate of the Society of Jesus, Rouen; and such was his humility that he requested to be admitted as a simple lay brother. "And again," says the old *Relation* of 1649, "before he made his vows, he renewed the request, thinking himself unworthy of the priesthood, and fit only for the most menial offices. . . . Yet he was capable of the greatest things." His superiors, at a glance, saw the wealth of mental, moral, and physical gifts embodied in John de Brébeuf, and full of submission to their advice, he pursued with marked zeal and success the usual courses of study and teaching in the colleges of the Society, and was ordained priest on the 25th of March, 1623, that being his thirtieth birth-day.

One of the pioneer band of Jesuits to Canada, Father de Brébeuf landed beneath the bold cliffs of Quebec in the

¹ Sa famille était noble et ancienne. Le premier de ses ancêtres dont le nom soit connu. Nicolas de Brébeuf, figure aux rôles de 1252, parmi les nobles de la vicomté de Bayeux. Son nom lui vient du fief de Brébeuf, situé sur la paroisse de Condé-sur-Vivre, élection de Bayeux, autrefois de l'arrondissement de Saint-Lô. . . . Ses armes sont d'argent au bœuf effarouché de sable, accorné d'or. . . . Le poète de ce nom, Guillaume de Brébeuf, petit neveu du missionnaire, sortit de ses rangs et l'illustra.—*Ère Martin, S. J.*

² It consisted of six—three Fathers and three Coadjutor Brothers. The Fathers were Charles Lalement, Enemond Masse, and John de Brébeuf.

summer of 1625. The winter of that and the following year he spent as a sort of apprenticeship, wandering in the neighboring woods and mountains among the savages. He toiled hard to master the rude, harsh, unwritten dialect, and to familiarize himself with the barbarous life and customs of the red man. Truly it was up-hill work. Fatigue, insult, disgust, hunger, thirst, and intense cold are but tame expressions when applied to what the future Apostle of the Hurons endured.

In the summer of 1626 Father de Brébeuf, accompanied by Father de Nouë, S.J., and one Franciscan Father, set out for the country of the Hurons. At first, the Indians refused to receive Father de Brébeuf into their canoes, giving as a reason that his tall and portly frame would upset any of the frail vessels; and it was only by dint of many presents that their pretended fears could be removed. He embarked with his companions, and, after months of toil, reached the wild scene of his labors, his sufferings, and his death. It was on the extreme southern shore of Georgian Bay. Here a mission had been begun about ten years before by the apostolic Father Le Caron, a Franciscan.

The work of evangelizing the pagan Hurons progressed slowly. The first difficulty—and enormous it was, certainly—was to master the barbarous language. For this labor, according to Champlain, Father de Brébeuf had a wonderful aptitude. In a short time he spoke the Huron dialect with fluency; but it was different with De Nouë, who found it impossible, on account of his advanced age, and for other reasons, to pick up the savage jargon of the wilderness. Finding that his presence would be of little use, Father de Nouë soon departed for Quebec. The Franciscans also retired, and Father de Brébeuf was left alone.

He was now nearly a thousand miles from a fellow-Christian, with no one to confide his thoughts to, no one to witness his sacrifices, but God and His Angels. The heroic priest, however, toiled on as our pen cannot picture. It was a stony field. His hearers for a time listened with supreme indifference. "Your customs are not the same as

ours," they replied to the exhortations of the black-gown. "Our country is so different from yours that it is not possible the same God created both." But the man of God answered all objections. Living amongst the Indians, he became, as far as his sacred duties and character would permit, one of them. They gave him the name of *Echon*. He became all to all, that he might gain all to Christ. The good effect of his untiring labors and instructions began to tell on the multitude of wild men, when the miseries that surrounded the unhappy colony of Canada led to his recall to Quebec.

He obeyed. What was now to become of his two years' toil among the Hurons? When the Indians heard that he was about to depart, they crowded around their friend and father. "O Echon!" they exclaimed in passionate accents, "is it thus you abandon us? During two years you have lived with us, and learned our language, and we have learned to know something of the Great Master of life. Now you know how to speak like one of us, but as yet we do not know how to pray to the Great Master and to adore Him as you do, and you leave us!" At this touching language the lion-hearted Jesuit could not restrain his tears, but he waved an affectionate adieu to his dusky flock, and promised one day to return.

Misfortune now frowned on the infant colony. England obtained temporary possession of Canada. Made prisoners, Father de Brébeuf and his religious colleagues who were stationed at Quebec, were sent to Great Britain, whence, after some time, they were allowed to proceed to France.

Here, we are told, he lived among his brethren with the simplicity of a little child. The thorny way of the Indian missions had but advanced him on the royal road of the Cross. In 1631 he wrote: "I feel that I have no talent for anything, recognizing in myself only an inclination to obey others. I believe that I am only fit to be a porter, to clean out the rooms of my brethren, and to serve in the kitchen. I mean to conduct myself in the Society as if I were a beg-

gar, admitted into it by sufferance, and I will receive everything that is granted me as a particular favor." The person who wrote this was, without any doubt, one of the most gifted men of his age!

CHAPTER II.

AMONG THE HURONS.

A glimpse—A council and what came of it—The eventful journey to the Huron country—Indian geography—The house for the Jesuits, and its wondrous furniture—Anecdotes—Labors of the missionaries—The good seed falling on rocks—The thousand-and-one obstacles—Heroism—De Brébeuf's visit to the savages of the Neutral Nation.

In a few years France regained possession of Canada, and the cassock of the Jesuit might once more be seen on the rude streets of Quebec. Let us take a glimpse at one of the six fearless sons of Ignatius, as they sit in their humble residence of Notre Dame des Anges, at Quebec, in 1633, at the evening meal. One was conspicuous among the rest—a tall, powerful man, with features that seemed carved by nature for a soldier, but which the piety and mental habit of years had stamped with the visible impress of the priesthood. It was John de Brébeuf. The Apostle of the Hurons had again blessed the soil of Canada with his presence.

In July, 1633, one hundred and forty canoes were pulled ashore at the warehouses of Quebec. Over six hundred Huron warriors and chiefs had come on their annual trading expedition. Preliminary arrangements past, a council was held in the fort. Jesuit Fathers, French officers, and dusky chiefs and warriors formed this singular assembly. Its object was to come to an understanding with the savages in relation to sending three missionaries among them. To Fathers de Brébeuf, Daniel, and Davost had fallen the honors, dangers, and woes of the Huron mission.

Governor Champlain introduced the three priests to the

Indians. "These are our Fathers," said the noble and venerable Founder of Canada. "We love them more than we love ourselves. The whole French nation honors them. They do not go among you for your furs. They have left their friends and their country to show you the way to heaven. If you love the French, as you say you love them, then love and honor these our Fathers."

On the eve of departure, however, a misunderstanding among the Indians prevented the missionaries from proceeding on their journey, and another year passed away before the fleet of canoes came down the lordly St. Lawrence.

In the summer of 1634, the dusky traders landed their light crafts, this time at Three Rivers, and Father de Brébeuf and his two companions set out with them on their return trip.

They reckoned the distance at nine hundred miles; but distance was the least repellent feature of this most arduous journey. Barefooted, lest their shoes should injure the frail vessel, each priest crouched in his canoe, and toiled with unpracticed hand to propel it. Before him, week after week, he saw the same lank, unkempt hair, the same tawny shoulders, and long, naked arms, ceaselessly plying the paddle. The canoes were soon separated, and for more than a month the priests rarely or never met. De Brébeuf spoke a little Huron, and could converse with his escort, but Daniel and Davost were doomed to a silence unbroken save by the occasional unintelligible complaints and menaces of the Indians, of whom many were sick with the epidemic, and all were terrified, desponding, and sullen.

Their only food was a pittance of Indian corn crushed between two stones and mixed with water. The toil was extreme. De Brébeuf counted thirty-five portages where their canoes were lifted from the water and carried on the shoulders of the voyagers around the rapids or cataracts. More than fifty times besides they were forced to wade in the raging current, pushing up their empty barks or dragging them with ropes. The Apostle of the Hurons tried to do his part, but the boulders and sharp rocks wounded his

naked feet and compelled him to desist. He and his companions bore their share of the baggage across the portages, sometimes a distance of several miles. Four trips at least were required to convey the whole. The way was through the dense forest, encumbered with rocks and logs, tangled with roots and underbrush, damp with perpetual shade, and redolent of decayed leaves and mouldering wood. The Indians themselves were often spent with fatigue. Father de Brébeuf, with his iron frame and unconquerable resolution, doubted if his strength would sustain him to his journey's end.

He complains that he had no moment to read his breviary, except by the moonlight or the fire, when stretched out to sleep on a bare rock by some savage cataract of the Ottawa, or in a damp nook of the adjacent forest. Descending French river, and following the lonely shore of the great Georgian Bay, the canoe which carried De Brébeuf at length neared its destination, thirty days after leaving Three Rivers. Before him, stretched in wild slumber, lay the forest shore of the Huron Nation. Did his spirit sink as he approached his dreary home, oppressed with a dark foreboding of what the future should bring forth?

De Brébeuf and his Huron companions having landed, the Indians, throwing the missionary's baggage on the ground, left him to his own resources, and, without heeding his remonstrances, set forth for their respective villages, some twenty miles distant. Thus abandoned, the priest knelt, not to implore succor in his perplexity, but to offer thanks to the Providence which had shielded him thus far. Then rising, he pondered as to what course he should take. He knew the spot well. It was on the borders of the small inlet called Thunder Bay. In the neighboring Huron town of Toaniché he had lived three years, preaching and baptizing. He hid his baggage in the woods, including the vessels for the Holy Mass, more precious than all the rest, and began to search for his new abode. Evening was near, when, after following, bewildered and anxious, a gloomy

forest path, he issued upon a wild clearing, and saw before him the bark roofs of Ihonatiria.

A crowd ran out to meet him. "Echon has come again! Echon has come again!" they cried, recognizing in the distance the stately figure robed in black that advanced from the border of the forest. They led him to the town, and the whole population swarmed about him. After a short rest, he set out with a number of young Indians in quest of his baggage, returning with it at one o'clock in the morning. Such is a vivid and faithful picture of the illustrious Jesuit's journey to the Huron Nation from the graphic pen of Parkman.

Before proceeding further, let us study a little Indian geography. The ancient country of the Hurons is now comprised in the northeastern and eastern portion of Simcoe County, Canada West¹, and is embraced within the peninsula formed by the Nottawassaga and Matchedash Bays of Lake Huron, the River Severn, and Lake Simcoe. This small area was quite thickly inhabited by a race of traders, who had many fortified towns. The Jesuits estimated the number of towns or villages at thirty-two, and the entire population at about 20,000.

On the west and southwest of the Hurons proper lay the kindred tribe of the Tobacco Nation, so called from their luxuriant fields of tobacco. And south of both of these, from Lake St. Clair to Niagara, was the Neutral Nation, which obtained its name from the neutrality observed by its people in the long and deadly struggle between the Hurons and Iroquois.²

Welcomed by one of the richest and most hospitable Hurons of Ihonatiria, Father de Brébeuf made his abode with him. As days passed, he anxiously awaited the arrival of his two fellow-priests and their French companions. One by one they made their appearance. But they could

¹ Now the Province of Ontario.

² It is not very well known how this fierce feud first originated between these kindred nations. It was going on when the French arrived in Canada, and naturally they took the side of their neighbors, the Hurons. Hence the hostility of the Iroquois to the French.

scarcely be recognized. Half-dead with hunger and fatigue, they resembled living skeletons more than men.

A house for the black-robos after the Huron model was soon erected. As hundreds of Indians joined in the work, the bark mansion rose in a few days—a complete edifice. It was divided into three parts—store-house, dwelling-house and chapel. This house and its furniture soon became the wonder of the whole Huron country. Visitors were in abundance. It was the clock, above all, that puzzled and pleased them.

The guests would sit in expectant silence by the hour, squatted on the ground, waiting to hear it strike. They thought it was alive, and asked what it ate. As the last stroke sounded one of the Frenchmen would cry “Stop!” and to the admiration of the company the obedient clock was silent.

The mill was another wonder, and they were never tired of turning it. Besides these, there was a prism and a magnet; also a magnifying glass, wherein a flea was transformed into a frightful monster, and a multiplying lens, which showed them the same object eleven times repeated.

“All this,” writes Father De Brébeuf, “serves to gain their affection, and make them more docile in respect to the admirable and incomprehensible mysteries of our Faith; for the opinion they have of our genius and capacity makes them believe whatever we tell them.”

“What does the Captain say?” was the frequent question, for by this title of honor they designated the clock. “When he strikes twelve times, he says, ‘Hang on the kettle,’ and when he strikes four times, he says, ‘Get up and go home.’” Both interpretations were well remembered. At noon visitors were never wanting to share the Fathers’ sagamite, but at the stroke of four all rose and departed, leaving the missionaries for a time in peace.

Father de Brébeuf, as Superior of the mission, and his two colleagues now began their labors. To warriors and women, children and chiefs, the Gospel was now announced. The work of conversion was long and most difficult. In

fact, during the first few years no adults were baptized save those at the point of death. The experienced De Brébeuf, knew Indian nature well, and he greatly feared backsliding. Hence his caution. In his eyes *one* good Christian was better than a multitude of bad ones. Besides, all the Indian vices—and the Huron nation was corrupt to the core—had to be eradicated before Catholicity could be planted. The herculean toil of battling against depravity, and of seeing that neither young nor old died without aid, such was the unceasing task of the Jesuits.

In the summer of 1635 there was a severe drought, which defied Indian magic, and ruined the reputation of many a medicine man. One of the most renowned of these jugglers, seeing his reputation tottering under his repeated failures, bethought himself of accusing the Jesuits, and gave out that the red color of the cross which stood before their house scared the bird of thunder, and caused him to fly another way.¹ On this a clamor arose. The popular ire turned against the priests, and the obnoxious cross was condemned to be hewn down. Aghast at the threatened sacrilege, they attempted to reason away the storm, assuring the crowd that the lightning was not a bird, but certain hot and fiery exhalations, which being imprisoned, darted this way and that, trying to escape. As this philosophy failed to convince their hearers, the missionaries changed their line of defence.

"You say," observed the Fathers, "that the red color of the cross frightens the bird of thunder. Then paint the cross white, and see if the thunder will come." This was done, but the clouds still kept aloof.

"Your spirits cannot help you," said Father de Brébeuf, "and your sorcerers have deceived you with lies. Now ask the aid of Him who made the world, and perhaps He will

¹ The following is the explanation an Indian gave Father De Brébeuf of what thunder was: "It is a man in the form of a turkey-cock. The sky is his palace, and he remains in it when the air is clear. When the clouds begin to grumble he descends to the earth to gather up snakes and other objects, which the Indians call *mantious*. The lightning flashes whenever he opens or closes his wings. If the storm is more violent than usual, it is because his young are with him, and aiding in the noise as well as they can."

listen to your prayers.” And he added that if the Indians would renounce their sins, and obey the true God, they would make a procession daily to implore His favor towards them. There was no want of promises. The processions were begun, as were also nine Masses to St. Joseph, and as heavy rains occurred soon after, the Indians conceived a high idea of the efficacy of the French “medicine.”

If in 1636 more Jesuits came to the assistance of the dauntless De Brébeuf, his difficulties on that account did not diminish. For several years the pestilence had scourged the Hurons, but now it arrived in its most terrible form—the small-pox. Mourning overshadowed the land. De Brébeuf and his brave band became, if possible, more than heroes. Amid the wails of the living and the groans of the dying, they passed around, like good angels, from cabin to cabin, aiding and comforting as they went along. Often the only return for their charity were jeers and curses.

“When we see them,” writes Parkman, “in the gloomy February of 1637, and the gloomier months that followed, toiling on foot from one infected town to another, wading through the sodden snow, under the bare and dripping forest, drenched with incessant rains, till they desisted at length through the storm the clustering dwellings of some barbarous hamlet, when we see them entering one after another these wretched abodes of misery and darkness, and all for one sole end, the baptism of the sick and dying, . . . we must needs admire the self-sacrificing zeal with which it was pursued.”

In those wild scenes of misery, no pen can picture the heroic toils, the calmness, the grandeur of soul exhibited by Father de Brébeuf. How the human frame could endure it is something which fills the mind with astonishment. Nor had he to battle against disease and Indian wickedness only. The powers of darkness assailed the great priest in every way possible. Demons in troops appeared before him, sometimes in the guise of men, sometimes as bears,

¹ Parkman.

wolves, or wild-cats. He called on God, and the apparitions vanished. Death, like a skeleton, sometimes menaced him, and once, as he faced it with an unquailing eye, it fell powerless at his feet. He saw the vision of a vast and gorgeous palace, and a miraculous voice assured him that such was to be the reward of those who dwelt in savage hovels for the cause of God. Angels appeared to him, and more than once St. Joseph and the Most Blessed Virgin were visibly present before his sight.

In 1637 Father de Brébeuf had the extreme consolation of solemnly baptizing a Huron chief, the *first* adult in health yet admitted to the Christian fold. It was done with great ceremony, and in the presence of hundreds of wondering Indians. But the devil became alarmed at this triumph of the Faith. More than ever the savages began to suspect the Jesuits. It was secretly whispered abroad that they had bewitched the nation, in short, were the chief cause of the pest which threatened to destroy it.

A dwarfish medicine-man, who boasted that he was a veritable fiend incarnate, originated this rumor. The slander, says Parkman, spread fast and far. Their friends looked at them askance, their enemies clamored for their lives. Some said that the priests concealed in their houses a corpse which infected the country—a prevalent notion, derived from some half-instructed neophyte, concerning the body of Christ in the Eucharist. Others ascribed the evils to a serpent, others to a spotted frog, others to a demon which the priests were supposed to carry in the barrel of a gun. Others again gave out that they had pricked an infant to death with awls in the forest in order to kill the Huron children by magic. "Perhaps," observes Father Le Mercier "the devil was enraged because we had placed a great many of these little innocents in Heaven."

The picture of the Last Judgment¹ became an object of terror. It was regarded as a charm. The dragons and serpents were supposed to be the demons of the pest, and the

¹ This was one of the few pictures that adorned the rude forest chapel.

sinner whom they were so busily devouring to represent its victims. On the top of a spruce tree near their house at Ihonatiria, the priests had fastened a small streamer to show the direction of the wind. This too was taken for a charm, throwing off disease and death to all quarters. The clock, once an object of harmless wonder, now excited the wildest alarm, and the Jesuits were forced to stop it, as it was supposed to sound the signal of death. At sunset, one would have seen knots of Indians, their faces dark with dejection and terror, listening to the measured sounds which issued from within the neighboring house of the mission, where, with bolted doors, the priests were singing Litanies, mistaken for incantations by the awe-struck savages.¹

On the evening of the 4th of August, 1637, the chiefs held a solemn council to discuss the whole question of the pest and the Jesuits. Father de Brébeuf and his associates were requested to be present, and gladly they accepted the invitation. A stranger scene it would be difficult to imagine. Chiefs grizzled with age, and bearing the scars of many a fierce contest, spent their eloquence, the whole gist of which was—the Huron nation was dying away, and the priests were the cause. When the last of the dusky orators sat down, the noble De Brébeuf arose and thoroughly exposed the utter absurdity of the charges against himself and his fellow-priests. But it was all to no purpose. There was a clamor for the “*charmed cloth!*” In vain did the Jesuit protest that they had nothing of the kind. The loud and savage demands but increased.

“If you will not believe me,” said De Brébeuf, “go to our house; search everywhere; and if you are not sure which is the charm, take all our clothing and all our cloth, and throw them into the lake.”

“Sorcerers always talk in that way,” was the reply.

“Then what will you have me say?” demanded De Brébeuf.

“Tell us the cause of the pest,” was still asked.

¹ “The Jesuits in North America.”

The good Father's explanations and the loud interruptions of the Indians delayed the debate until long after midnight. As one of the old chiefs passed out, he said to the "Xavier of North America": "If some young brave should split your head, we should have nothing to say."

The Fathers were now in peril of their lives. The few converts they had lately made came to them in secret, and warned them that their death was determined upon. The house was set on fire, in public every face was averted from them, and a new council was called to pronounce the decree of death. They appeared before it, we are told, with a front of such unflinching assurance, that their judges, Indian-like, postponed the sentence. Yet it seemed impossible that they should much longer escape. De Brébeuf, therefore, wrote a letter of farewell to his superior, Father Le Jeune, at Quebec, and confided it to some converts whom he could trust, to be carried by them to its destination.

"We are, perhaps," he writes, "about to give our blood and our lives in the cause of our Master, Jesus Christ. It seems that His goodness will accept the sacrifice, as regards me, in expiation of my great and numberless sins, and that He will thus crown the past services and ardent desires of all our Fathers here. . . . Blessed be His name forever, that He has chosen us among so many better than we to aid Him to bear His cross in this land! In all things His holy will be done." The spirit of the fearless Christian hero shines out in these admirable sentences.

After a fervent novena to St. Joseph, the clouds of death that hung over their devoted heads began slowly to move away. "Truly," wrote Father Le Mercier, "it is an unspeakable happiness for us in the midst of this barbarism to hear the roaring of the demons, and to see earth and hell raging against a handful of men who will not even defend themselves."

Illustrious band of incomparable men! Let us call the immortal roll: "The iron De Brébeuf, the gentle Garnier, the all-enduring Jaques, the enthusiastic Chaumonot, Lallemand, Le Mercier, Charletain, Daniel, Pijart, Ragueneau,

Du Perron, Poncet, Le Moyne," one and all bore themselves with a bold tranquillity even when their very scalps hung by a hair.

During the remainder of the narrative we must confine ourselves to the personal history of De Brébeuf himself. Gladly would we follow all in their labors, but space will not permit. "Fain would we pause to gaze at each in his trials and his toils; recount the dangers from the heathen Huron, the skulking Iroquois, the frozen river, hunger, cold, and accident; to show Garnier wrestling with the floating ice through which he sunk on an errand of mercy; Chabanel struggling on for many years on a mission from which every fiber of his nature shrunk with loathing; Chaumonot compiling his grammar on the frozen earth; or the heroic De Brébeuf, paralyzed by a fall, with his collar-bone broken, creeping on his hands and feet along the frozen road, and sleeping unsheltered in the snow, when the very trees were splitting with cold."

In November, 1640, Father de Brébeuf, accompanied by Father Chaumonot, set out to establish a mission among the ferocious savages of the Neutral Nation. A more perilous journey they could not have undertaken. Five days of toilsome marching brought them to the first Neutral town.

Their progress was a storm of maledictions. The cry of "sorcerers" was immediately raised, and in every quarter the priests were denounced as the destroyers of the human race. They were driven from door to door, yelled at, spat on, jeered, and cursed.

One day, as Father de Brébeuf's eyes were turned in the direction of the land of the Iroquois, he beheld the ominous apparition of a great cross in the air approaching from that quarter. Afterwards he told the vision to his comrades. "What was it like?" "How large was it?" they eagerly demanded. "Large enough," replied De Brébeuf, "to crucify us all."

But God did not abandon his faithful servant in adver-

¹ Shea.

sity. "One evening," writes Father Chaumonot, "when all the chief men of the town were deliberating in council whether they would put us to death, Father de Brébeuf, while making his examination of conscience, as we were together at prayers, saw the vision of a specter, full of fury, menacing us both with three javelins which he held in his hand. Then he hurled one of them at us; but a more powerful hand caught it as it flew, and this took place a second or a third time, as he hurled his two remaining javelins.

"Late at night our host came back from the council, where the two Huron emissaries had made their gift of hatchets to have us killed. He wakened us to say that three times we had been at the point of death; for the young men had offered three times to strike the blow, and three times the old men had dissuaded them. This explained the meaning of Father de Brébeuf's vision." Still their danger was not past. It was secretly agreed that no one should shelter them.

"Go and leave our country," exclaimed an old chief, "or we will put you into the kettle, and make a feast of you."

Father de Brébeuf and his companion, notwithstanding their dangers, spent a few weeks more in the territory of the ferocious and inhospitable Neutrals, and then, shaking the dust off their feet, they proceeded north to St. Marie, the headquarters of the whole Huron mission.

CHAPTER III.

THE BLESSING OF SUCCESS AND THE HEROIC END.

The great harvest of souls—Piety of the Indians—Father de Brébeuf's appearance some time before his death—His virtues—The Iroquois invasion—Assault on the village of St. Louis—A noble Indian chief—De Brébeuf taken prisoner—Appalling tortures—The sublime end—His greatness.

Six years of almost incredible toil and sufferings had now been spent in the stony field of the Huron mission. To the mere human eye it was labor thrown away. But nothing is lost that is done for God. Others may sow and water; He alone can give the increase, which He always does in His own good time. After all, motives, not success, are the test of real merit. But if the sublimest motives and the noblest merit can command success, did not Father de Brébeuf and his apostolic companions deserve it?

The venerable Apostle of the Hurons had the happiness to live to behold his labors blessed by Heaven. During the remaining nine years of his glorious career thousands came into the Church. Marvelous sight! Obstinate and fierce barbarians were transformed into model Christians. The wolf became a lamb. Speaking of the state of the missions in 1648, Father Ragueneau wrote: "Everywhere the progress of the Faith has far surpassed our hopes; the greater portion of the savages, even those who had been before the most ferocious, having become so docile and so pliable to the preaching of the Gospel as to make it manifest that the angels labored more among them than ourselves. The number of those who received baptism this year is about eighteen hundred."

Four new missionaries having arrived in September, 1648, the total number laboring in the Huron mission then amounted to *eighteen*. All the chief villages had their flourishing missions. In the conversion of these dusky sons of the forest we see the truth of the lines—

“Nothing great is lightly won,
And nothing won is lost.”

How delighted must have been Father de Brébeuf in witnessing the marvelous progress of the Faith described in the Huron *Relations* of that time. “Without doubt,” writes the Superior, “the angels of Heaven have been rejoiced at seeing that in all the villages of this country the Faith is respected, and that Christians now glory in that name which was in reproach but a few years ago. For my part, I could never have hoped to see, *even after fifty years of labor*, one-tenth part of the piety, of the virtue and sanctity, of which I have been an eye-witness in the visits made to those churches which have but lately grown up in the bosom of infidelity. It has given me a sensible delight to witness the diligence of the Christians, who anticipated the light of the sun to come to the public prayers, and who, though harassed with toil, came again in immense throngs before night to render anew their homages to God; to see the little children emulating the piety of their parents, and accustoming themselves, from the most tender age, to offer up to God their little sufferings, griefs, and labors. Often little girls, while engaged in gathering wood for the fire in the adjoining forests, can find no employment more agreeable than to recite the rosary, seeking to outstrip each other in this exercise of piety. But what has charmed me most is to see that the sentiments of faith have penetrated so deeply into the hearts of those whom we have but lately called barbarians, and I can say with entire truth that Divine grace has destroyed in most of them the fears, the desires, and the joys inspired heretofore by the feelings of nature.”¹

¹ Father Ragueneau, S. J.

The following is from the same venerable pen: “A little child six years old fell dangerously

Such was the happy condition of the Huron mission. The labors of the illustrious De Brébeuf and his fellow-Jesuits were crowned with more than success. Catholicity flourished in the snow-clad wilderness of the North.

There were in the Huron country in March, 1649, eighteen Jesuits and four lay brothers. The headquarters of the mission, where the Father Superior resided, was, as we have said, Sainte Marie, on the little river Wye, just south of Matchedash Bay. Other mission villages had likewise the names of saints, St. Ignatius, St. Joseph, St. Louis and many more.

Let us imagine all the Fathers gathered together in the largest apartment of the house at Sainte Marie. Among them we can at once single out the tall, imposing figure of the apostle and founder of the Huron mission, Father John de Brébeuf. His hair was now somewhat tinged with gray, for he was fifty-six years of age. "If he seemed impassive," writes the Protestant Parkman, "it was because one overmastering principle had merged and absorbed all the impulses of his nature and all the faculties of his mind.

sick in the mission of St. Michael. His mother, seeing the excess of his sufferings, and the approaches of death to her dearly beloved and only child, could not restrain her tears. 'Mother,' exclaimed the little one, 'why do you weep? your tears cannot make me well again. Let us pray to God together that He will make me happy in Heaven.' After some prayers the mother said: 'My son, I must carry you to Sainte Marie, that the French Fathers may restore you to health.' 'O mother!' replied the little innocent, 'I have a fire which burns my head—can they put it out? I do not expect to live. But do not be anxious about me, for my end is coming, and I must soon ask you to carry me to Sainte Marie. I wish to die there, and to be buried among the good Christians. . . .

"This little angel was brought to us, and died in our arms, praying to the end, and assuring us that he was going straight to Heaven, where he would pray to God for us all; and he even asked his mother to tell him for which of his relations he should pray most, when he would be with God, and when his prayers would without doubt be heard. He was heard: for shortly after his death, one of his uncles, a man who had been among the most rebellious to the Faith in this country, as well as one of his aunts, demanded instruction at our hands, and became Christians."—*Father Paul Ragueneau, S. J. Relation de ce qui est passé en la mission des Pères de la Compagnie de Jesus, aux Hurons, pais de la Nouvelle France, aux années 1648 et 1649.*

¹ The year before, 1648, St. Joseph's was destroyed by a hostile band of Iroquois. It was early in the morning. Mass was just finished by Father Daniel. The war-whoop of the Iroquois rang in the ears of the panic-stricken villagers. Rallying the defenders, the heroic priest gave them absolution. "Brothers," he exclaimed, "to-day we shall be in Heaven!" And to his flock he cried, "Fly! I will stay here. We shall meet again in Heaven." As the defenders were few, the carnage soon began. On seeing Daniel in the bright robes of his office, the heathen savages stared for a moment in amazement. Then came a volley of arrows. A musket-ball pierced the Jesuit's heart, and he fell murmuring the holy name of Jesus. This occurred three days after his retreat. He died a saint and martyr.

The enthusiasm, which with many is fitful and spasmodic, was with him the current of his life, solemn and deep as the tide of destiny. The Divine Trinity, the Holy Virgin, the Saints, Heaven and hell, angels and fiends, to him these alone were real, and all things else were naught."

De Brébeuf was, in truth, a man of the sublimest virtue. Let the pen of one of his famous companions describe his Christian greatness: "When he was made Superior of the Huron mission," writes Father Ragueneau, "and had many others under his charge, every one admired his skill in the management of affairs, his sweetness, which gained all hearts, his heroic courage in every undertaking, his long-suffering in awaiting the moments of God's good pleasure, his patience in enduring everything, and his zeal in undertaking whatever might promote God's glory. His humility inclined him to embrace with love, with joy, and even with natural relish, whatever was most lowly and painful.

"If on a journey he carried the heaviest burdens, if traveling in canoes he paddled from morning till night, it was he who threw himself first into the water and was the last to leave it, notwithstanding the rigor of the cold and the ice. He was the first up in the morning to make a fire and prepare breakfast, and he was the last to retire, finishing his prayers and devotions after the others had gone to repose.

"What is most remarkable is, that in all the labors he thus took upon himself, he did everything so quietly and dexterously that one would have believed that he had but acted in accordance with his natural inclination. 'I am but an ox,' he was wont to say, alluding to the meaning of his name in French; 'I am fit for nothing but carrying burdens.'

"To the continual sufferings which were inseparable from his employment in the missions, he added a number of voluntary mortifications, of inflictions of the discipline every day, and often twice in the day, of frequent fasts, of hair shirts, of girdles around his body, armed with iron points, of watchings, which were protracted far into the night. And

after all, his heart was not yet satiated with sufferings, and he believed that what he had hitherto endured was nothing.

“His meekness was the virtue which seemed to transcend all the others. It was proof against every trial. For twelve years that I have known him,” continues Father Ragueneau, “that I have seen him alternately superior, inferior, and on an equality with others, sometimes engaged in temporal affairs, sometimes in missionary toils and labors, dealing with the savages, whether Christians, infidels, or enemies, in the midst of sufferings, of persecution, and of calumny, I never once saw him either in anger or manifesting the slightest indication of displeasure. Occasionally, even, some persons tried to pique him on purpose, and to surprise him in those things to which they thought his sensibility would be the most alive, but always his eye would be benign, his words full of sweetness, and his heart in an unalterable calm.”

Stationed at the village of St. Louis were Father de Brébeuf and his slender and apparently youthful companion, Father Gabriel Lallemant. We have already referred to the Iroquois raid by which Father Daniel met a glorious death. Those hostile savages, encouraged by the success of this first attempt, determined to pay, at some future time, another and more dreadful visit to the Huron country. Before the dawn of day on the 16th of March, 1649, a force of about one thousand Iroquois warriors suddenly attacked the village of St. Ignatius. The place was carried by assault. Out of four hundred inhabitants, but three escaped over the snow to carry the alarm to St. Louis, only three miles distant! It was scarcely sunrise when the swift-footed Mohawks surrounded the doomed village in which dwelt the Apostle of the Hurons.

The details of the fierce struggle and awful carnage that make that place memorable were learned from a few Indians who escaped to St. Marie, and they can be found in the old *Relation* of that year.

When the three fugitives from St. Ignatius reached the still slumbering village of St. Louis, they spread the alarm

with telegraphic rapidity. The Christian Indians entreated De Brébeuf to save his life—to fly with them. But, in the words of Parkman, “the bold scion of a warlike stock had no thought of flight. His post was in the teeth of danger, to cheer on those who fought, and to open Heaven to those who fell. His colleague, slight of frame and frail of constitution, trembled despite himself; but deep enthusiasm mastered the weakness of nature, and he, too, refused to fly.”

Out of the seven hundred inhabitants all availed themselves of the opportunity to escape, save about eighty warriors, who determined to sell their lives dearly. The war-whoop of the fierce Iroquois shook the very wigwams, as yell echoed yell, and shot answered shot.

“The combat deepens;
Où, ye brave!”

The iron and dauntless De Brébeuf and his gentle companion employed, says the old *Relation*, every moment of their time, as the most precious of their lives, and during the hottest of the contest their hearts were all on fire for the salvation of souls. One of them was at the breach baptizing the catechumens; the other was giving absolution to the Christian braves. Seeing things were desperate, a heathen Huron urged flight.

His words were heard by the fearless Stephen Annaotaha, the distinguished Christian chief of the village. “What!” exclaimed the brave chief, “shall we abandon these good Fathers, who, for our sakes, have exposed their own lives? The love they have for our salvation will be the cause of their death. There is no longer time for them to fly across the snows. Let us, then, die with them, and in their company we shall go to Heaven.” This chief had made a general confession but a few days before, having had a presentiment of the threatened danger, and having said that he wished death to find him ripe for the land beyond the skies.

The fierce but unequal contest continued until several

breaches were made in the palisades. A yell of triumph announced the victory of the Iroquois. Fathers de Brébeuf and Lallemant and a few Huron warriors were made prisoners. The town was fired.

Immediately after their capture, the Fathers were stripped of their clothing, had their finger-nails torn out by the roots, and were borne in wild triumph to the village of St. Ignatius, which had been taken the same morning. On entering its gates they both received a shower of blows on their shoulders, loins, and stomach, no part of their exposed bodies escaping contumely. In the midst of this cruelty the unconquerable De Brébeuf thought only of others. His eye kindling with sacred fire, he addressed the Christian Hurons who were his fellow-captives :

“My children ! Let us lift up our eyes to Heaven in the midst of our sufferings ; let us remember that God is a witness of our torments, and that He will soon be our reward exceedingly great. Let us die in this faith, and trust in His goodness for the fulfillment of His promises. I feel more for you than for myself ; but bear with courage the few torments which yet remain. They will terminate with our lives. The glory which will follow them will have no end !”

“*Echon,*” they all replied, “our hopes shall be in Heaven, while our bodies are suffering on earth. Pray to God for us, that He will grant us mercy. We will invoke him even unto death.”

Enraged at these words of the heroic Jesuit, the Iroquois led him apart and bound him to a stake. These fiendish savages scorched him from head to foot to silence him, whereupon, in the tone of a master, he threatened them with everlasting flames for persecuting the worshipers of God. As he continued to speak with voice and countenance unchanged, they cut away his lower lip, and thrust a red-hot iron down his throat. He still held his lofty form erect and defiant, with no sign or sound of pain, and they tried another means to overcome him. They led out Lallemant, that De Brébeuf might see him tortured. They had tied strips of

bark smeared with pitch about his naked body. When Lallemand saw the condition of his Superior he could not hide his agitation, and called out to him, with a broken voice, in the words of St. Paul, "We are made a spectacle to the world, to angels, and to men." Then he threw himself at De Brébeuf's feet, upon which the Iroquois seized him, made him fast to a stake, and set fire to the bark that enveloped him. As the flames rose he threw his arms upward with a shriek of supplication to Heaven. Next they hung around De Brébeuf's neck a collar made of hatchets heated red-hot, but the indomitable priest stood it like a rock.

A Huron in the crowd, who had been a convert of the mission, but was now an Iroquois by adoption, called out, with the malice of a renegade, to pour hot water on their heads, since they poured so much cold water on those of others. The kettle was accordingly slung, and the water boiled and poured slowly on the heads of the two missionaries. "We baptize you," the wretches cried, "that you may be happy in Heaven, for nobody can be saved without a good Baptism." De Brébeuf did not flinch, and in a rage they cut strips of flesh from his limbs, and devoured them before his eyes.

Other renegade Hurons called out to him, "You told us that the more one suffers on earth the happier he is in Heaven. We wish to make you happy. We torment you because we love you, and you ought to thank us for it." After a succession of other revolting tortures, they scalped him, when seeing him nearly dead, they laid open his breast, and came in a crowd to drink the blood of so valiant an enemy, thinking to imbibe with it some portion of his marvelous courage. A chief then tore out his heart and devoured it.

And thus died Father John de Brébeuf, the founder of the Huron mission, its truest hero and its greatest martyr. He came of a noble race, the same, it is said, from which sprang the English Earls of Arundel; but never had the mailed Barons of his line confronted a fate so appalling with so

prodigious a constancy. To the last he refused to flinch, and his death was the astonishment of his inhuman murderers.¹

We hope yet to see the cause of the *beatification* of this famous martyr and missionary brought forward in due form. Who can doubt but that he now shines among the Saints? Great, indeed, must have been the virtue, faith, and heroism which enabled him to triumph over human weakness, and so grandly meet his awful fate. Immortal man! master of every virtue, humble beyond expression, meek to admiration, enduring unheard-of toils and sufferings with joy, brave far beyond the bravest of this world, illustrious in life and sublime in death.

Such a shining Christian hero as Father John de Brébeuf the Ancient Faith alone can produce. Passing from the visible to the invisible, what glory doubtless illumined that rare soul! For, "it should ever be remembered," says a well-known writer, "that the exterior work of a saint is but a small portion of his real life. Men are ever searching for the beautiful in nature and art, but they rarely search for the beauty of a human soul, yet this beauty is immortal. Something of its radiance appears at times even to human eyes, and men are overawed by the majesty or won by the sweetness of the saints of God. But it needs saintliness to discern sanctity, even as it needs cultivated taste to discern art. A thing of beauty is a joy only to those who can discern its beauty."²

¹ Parkman.

² The head of Father de Brébeuf in a silver shrine is preserved with great veneration at Quebec. Several miracles have been wrought by the holy intercession of this illustrious martyr-missionary. See "Vie de Jean de Brébeuf," par le R. P. Martin, pp. 288—92.

Father Lalement also met his end with true Christian heroism. He lived till the next day; and "when the sun had risen, on the 17th of March, they closed his long martyrdom by tomawking him, and left his body a black and mangled mass."

FATHER ANDREW WHITE, S. J.

THE APOSTLE OF MARYLAND.¹

CHAPTER I.

THE EARLY LIFE OF A YOUNG PRIEST IN THE SEVENTEENTH CENTURY.

Date of White's birth—The England of three centuries ago—Persecution and robbery—Little known of White's early years—His home education—"Popery" a low word and a nickname—Young White at Douay—Returns home a priest—England as a priest-hunter—Father White's banishment—Enters the Society of Jesus—Labors as a professor in various Universities—His great learning.

We must go back three centuries. Some time in the year 1579 there was born in London, England, a child whose name was destined to become familiar in the annals of Maryland and to shine brightly in the pages of American history. It was a sadly curious period. For a thousand years England had been Catholic. Catholics had created Oxford and Cambridge, and made England a nation. But now all was changed. A new belief suddenly sprang into existence, and, in the name of the Bible and the Ten Commandments, Catholics were robbed of their rights and their possessions,

Chief authorities used: Father White, S. J., "Relatio Itineris in Marylandiam;" *The United States Catholic Magazine*, Vols. 8 and 7; *The McVopoltar*, Vol. 4; S. F. Streeter, "Papers Relating to the Early History of Maryland;" J. G. Shea, "History of the Catholic Missions in the United States;" J. McSherry, "History of Maryland;" "A Popular History of the Catholic Church in the United States," and several other works.

and persecuted like wild beasts of the wilderness. We glance at that barbarous age, and the mind sickens. Elizabeth, the able, vile, imperious, and illegitimate daughter of Henry VIII., reigned. Modern Judases sold the religion of Jesus Christ for pieces of money and acres of monastic soil. A pocket-filling zeal moved the country. Sacrilegious wretches, so to speak, brought bills of damages against Almighty God; and knaves, scoundrels, and apostates made war on the holy Faith of their fathers. This was England in the young days of Andrew White, the future "Apostle of Maryland."

Of his parents or early years we know next to nothing. Time has destroyed the record, if any ever existed. But we can easily imagine how Andrew White was brought up. In those unhappy days, there were no Catholic schools for Catholic children to attend. Protestant England informed the Catholic that for him knowledge was forbidden fruit. Catholic parents were therefore obliged to educate their children in secret in the bosom of their own families. The firm faith, the tender piety, and the untiring zeal which so beautifully illustrate the whole life of Father White, may well warrant us in supposing that in his youth he received under the paternal roof and in secrecy and concealment—which in those times were only a precarious protection from the keen eye of tyranny—a thoroughly Catholic and profoundly religious training from his worthy parents. By the laws of apostate England, "Papists" forfeited \$50 a month, if they educated their children at home; if they sent them abroad to a Catholic school, the forfeiture was \$500,

¹ We quote this word merely to mark it, and place our heel upon it. It belongs to the coarse vocabulary of sectarian blackguardism. "Papist," "Popish," "Popery," "Romish," "Romanist," "Romanism." These offensive terms were formerly applied to Catholics by their virulent Protestant persecutors. The same unholy and uncultured spirit that produced the penal laws gave the world this mongrel brood of ragged, boorish words. "Papist" was first used, it is said, by Martin Luther as a nickname for Catholics. The others, it appears, had their origin in England. But the writer who clothes his ideas in such terminology to-day loudly proclaims his own bad taste, bigotry, and vulgarity. Such words are outcasts—literary eye-sores—forbidden alike by courtesy, good sense, scholarship, and, above all, elegance of style. Things and persons should be called by their right names. Even "a spade should be called a spade;" and, with much greater reason, a Catholic should be called a Catholic. If we do not ask more than this, at least we shall be satisfied with no less.

and "the children themselves were disabled from inheriting, purchasing, or enjoying any land, profits, goods, debts, duties, legacies, or sums of money." But the persecutions of the cruel reign of Elizabeth did not deter the noble young White from aspiring to the sacred ministry, and seeking the fount of knowledge in a strange land.

By the zeal of the pious and learned Catholic professors who were banished from Oxford—and especially the famous Cardinal Allen—an English College was established at Douay in 1568. The Catholic students of Great Britain for nearly two centuries and a half directed their steps to this famous institution. Here the flame of faith was nourished, and the light of knowledge shone, when all was bigotry and religious darkness in the once Catholic land of England—the home of the holy Bede, the great Alfred, and the dauntless *Cœur de Lion*. Here were trained those bands of devoted priests who boldly laid down their lives in laboring to restore the true Faith among their unhappy countrymen. Here our Catholic Bible was translated into English. Here the wise and learned Alban Butler, author of the "Lives of the Saints," received his education. And here, likewise, the future Apostle of Maryland earnestly studied, and labored to prepare himself for the duties of his high and holy calling.

Father White was ordained about the year 1605. As a secular priest, he returned to England, and began to labor on the London mission. But as the penal laws were rigidly enforced, it was necessary to temper zeal with the utmost prudence. Yet, in spite of all precautions, his sacred character was discovered. The fierce Mohawk, ranging the forests of New York, was not more eager and skillful on an enemy's trail, than the fanatical and barbarous government of England in search of a Catholic priest. And in truth the

¹ Of the extent of the piety and capacity of the men who took the places of the banished Catholic professors, it is only necessary to have the testimony of Anthony Wood. In his "History and Antiquities of the University of Oxford," Wood states that in 1568—the fifth year of the reign of Elizabeth—there were but *three* theologians at Oxford capable of preaching a sermon in public!

humanity of the American Indian compares very favorably with that of the Protestant Briton. The same year that Father White returned to England from Douay, the saintly poet and Jesuit, Southwell,¹ was brutally tortured on the rack *ten different times*, and finally executed with the most revolting cruelties. And why? For the unpardonable crime of being a Catholic clergyman!

In 1606, we find the name of Father White in a list of forty-seven priests, who, from different prisons, were sent into perpetual banishment. During the following year he applied for admission into the Society of Jesus; went through his novitiate of two years at Louvain; and again returned to England, where for some time he labored as a missionary. For the priest, however, who returned to England after banishment, the penalty was death. Father White was in constant peril. But he was soon recalled to the Continent, and sent to Spain as a tutor to English Catholic students, who received in two or three seminaries in that country an education to qualify them for the sacred ministry in their native land. While in Spain, he filled the professorships of Scripture, scholastic theology, and Hebrew. He became a professed Jesuit in 1619. The pious and accomplished scholar afterwards taught divinity—first at Louvain, and then at Liege, in Belgium. He is described as “a man of transcendent talents.”

¹ Father Southwell, S. J., has the merit of being the founder of the modern religious poetry of England. He was the religious Goldsmith of the sixteenth century, and one of the real refiners of the English language.

CHAPTER II.

THE VOYAGE TO MARYLAND.

The New Catholic Colony—The “Ark” and the “Dore” Sail from the Isle of Wight—The “Relatio Itineris in Marylandiam,” note—“The sea, the sea, the open sea”—Fear of the Turks—A violent storm—The “Dore” thought to have perished—A dreadful tempest and Father White’s prayer—Sunshine on the sea—A Providential incident—The Flying Fish—The Isle of Barbadoes—Deliverance from a new danger—Cabbage 180 feet high—The soap tree—The pine-apple—Matalina and its wild men—The “Carbunca”—Montserrat and its “Exiles of Erin”—Courtesy at St. Christopher’s—A sulphurous mountain—The locust tree—Nearing the end.

Father White was not simply a learned man and a good priest. He was more. He was an apostle full of zeal for the glory of God and the salvation of souls, and he was soon to toil in a new and rich field, where none had labored before him. At this time, the Catholic Lord Baltimore was maturing the noble idea of founding a colony in America as a refuge for his persecuted co-religionists. The territory granted by Charles I. for this purpose was named Maryland. Lord Baltimore made application to the General of the Society of Jesus for some Fathers to attend to the spiritual wants of the Catholic planters and settlers, and to labor for the conversion of the Indians. For this mission, Father White was selected as Superior. His companions were Father John Altham, and two lay brothers of the Society—Thomas Gervase and John Knowles.

Two small vessels named the *Ark* and the *Dove*¹ were fitted out for the expedition; and about two hundred emigrants, nearly all of whom were Catholics and gentlemen of fortune and respectability, prepared to cross the Atlantic, desiring to fly from the black spirit of intolerance which pervaded England, and to rear up their altars in freedom in the wilderness. Lord Baltimore appointed his brother, Leonard Calvert, Governor of Maryland, and to him was given command of the expedition. "It was a mighty undertaking," says McSherry, "standing out in history as an era in the progress of mankind."

Fortunately, the interesting narrative of the voyage was told by Father White himself; and the graphic picture has not been lost to history and literature.² "On the 22d of November," he writes, "in the year 1633, being St. Cecilia's day, we set sail from Cowes, in the Isle of Wight, with a gentle east wind blowing. After committing the principal parts of the ship to the protection of God especially, and of His Most Holy Mother, and St. Ignatius, and all the guardian angels of Maryland, we sailed on a little way between the two shores, and the wind failing us, we stopped opposite Yarmouth Castle.³ Here we were received with a cheerful salute of artillery." . . .

"On the 23d of November,"⁴ he continues, "we sailed

¹ It appears from the *History of the United States*, by Bancroft, that the ship spoken of was named the *Ark*, but that the smaller one was called the *Dove*. It does not seem to have been by mere chance that the Pilgrims, whom heresy had forced to expatriate themselves, embarked in the *Ark* of Noah and the *Dove* sent forth by the Patriarch."—*Adnotationes Notes in "Relatio Itineris."*

² This is the "*Relatio Itineris in Marylandiam*," or Narrative of a Voyage to Maryland. It was written by Father White about a month after his arrival in Maryland, and addressed to the General of the Society of Jesus, to whom it was sent as a letter. For three hundred years this precious document remained unknown to the world. But "about the year 1832, Rev. William McSherry, S. J., discovered in the archives of the *Domus Professa* of the Society in Rome, the originals of the MSS. He carefully copied these MSS., and placed the copies in the Library of Georgetown College, D. C., of which Institution he afterwards became the honored President." This MS. has been several times printed; and as recently as 1874 a fine edition, with a literal English translation was carefully edited by Rev. Dr. E. A. Darlymple, and printed by John Murphy, Baltimore, Md. To Mr. Murphy's kind courtesy the writer is indebted for a copy of this last edition of the "*Relatio*."

³ Yarmouth Castle was near the southern end of the Isle of Wight.

⁴ The pious priest remarks that it was St. Clement's Day.

past a number of rocks near the end of the Isle of Wight, which, from their shape, are called the Needles. These are a terror to sailors, on account of the double tide of the sea, which whirls away the ships, dashing them against the rocks on the one side, or the neighboring shore on the other.

“Early the next day (Monday), about nine o’clock, we left behind us the western promontory of England and the Scilly Isles, and sailing easily on, we directed our course more towards the west, passing over the British Channel. Yet we did not hasten as much as we could have done, fearing if we left the pinnace¹ too far behind us that it would become the prey of the Turks and pirates who generally infest that sea.

“It came to pass, that a fine merchant ship of six hundred tons, named the *Dragon*, while on her way to Angola, from London, overtook us about three o’clock in the afternoon. And as we now had time to enjoy a little pleasure, after getting out of danger, it was delightful to see these two ships, with fair weather and a favorable wind, and a great noise of trumpets, trying for a whole hour to outstrip each other. Our ship would have beaten the *Dragon*, though we did not use our topsail, if we had not been obliged to stop on account of the pinnace, which was slower; and so we yielded the palm to the merchant ship, and she sailed by us before evening, and passed out of sight.

“On Sunday, the 24th, and Monday, the 25th of November, we had fair sailing all the time until evening. But presently, the wind getting round to the north, such a terrible storm arose, that the merchant ship I spoke of, from London, being driven back on her course, returned to England. Those on board our pinnace, since she was only a vessel of *forty tons*, began to lose confidence in her strength, and sailing near, they warned us, that if they apprehended shipwreck they would notify us by hanging out lights from the mast-head. We meanwhile

¹ That is, the *Dove*.

sailed on in our strong ship of *four hundred tons*. A better could not be built of wood and iron.

“We had a very skillful captain, and so he was given his choice, whether he would return to England, or keep on struggling with the winds. If he yielded to these, the Irish shore close by awaited us. It is noted for its hidden rocks and many shipwrecks. But our captain’s bold spirit, and his desire to test the strength of the new ship, which he managed for the first time, triumphed. He resolved to try the sea, though he confessed that it was the more dangerous on account of its being so narrow.

“The danger was near at hand. The winds increased, the sea grew more boisterous, and we could see the pinnacle in the distance, showing two lights at her mast-head. Then, indeed, we thought it was all over with her, and that she was swallowed up in the deep whirlpools. In a moment she passed out of sight. No news of her reached us for months afterwards. Accordingly, we were all of us certain the pinnacle was lost; yet God had better things in store for us, for the fact was, that finding herself no match for the violence of the sea, she had avoided the Virginian¹ Ocean—with which we were already contending—and returned to England. Making a fresh start thence, she overtook us at a large harbor in the Antilles.² And thus God, who oversees the smallest things, guided, protected, and took care of the little vessel!

“We being ignorant, however, of her safety, were distressed with grief and anxiety, which the gloomy night, filled with manifold terrors, increased. When day dawned although the wind was against us, being from the south-west, yet, as it did not blow very hard, we sailed on gradually by making frequent tacks; so Tuesday, Wednesday, and Thursday passed with variable winds, and we made small progress. On Friday a southeast wind prevailed, and drove before it thick and dark clouds. Towards evening a

¹ The Atlantic Ocean.

² The *Dore* overtook the *Ark* at the Island of Barbadoes.

dreadful tempest broke forth; and it seemed every minute as if we would be swallowed up by the waves.

“Nor was the weather more promising on the next day, which was the Festival of St. Andrew, the Apostle. The clouds, accumulating in a frightful manner, were fearful to behold; and excited the belief that all the malicious spirits of the storm and all the evil genii of Maryland had come forth to battle against us. Towards evening the captain saw a sunfish swimming, with great efforts, against the course of the sun, which is a very sure sign of a terrible storm. Nor did the omen prove false.

“About ten o'clock at night, a dark cloud poured forth a violent shower. Such a furious hurricane followed close upon it, that it was necessary to run with all speed to take in sail; and this could not be done quickly enough to prevent the main sail—the only one we were carrying—from being torn in the middle from top to bottom. A part of it was blown over into the sea, and was recovered with difficulty.

“At this critical moment, the minds of the bravest among us were struck with terror. The sailors acknowledged that they had seen other ships wrecked in a less severe storm; but this hurricane called forth the prayers and vows of the Catholics in honor of the Blessed Virgin Mary, and her Immaculate Conception; of St. Ignatius, the patron saint of Maryland; St. Michael, and all the guardian angels of the same country. Each one hastened to purge his soul by the sacrament of Penance. All control over the rudder being lost, the ship now drifted about like a fish in the water, at the mercy of the winds and waves, until God showed us a way of safety.

“At first, I confess, I had been engrossed with the apprehension of the ship's being lost, and of losing my own life; but after I had spent some time in praying more fervently than was my usual custom, and had set forth to Christ the Lord, to the Blessed Virgin, St. Ignatius, and the Angels of Maryland, that the purpose of this journey was to glorify the Blood of our Redeemer in the salvation

of barbarians, and also to raise up a Kingdom for our Lord—if He would condescend to prosper our poor efforts—to consecrate another gift to the Immaculate Virgin, His Mother, and many things to the same effect, great comfort shone in upon my soul, and at the same time so firm a conviction that we should be delivered, not only from this storm, but from every other during that voyage, that with me there could be no room left for doubt. I had betaken myself to prayer when the sea was raging at its worst; and—may this be to the glory of God—I had scarcely finished when they observed that the storm was abating. That, in truth, brought me to a new frame of mind, and filled me, at the same time, with great joy and admiration, since I understood much more clearly the greatness of God's love towards the people of Maryland. Eternal praises to the most sweet graciousness of the Redeemer!

“After this sudden abatement of the storm, we had delightful weather for three months. The captain and his men declared that they had never seen it calmer or more pleasant, for not even for a single hour did we suffer any inconvenience. When I speak of three months, however, I do not mean to say that we were that long at sea; but in this I include the whole voyage, and also the time we stopped at the Antilles. The actual voyage occupied only seven weeks and two days; and that is considered a quick passage.”

Want of space forbids us to follow the venerable writer in his minute and always interesting details of the voyage. We can only quote a passage here and there. Safe from the wrath of the elements, the Catholic Pilgrim Fathers of Maryland did not feel entirely out of danger. The Turk at that time was a bold fellow, who did not believe in being cooped up in the southeast of Europe. “We feared,” writes Father White, “that we might meet with the Turks, yet we fell in with none of them. They had gone home, perhaps, to celebrate a solemn fast which took place at that season of the year.”

Sailing past the Straits of Gibraltar and the Madeiras, the

Ark stood towards the west. The appearance of three suspicious-looking ships, however, caused some uneasiness; for at that time the ocean was infested with pirates and freebooters. But, adds the narrator, they "either could not overtake us, or did not wish to give chase." Such incidents kept the voyage free from monotony.

"And here I cannot pass on," continues the Apostle of Maryland, "without praising the Divine goodness, which brings it to pass that all things work together for good to them that love God. For, if meeting with no delay, we had been allowed to sail at the time we had appointed, namely, on the 20th of August, the sun being on this side of the equator, and striking down vertically, the intense heat would not only have ruined our provisions, but would have brought disease and death upon almost all of us. We were saved by delay, and escaped misfortune by embarking in the winter time. If you except the usual sea-sickness, no one was attacked by any disease until Christmas. In order that that festival might be better kept, wine was given out; and those who drank it too freely were seized the next day with a fever. About twelve died, among whom were two Catholics."

Father White was a keen observer, and, it appears, nothing escaped his trained eye. "While continuing our voyage," he writes, "we met with many curious things. I may mention flying fish, which sometimes swim in the sea, and sometimes fly up in the air. They are about the size of flounders, or the larger giltheads, and very much resemble these in their delicious flavor. A hundred of them rise up into the air at once, when flying from the dolphins which pursue them. Some of them fell into our ship, their wings failing them. In one flight they do not fly over a greater space than two or three acres; and then, because their fins become dried in the air, they plunge into the water again and venture a second time into the air."

The voyagers touched the Island of Barbadoes, in the West Indies, on the 3d of January, 1634. Here they met with a cold reception. "When we reached this island," observes Father White, "we had hope of securing many

articles of trade from the English inhabitants, and from the Governor, who was our fellow-countryman ; but, forming a combination, they determined not to sell us any wheat for less than five times the usual rates. They had no beef or mutton at any price."

The Almighty, it seems, delivered them from another and a greater danger. "The servants over all the island," continues the good Jesuit, "had conspired to kill their masters. On gaining liberty it was their intention to seize the first ship which should touch there, and venture to sea. A conspirator, frightened by the atrocious cruelty of the plot, disclosed it ; and the punishment of one of the leaders was sufficient for the security of the island and our own safety. For our ship, as being the first to touch there, had been marked for their prey ; and on the very day we landed we found eight hundred men in arms to oppose this wicked design, which had just transpired."

Of the inhabitants of the Barbadoes and the natural products of the islands Father White remarks : "In winter the inhabitants wear linen clothes and bathe frequently. . . . The coarse cloth that serves them for a bed, is skilfully woven out of cotton. When it is bedtime, they hang this from two posts—one at each end—and sleep in it ; and in the daytime they carry it again wherever they choose. . . .

"There is a wonderful kind of cabbage,¹ which has a stalk that grows one hundred and eighty feet high. It is eaten either raw or boiled. The stalk itself, for a cubit's length below the fruit, is considered a delicacy. When eaten raw, with pepper, it excels the Spanish thistle (artichoke). And, indeed, it is much like a walnut tree that has been stripped of its boughs. The immense stalk equals the size of a very large tree. It bears only one cabbage.

"There is also to be seen there a pretty tall tree which they call the soap-tree. The grains (or seeds) of soap are no larger than hazel nuts, and they have a thick membrane. Though injurious to fine linen, they are said to purify and cleanse like soap. I carried some of these seeds

¹ The Cabbage-tree, or Cabbage-Palm.

with me to Maryland, and planted them, hoping for trees in the future.

“The pine-apple excels all the other fruits that I have tasted anywhere else in the world. It is of a golden color, is excellent when mixed with wine, and is as large as three or four of the European nuts of the same name. It may, undoubtedly, be called the queen of fruits. It has a spicy taste, which, as nearly as I can guess, is like that of strawberries mixed with wine and sugar. It is of great service in preserving health, agreeing so nicely with the human constitution, that, although it corrodes iron, it strengthens man more perhaps than anything else. Nor do you find it on a high tree. It is a single fruit, coming out in each root like the artichoke. I wish I could send your Paternity¹ a specimen with this letter. For nothing but itself can describe it according to its excellence.”

The cloud of sorrow which the supposed loss of the *Dove* and her crew had cast over the expedition vanished at Barbadoes. Imagine the joy of those on the *Ark*, as the little vessel bore in sight, and joined company again, after a separation of six weeks. On the night of the terrific storm which parted them, the *Dove*, after having shown her signal, no longer able to breast the storm, had changed her course, and taken refuge in the Scilly Islands, whence, the ship *Dragon* bearing her company as far as the Bay of Biscay, she sailed in pursuit of the *Ark*, and had now overtaken her.

“On the twenty-fourth of January,” continues the *Relatio*, “we weighed anchor, and reached Matalina towards evening on the following day. At this place two canoes full of naked men appeared. They kept at a distance, seeming to fear our huge ship, held up pumpkins and parrots, and offered to exchange them. These people were a race of savages, fat, shining with red paint, who knew not God, and devoured human beings. Some time before they had made away with several English interpreters. The country

¹ The reader will remember that this narrative was a letter addressed to the General of the Society of Jesus, at Rome, by Father White.

they inhabit is very fertile, but is entirely covered with woods, having no open plains. . . . Some one, I hope, will have compassion on this forsaken people.

"A rumor spread among the sailors—started by certain shipwrecked Frenchmen—that an *animal* is found on this island in the forehead of which is a stone of extraordinary lustre, like a live coal or burning candle. This animal they name *Carbunca*. Let the author of the story answer for its truth."

Of the island of Montserrat, Father White says: "The inhabitants are Irishmen who were banished by the English of Virginia, on account of their professing the Catholic Faith."

St. Christopher's was the last of the West India islands at which the Pilgrims touched. Here they remained ten days. "We stayed ten days," writes the venerable Jesuit, "having received a friendly invitation from the English governor, and two captains who were Catholics. The president of the French colony in the same island received me with marked courtesy.

"All the rare things that are to be seen at Barbadoes, I found in this place too; and, besides these, a *sulphurous mountain*, not far from the governor's residence. And what you would admire more, the *virgin plant*, so called because, at the least touch of the finger, it immediately shrinks and falls in; though, if you give it time, it revives, and rises up again. I was especially pleased with the *locust*

¹ Thus in the seventeenth century, as in the nineteenth, the "Exile of Erin" was no stranger in the New World. "The first Irish people who found permanent homes in America," writes Thomas D'Arcy McGee, "were certain Catholic patriots banished by Oliver Cromwell to Barbadoes. . . . In this island, as in the neighboring Montserrat, the Celtic language was certainly spoken, in the last century; and, perhaps, it is partly attributable to this early Irish colonization, that Barbadoes became one of the most populous islands in the world. At the end of the seventeenth century, it was reported to contain twenty thousand inhabitants."—*History of the Irish Settlers in America*.

In reference to the foregoing paragraph about the Island of Montserrat, the venerable Father Thebaud, S. J., says, in his *Irish Race*: "The Celtic language—that sure sign of Catholicity—was not only spoken there in the last century, but *is still to-day*. The writer himself heard last year (1871), from two young American seamen, who had just returned from a voyage to this island, that the negro porters and white longshoremen who load and unload the ships in the harbor, know scarcely any other language than the Irish, so that often the crews of English vessels can only communicate with them by signs."—P. 387, *note*.

tree, which is supposed to have afforded sustenance to St. John the Baptist. It equals the elm in size, and is such a favorite with the bees, that they very gladly build their cells in it. The honey, if you forget that it is wild, does not differ in color or flavor from the purest honey I have tasted. The fruit—also known as locust—consists of six beans in a pretty hard shell, like a pod, and contains a meat which is soft but glutinous, tasting like flour mixed with honey. It bears four or five tolerably large seeds of a chestnut color. I carried some of these with me to plant.” The long and adventurous voyage was now drawing to its close.

CHAPTER III.

THE CROWNING LABORS AND ADVENTURES OF A GLORIOUS CAREER.

Reception of the Catholic Pilgrims in Virginia—Chesapeake Bay—The Potomac—Armed Natives—Taking possession of Maryland—A cross in the wilderness—First interview with an Indian Chief—Father Allham preaches—St. Mary's—Appearance, manners, habits, weapons, and religion of the Maryland Indians—Soil and animals of the country—Mission labors—Difficulties—Conversions—Religion reigns among the Colonists—Buying off Catholic Slaves—Father White at Kittamaquindi—What a red king was—The Apostle of Maryland converts Chilomaccon—Ceremony of the chief's baptism—Illness of Father White—A Famine—A singular incident—Punishment of a backslider—A New Englander and his bigotry—Indian tribes converted along the Potomac—An Indian war—How the Jesuits made a missionary journey—A miracle—The clouds of misfortune gather—End of Father White's labors—Is sent to England—His last years—Death and character.

Father White and his companions now approached the termination of their historic voyage. On the 24th of February, the *Ark* and the *Dove* neared Point Comfort, Virginia. The joyful sight of land, however, was somewhat clouded by the fear of hostility on the part of the Virginians, who were resolutely opposed to Lord Baltimore's undertaking; but the royal letters borne by the newcomers secured them a favorable reception from the Governor. Yet in this gentleman's hospitality, it seems, there was a little

selfishness. He "hoped," says the *Relatio*, "that by this kindness towards us he would the more easily recover from the royal treasury a large sum of money which was due him."

"After being kindly treated for eight or nine days," continues the *Relatio*, "we set sail on the 3d of March, and entering the Chesapeake Bay, we turned our course to the north to reach the Potomac river. The Chesapeake Bay, ten leagues wide, flows gently between its shores. It is four, five, and six fathoms deep, and abounds in fish when the season is favorable. You could scarcely find a more beautiful body of water. Yet it yields the palm to the Potomac¹ river, which we named after St. Gregory. . . . A larger or more beautiful river I have never beheld. The Thames seems a mere rivulet in comparison with it. It is disfigured by no swamps, but has firm land on each side. Fine groves of trees appear, not choked with briers or bushes and undergrowth, but growing at regular distances, as if planted by the hand of man. You could drive a four-horse carriage wherever you might choose through the midst of the trees.

"Just at the mouth of the river, we observed the natives in arms. During the night fires blazed through the whole country. As they had never seen such a large ship, messengers were sent in all directions to report that a *canoe* like an island had come on, with as many men as there were trees in the woods!

"We pushed on, however, to Herons' Island, so called from the immense number of these birds. The first island we came to we named St. Clement's.² As it has a sloping

¹ Potomac signifies "place of the burning pine."

² "St. Clement's." The name has disappeared; and almost the whole of the island, as it seems, has been washed away by the river. It was situated at the mouth of the bay, which is now called *St. Clement's Bay*. All that is left of it is a sandbank of about ten acres, which can hardly be cultivated. It has kept the name of *Heron's Island*. It was the first you met in sailing between those islands which are now called *Blackstone Islands*; at that time, however, they were probably called *Heron's Islands*. A tradition prevailing among the people of the neighborhood in the year 1835 was, that they had seen the island more extensive in length and breadth, but that within the memory of the older inhabitants it had been gradually washed away by the waters.—*Adnotationes Notes in Relatio Itineris*.

shore, there is no way of getting to it except by wading. Here the women who had left the ship, to do the washing, upset the boat and came near being drowned. They also lost a large portion of my linen—no small loss in this part of the world.

“On the 25th of March, the Day of the Annunciation of the Most Holy Virgin, in the year 1634, we offered in this island the sacrifice of the Mass for the first time; for in this region of the globe it had never been celebrated before.”

“The sacrifice being ended, we took upon our shoulders the great cross which we had hewn from a tree; and going to the place that had been designated—the Governor, commissioners, and other Catholics participating in the ceremony—we erected it as a trophy to Christ the Saviour, while the Litany of the Holy Cross was chanted humbly, on our bended knees, with great emotion of soul.”

Here was a real “cross in the wilderness!” Indeed, there

¹ St. Clement's.

² This was an error; but Father White was not aware that nine Spanish Jesuits had consecrated that territory with their blood over half a century before his arrival. “More than half a century before the English Catholics landed on the shores of the Chesapeake, the soil of Maryland was bedewed with the blood of martyrs. Some of the early Spanish navigators explored this portion of our country, bringing away with them the young son of the chieftain of a district known by the name of Axacan. Chesapeake Bay they called St. Mary's. Finding the young Indian possessed of rare talents, the missionaries adopted him, in the hope that he would one day be instrumental in spreading the Gospel among his kindred. He was sent to Spain, received a good education, and was thoroughly instructed in the principles of the Faith. He was baptized, and received the name of Luis. After a time Don Luis asked leave to return, and use his influence in converting his tribe. He landed in Florida, and invited some of the missionaries to accompany him to his brother's dominions. They gladly assented. In the year 1570, Father Segura, S. J., together with eight Jesuit Fathers and Don Luis, embarked in a small craft, bidding adieu to the shores of Florida. Landing in Chesapeake Bay, they began a long and painful march towards the interior. Months passed. But they bravely pressed on. The conduct of Don Luis, however, began to arouse suspicion. At length, he stated that his brother's village was but twelve miles distant. The young chieftain—their only guide—now left the Jesuits, telling them to encamp while he proceeded alone, in order, as he said, to prepare his tribe to give the Fathers a welcome reception. Days passed, hunger pressed; but Don Luis appeared not. Left in a trackless wilderness, without any protection but Heaven, the priests consoled themselves by prayer, and by offering up the holy sacrifice of the Mass on a rustic altar. After an urgent invitation from Father Quiros, the faithless young savage returned—as a murderer! Raising a war-cry, he was answered by the tribe, and chief and warrior rushed on the unsuspecting missionaries, and butchered them without mercy. Of all this brave band, one alone escaped to tell their sad fate—an Indian boy educated at Havanna. Such was the first attempt to plant the Cross in Maryland. But the blood of martyrs is never shed in vain.”—*Popular History of the Catholic Church in the United States*, p. 84-5.

The foregoing occurred sixty-four years before the venerable Father White celebrated his first Mass on St. Clement's Isle.

is something so touching and beautiful in this simple narrative, that, in our age of unbelief and materialism, we pause and almost wonder if we are reading a dream or a reality. But it is no dream. It is the true history of how the Catholic Pilgrim Fathers of Maryland first took possession of our shores. They were men proud of their grand and ancient Faith, and nobly preferred an altar in the desert to a coronet at the court of apostate England.

The chief of the Pascataway Indians was the most powerful ruler in that region, and had many sachems and tribes subject to him. Leonard Calvert, the Governor, determined to visit this lordly savage, and secure his friendship. Taking with him the *Dove*, he set out with a portion of his men, accompanied by Father Altham, leaving the ship at anchor at St. Clement's. As they advanced up the river the dusky inhabitants fled towards the interior. At length the priest and the Governor reached a village on the Virginia side, named Potomac—after the river—and governed by Archihu, uncle of the king, who was yet a youth. Father Altham preached to the people and their chiefs. They listened with attention, and replied to him through his interpreter. The good Father told them that the pale faces had neither come to make war upon them nor to do them any wrong; but to instruct them in Christianity, to make them acquainted with the arts of civilized life, and to live with them like brothers.

"You are welcome," replied the chief. Father Altham then informed him, that, as he had not time to make a longer discourse, he would return to visit him again. "It is good," said the dusky ruler, "we will use one table. My people shall hunt for my brother, and all things shall be in common between us." Such was the first conference between a Catholic priest and the gentle and peaceful Indians of Maryland.

From this place, Father Altham and Governor Calvert went to Pascataway, "where," says the *Relatio*, "all the inhabitants flew to arms. About five hundred, equipped with bows, had stationed themselves on the shore with their

King.' But after signals of peace were made, the King, putting aside all apprehension, came on board the pinnace; and when he heard of our friendly disposition towards the Indians, he gave us permission to dwell wherever we pleased in his dominions.

"In the meantime, while Governor Calvert was on this voyage with the King, the savages at St. Clement's began to grow bolder, and mingled more freely with our sentinels. For we kept watch by day and night, to guard from sudden attacks our men who were cutting wood, as well as the vessel which we were building, having brought with us the separate planks and ribs.

"It is pleasant to hear these natives admiring everything, especially wondering where in the world a tree had grown large enough to be carved into a ship of such huge size; for they supposed it had been cut from a single trunk of a tree, like an Indian canoe. Our cannon filled them all with astonishment, as, indeed, they were not a little louder than their own twanging bows, and sounded like thunder."

The idea of securing a fitting spot to begin the foundation of his colony now occupied the mind of Governor Calvert. Such a place was soon found. It is, wrote the Apostle of Maryland, "a spot so charming in its situation that Europe itself can scarcely show one to surpass it. Going about twenty-seven miles from St. Clement's, we sailed into the mouth of a river on the north side of the Potomac, which we named after St. George. This river—or rather arm of the sea—runs from south to north about twenty miles before you come to fresh water. At its mouth are two harbors capable of containing three hundred ships of the largest size. One of these we consecrated to St. George; the other, which is more inland, to the Most Blessed Virgin Mary.

"Under the grant of the Crown to his brother," writes McSherry, "he (Governor Calvert) was entitled to the possession of the soil, according to the law of nations; but he deemed it just and prudent to purchase the right of the Indians to their country, and gave them some English cloth, axes, hoes, and knives, in return for which they granted him about thirty miles of territory which he called 'Carolina Augusta,' afterwards the county of St. Mary's."—*History of Maryland*, p. 33.

"The left side of the river was the abode of Chief Yaocomico. We landed on the right-hand side, and going in about a mile from the shore, we laid out the plan of a city, naming it *Saint Mary*. And, in order to avoid every appearance of injustice, and afford no opportunity of hostility, we bought from the King thirty miles of that land, delivering in exchange axes, hatchets, rakes, and several yards of cloth.

"The natives," continues the keen and ever-observant Father White, "are very tall and well proportioned. Their skin is naturally rather dark, and they make it uglier by staining it. This they generally do with red paint mixed with oil, to keep off the mosquitoes, thinking more of their own comfort than of appearances. They also disfigure their countenances with colors, painting them in many and truly hideous and frightful ways; either a dark blue above the nose, and red below, or the reverse. And as they live almost to extreme old age without having beards, they counterfeited them with paint, by drawing lines of various colors from the extremities of the lips to the ears. They commonly have black hair, which they carry bound in a knot to the left ear, and fasten with a band, adding some ornament which is in estimation among them. On their foreheads some of them wear the figure of a fish made of copper. They adorn their necks with glass beads, strung on thread like necklaces; though these beads are getting to be less valued among them, and less useful for trade.

"For the most part, they are clothed in deerskins, or some similar kind of covering, which hangs down behind like a cloak. They wear aprons around the middle, and leave the rest of the body naked. The boys and girls go about with nothing on them. The soles of their feet are as hard as horn, and they tread on thorns and briars without being hurt.

"The weapons of the Indians are bows and arrows three feet long, tipped with stag's horn, or a white flint sharpened at the end. They shoot these with such skill that they can stand off and hit a sparrow in the middle; and, in order to

become expert by practice, they throw a spear in the air, and then send an arrow from the bow-string and drive it into the spear before it falls. But since they do not string the bow very tight, they cannot hit a mark at a great distance. By means of these weapons they live, and go out every day through the fields and woods to hunt squirrels, partridges, turkeys, and wild animals. There is an abundance of all these, though we ourselves do not yet venture to procure food by hunting, for fear of ambushes.

"The Indians live in houses built in an oblong oval shape. Light is admitted into these through the roof, by a window a foot and a half long; this also serves to carry off the smoke, for they kindle the fire in the middle of the floor and sleep around it. Their kings, however, and chief men have private apartments, as it were, of their own, and beds, made by driving four posts into the ground, and arranging poles above them horizontally.

"One of these cabins has fallen to me and my associates, in which we are accommodated well enough for the time, until larger dwellings are provided. You may call this *the first chapel in Maryland*, though it is fitted up much more decently than when the Indians lived in it.

"This people are of a frank and cheerful disposition, and understand any matter correctly when it is stated to them. They have a keen sense of taste and smell, and in sight, too, they surpass the Europeans. For the most part, they live on a kind of paste, which they name *Pone*, and *Omini*,¹ both of which are made of Indian corn. Sometimes they add fish, or what they have procured by hunting and fowling. They are especially careful to refrain from wine and warm drinks, and are not easily persuaded to taste them, if we except some whom the English have corrupted with their own vices.

"With respect to purity, I confess that I have not yet observed, in man or woman, any act which even savored of

¹ The reader will likely recall our word *hominny*, which is neither more nor less than a borrowed Indian term that was civilized and granted the rights and privileges of a place in Webster's "Unabridged Dictionary."

levity; yet they are daily with us and among us, and take pleasure in our society. They run to us of their own accord with a cheerful expression on their faces, and offer us what they have taken in hunting or fishing. Sometimes they also bring us food, and oysters boiled and roasted; and this they do when invited in a few words of their own language, which we have contrived to learn by means of signs. They marry several wives, yet they keep inviolate their conjugal faith. The women present a sober, modest appearance.

“These Indians cherish generous feelings towards all, and make a return for whatever kindness you may have shown them. They resolve upon nothing rashly, or while influenced by a sudden impulse of the mind, but act with deliberation. When, at any time, anything of importance is proposed, they think over it a while in silence; then they speak briefly for or against it. Of their purpose they are very tenacious. Surely these men, if once imbued with Christian precepts—and there seems to be nothing opposes this except our ignorance of the language spoken in these parts—will become eminent observers of virtue and humanity. They are possessed with a wonderful longing for civilized intercourse with us, and for European garments. And they would long ago have worn clothing, if they had not been prevented by the avarice of the merchants, who do not exchange their cloth for anything except beavers. But every one cannot get a beaver by hunting. God forbid that we should imitate the avarice of these men!

“On account of our ignorance of their language, it does not yet appear what ideas the Indians have about religion. We do not put much confidence in the Protestant interpreters; and have rather hastily learned the following:

They acknowledge one God of Heaven, yet they pay him no outward worship. But in every way they strive to please a certain imaginary spirit which they call *ochre*, that he may not hurt them. Corn and fire, I learn, they worship as gods that are very bountiful to the human race.

“Some of our party report that they saw the following ceremony in the temple at *Barchuzem*: On a day appointed, all the men and women of every age, from several districts, gathered together around a large fire. The younger ones stood nearest the fire; and behind them stood those who were older. Then they threw deer's fat on the fire, and lifting up their hands towards heaven, and raising their voices, they cried out: ‘Yahoo!’ ‘Yahoo!’

“Room being made, some one then brings forward quite a large bag. In it are a pipe, and a powder called ‘*potu*.’ The pipe is such a one as is used among us for smoking tobacco, but much larger. Around the fire the bag is carried, the boys and girls following it, and singing alternately, with quite pleasant voices: ‘Yahoo!’ ‘Yahoo!’ Having completed the circuit, the pipe is taken out of the bag, and the powder called ‘*potu*’ is distributed to all as they stand near. This is then lighted in the pipe, and each one, drawing smoke, blows it over the various members of his or her body and thus consecrates them. My informants were not allowed to learn anything more, except that the Indians seem to have some knowledge of the deluge by which the world was destroyed on account of the wickedness of mankind.

“We have been here only one month, and so the remaining particulars must be kept for the next voyage. But this I may add: The land seems to be remarkably fertile. In passing through the very thick woods, we tread, at every step, on strawberries, vines, sassafras, acorns, and walnuts. The soil is dark and not hard, to the depth of a foot, and overlays a rich red clay. Everywhere there are lofty trees, except where the land has been cultivated by a few persons.

“Numerous springs furnish a supply of water. No animals are seen except deer, beavers, and squirrels. The squirrels are as large as the hares of Europe. There is an infinite number of birds of various colors, such as eagles, cranes, geese, ducks, and partridges. From these facts it is inferred that the country is not without such things as

contribute to the prosperity or pleasure of those who inhabit it."

We must now turn our attention to the missions, and glance at the holy and heroic labors of the Apostle of Maryland and his companions. Father White was fifty five years of age, when he began the gigantic task of toiling for the conversion of the red man. But nothing daunted that brave soul. With all the ardor of youth he at once applied himself to the study of the Indian languages, in which he found the difficulties much increased by the number of dialects used among the various tribes. Nearly every village and its surrounding district had a peculiar dialect. Of the tribes then inhabiting Maryland, the most powerful were the Susquehannas, who were subdivided into several smaller tribes. Among the latter the most prominent were the Pascataways and the Patuxents.

The gentle dispositions of the Indians in the immediate vicinity of St. Mary's encouraged the Jesuit Fathers to entertain hopes of the conversion of many of the natives to Christianity. But, in the second year of the colony, obstacles to their pious design were thrown in the way, which prevented them from extending their visits beyond the limits of the settlement. It was in the early part of the year 1635—scarcely twelve months after the arrival of the missionaries—that the infamous Captain Clayborne succeeded in exciting the suspicions of the Indians against the Maryland colonists generally, and prejudices against their religion in particular. Apprehensive of hostilities from the natives, the colonists, lay and clerical, prudently confined themselves to St. Mary's until the good-will of the Indians was restored. In 1635, a third priest arrived from Europe.

"On account of the very many difficulties," wrote one of the Fathers, during this year, "that present themselves in this Mission, which has been lately started, there has been

¹ "The Maryland tribes," writes Dr. J. G. Shea, "consisted of several branches of the great Huron-Iroquois family, and, doubtless, of some Algonquins, although it is not easy in all cases to decide to which class a tribe is to be referred."—*History of the Catholic Missions among the Indian Tribes of the United States*, p. 436.

thus far but little fruit from it, especially among the savages, whose language is slowly acquired by our countrymen, and can hardly be written at all. Employed here are *five* associates, *three* priests, and *two* assistants, who, in hope of future results, endure their present toils with great cheerfulness."

In 1636, another priest was added to the small band of apostolic laborers.

Among the acts of the General Assembly held at St. Mary's in January, 1637, is the following, which is given after a long list of names: "After, were summoned to appeare—by vertue of writts to them directed—Mr. Thomas Copley, Mr. Andrew White, Mr. John Altham of St. Mary's hundred. Robert Clarke, gent., appeared for them, and excused their absence by reason of sickness."

The reader will, doubtless, be surprised to see the Apostle of Maryland simply styled "Mr. Andrew White." But he must remember that this is the nineteenth century, and that England no longer rules by barbarous penal laws. The foregoing was written in the seventeenth century. Then, it would have been very far from safe openly to recognize a Catholic priest by the title of "Reverend;" and in the Maryland state records we find a prudent caution in this respect, to avoid any public or apparent disregard of the vile code then in force in the Mother Country against Catholic priests, and particularly the Fathers of the Society of Jesus.

Dividing his time between the settlers and the Indians, Father White continued his unceasing toils. He not only mastered the Indian language, but composed a grammar, dictionary, and catechism in it. God blessed his labors and those of his colleagues. Of the Protestants in the colony, we learn that many returned to the Faith of their fathers.

"Among the Protestants," writes one of the missionaries in a letter, "nearly all who have come from England, in this year 1638, and many others, have been converted to the Faith, together with four servants, whom we purchased in Virginia, and five mechanics whom we hired for a month, and have in the meantime won to God. Not long after-

wards, one of these, after being duly prepared for death, by receiving the sacraments, departed this life.

“A certain man,” continues the same writer, “entirely unknown to us, but a zealous disciple of the Protestant religion, was staying with a friend who was still more zealous; and having been bitten by one of the snakes which abound in these parts, was expecting immediate death. One of our Fathers, finding this out, took with him a surgeon, and hurried to the sick man—who, it was reported, had already lost his senses—with the intention of ministering to his soul in any way that he could. But the host divining his intention, tried to thwart his pious efforts. The priest, however, as he could find no other opportunity, determined to stay all night with the sick man. But this the host also prevented; and lest the Father should be admitted at night, he appointed a guard to sleep on a bed laid across the door of the chamber occupied by his sick friend. Nevertheless, the priest kept on the watch for every opportunity of approach. Going at midnight—when he supposed the guard would be especially overcome by sleep—he contrived, without disturbing him, to pass in to the sick man; and at the desire of the latter he was received into the Catholic Church. Although, under the circumstances, it was impossible that the sick man should be taught much, or be firmly established in his belief, yet, when—contrary to all expectation—he had been cured by our surgeon, the grace of God prevailed with him. He chose rather to be put out of his friend’s house than to retract what he had done; indeed, he even came to us of his own accord, and happily completed the work he had begun.

“Another man, who was of noble birth, had been reduced to such poverty by his own unrestrained licentiousness, that he sold himself into this colony. Here, when he had been recalled by one of us to the right Faith and the fruit of good living, he always anxiously doubted whether he had entered on the safe road. On one occasion, when he had entrusted himself to the sea, in a small skiff, and a frightful storm arose, such as he had never seen—though he had

often met with storms at sea—and certain shipwreck stared him in the face, he earnestly prayed to God that in confirmation of the faith he had lately received—if it were really true—He would ward off the impending danger. The Almighty heard his prayer. The storm turned in another direction; and unshaken conviction stilled his wavering mind.

“Not long afterwards this man was brought to the last extremity by a severe disease. He received all the sacraments about an hour before his death, and asked his Catholic attendant to pray for him. . . . Since his burial a very bright light has often been seen at night around his tomb, even by Protestants.”

It appears the spiritual state of the Maryland colony at this period was admirable. “As for the Catholics,” observes the foregoing writer, “the attendance on the sacraments here is so large, that it is not greater among the Europeans, in proportion to the number of Catholics. The more ignorant have been catechised, and catechetical lectures have been delivered for the more advanced every Sunday. On feast-days sermons have rarely been neglected. The sick and dying, who have been very numerous this year, and who dwelt far apart, we have assisted in every way, so that not even a single one has died without the sacraments. Very many we have buried, and we have baptized various persons. And, although there are not wanting frequent causes of dissension, yet none of any importance has arisen here in the last nine months which we have not immediately allayed. By the blessing of God we have this consolation—that no vices spring up among the new Catholics, although settlements of this kind are not usually supplied from the best class of men.

“In Virginia we bought off two Catholics, who had sold themselves into bondage: nor was the money ill-spent, for both showed themselves good Christians.¹ One, indeed,

¹ “This circumstance,” writes Dr. R. H. Clarke, “would seem to prove an important fact in the history of the country, i. e., that slavery existed in Virginia before the introduction of the African.”—*Memoir of Father Andrew White*.

surpasses the ordinary standard. Some others have performed the same duty of charity, buying thence Catholic servants, who are very numerous in that country. There, every year, very many sell themselves into bondage; and living among men of the worst example, and being destitute of all spiritual aid, they commonly make shipwreck of their souls."

In the year 1639, we find Father White cheerfully toiling away at Kittamaquindi,¹ an Indian town distant one hundred and twenty miles from St. Mary's. "There are," wrote one of the Jesuit Fathers in that year, "in this mission four priests and one coadjutor. All are in places far distant—thus doubtless as they expect to obtain an earlier acquaintance with the savage language, and propagate more widely the sacred Faith of the Gospel. Father John Brock, the Superior, with a coadjutor brother, remains on the plantation. Metepawien—which was given us by Maquacomen, the chief of Patuxent—is a certain storehouse of this mission, whence most of our bodily supplies are obtained. Father Philip Fisher lives in the principal town of the colony, to which the name of St. Mary's is given. Father John Gravener lives on Kent Island, sixty miles distant. Father Andrew White is still further distant—one hundred and twenty miles—at Kittamaquindi, the capital of Piscataway. Since June, 1639, he has resided in the wigwam of the king himself. He is called Tayac."²

Why the venerable Father White went to Kittamaquindi is thus explained, at length, in the letter just quoted: "He had bestowed much time and labor for the conversion of the king of Patuxent, which, indeed, was expected by us all, both on account of the recollection of kindness received—for, as we have stated, he gave a farm to the Society—and because he was said to be very powerful among

¹ Kittamaquindi was situated, it seems, not far from the site of the city of Washington, D. C. Of this ancient Kittamaquindi, Dr. R. H. Clarke observes that it is supposed "to be the site of the present village of Piscataway."

² Tayac, or King, was his title rather than his name, which was Chlomacon. See sketch of Chlomacon, or Charles the Indian King, in the *Popular History of the Catholic Church in the United States*, p. 90.

the barbarians, on account of his reputation for wisdom and influence. Some of the people of this king had connected themselves with the fold of Christ; and he himself appeared abundantly instructed in the first principles of the Faith, when lo! unhappy man, he first procrastinates, then by degrees began to grow indifferent, and lastly, in an open manner, to break off altogether from the design he had commenced. Nor was this all. He gave indications—too clear to be misunderstood—that his mind was entirely alienated from the whole colony. Then Governor Calvert, after prudently sounding the matter, determined, by the advice of his friends, that the Father should be recalled from the hospitality of the king, lest unexpectedly the barbarian should give some example of his perfidy and cruelty against an innocent man; or, indeed, lest this hostage, as it were, being left with the king, he himself might be hindered from being able to revenge injuries, if at any time the Patuxent ruler should discover himself an enemy.

“When rulers and kings are spoken of, let no one form in his mind an august idea of men, such as of the different princes in Europe. These Indian kings, though they have the most absolute power of life and death over their people, and in certain prerogatives of honor and wealth excel others, nevertheless, in personal appearances they are scarcely anything removed from the multitude. The only peculiarity by which you can distinguish a chief from the common people, is some badge. Sometimes it is a collar made of a rude jewel, or a belt, or oftener a cloak ornamented with shells in circular rows. The dominions of these are commonly circumscribed by the narrow confines of a single village and the surrounding country. Tayac, however, rules over a much more extensive region, stretching about one hundred and thirty miles. Other inferior chieftains are also subject to him

“To Tayac, Father White betook himself, and being treated very kindly at the first interview, so attached the king to him, that he was afterwards held by him in the greatest love and veneration. With the Father he shared

the hospitality of his own residence. Nor was the queen inferior to her husband in benevolence to their guest. With no less care than labor, she prepared the meals with her own hands.

“The cause of this remarkable affection for the Father, is to be referred to two dreams—unless you deem it proper to honor them with another name—which he had some time previously. One of the dreams appeared to the mind of Uwanno, Tayac’s brother, who reigned before him, and whom he slew. In his sleep he seemed to see Father White and Father Gravenor before him, and moreover to hear a voice saying: *‘These are the men who from their souls love thee and all thy tribe. With them they bring those blessings by which, if thou desirest, thou canst be happy!’*

“Hence so lively an impression of these unknown men remained in his mind that even at the first sight he recognized them when coming to him, and afterwards embraced them with remarkable affection. He was also accustomed to call Father White his parent; and was very desirous to commit the care and instruction of his sons to him for seven years. The Indians are exceedingly fond of their children, and seldom let them go from their embraces.

“The other dream, which he is often accustomed to relate, occurred to Tayac in his sleep. He dreamed that his deceased father appeared before him, accompanied by a god of a black color, whom he worshiped. This god besought Tayac not to desert him. At a short distance there also appeared a very hideous demon, with a certain man named Snow, a most obstinate heretic from England—and, at length, in another direction appeared Governor Calvert and Father White, the latter accompanied by a god of indescribable beauty, who excelled the unstained snow in whiteness, and seemed gently to beckon to the king to approach him. From that time Tayac treated both the Governor and Father White with the greatest affection.”

Soon after another event happened which hastened the conversion of the chief. He was seized with a dangerous

illness In vain did forty medicine men **exhaust** their ingenuity, their charms, and their **incantations** upon the prostrated Tayac Ordering them from his presence, he implored Father White to aid him. The venerable Jesuit's knowledge of medicine served him well. He bled the dusky chieftain, administered what he considered proper, and soon the patient arose from his sick hammock. He asked to be baptized. The missionary kindly told him that it was necessary to be well instructed first. The eagerness of this lordly son of the forest to master the truths of Christianity was indeed truly admirable. Himself, his wife, and his family daily listened to the instructions of the aged missionary. Besides, he no longer clothed himself in skins, but assumed the dress of the whites.

"The king," observes the letter of 1639, "has exchanged the skins with which he was heretofore clothed for garments made in our fashion. He also makes a little endeavor to learn our language. . . . He abstains from meat on the days on which it is forbidden by the Christian laws; and men that are heretics and do otherwise, he thinks ought to be called bad Christians. He is greatly delighted with spiritual conversation, and, indeed, seems to esteem earthly wealth as nothing in comparison with the treasures of Heaven, as he told Governor Calvert. The latter was explaining to him what great advantages could be enjoyed from the English by a mutual exchange of wares, when the chief remarked—'In truth, I consider these trifling, when compared with this *one* advantage, that through these missionaries I have arrived at the knowledge of the one true God. To me there is nothing among you greater than this; nor ought there to be anything greater.'"

Tayac's anxiety for the conversion of his whole tribe was only equaled by his desire to be received into the Church. Convinced himself, he wished to make the truth known to others. The red ruler assembled his chiefs and

* The annual letter of 1639 says Father White administered "a certain powder of known efficacy, mixed with holy water, and took care the day after, with the assistance of the boy whom he had with him, to open one of his (Tayac's) veins for blood-letting."—*Relatic*, p. 66-7.

people, and in an eloquent appeal told them that childish superstition had reigned too long in the wigwams of the Pascataways. There was but one God, and He alone was worthy of the homage of brave men. He was the Creator of all things. He was the Great Spirit worshiped by the black gowns. The stones and the objects adored by the Indians were but the humble works of His hands. And to show his contempt for their former idols, Tayac took one and tossed it with his foot. The warriors applauded the language and bold action of their chief, and henceforth Christianity made a rapid conquest of this tribe. Thus did the holy words of Father White fall upon good ground, and bring forth a hundred-fold.

About this time, Tayac accepted Father White's invitation to visit the town of St. Mary's, and was delighted with the scenes of peace, prosperity, and happiness which there met his eyes.¹ This lord of the forest now eagerly begged to be baptized, and at length a day was fixed.

The ceremony took place on the 5th of July, 1604, at his rude capital, Kittamaquindi, in a chapel built of bark for

¹ Old St. Mary's and its scenes of happiness have long ago departed. "The visitor to the site of this old city," says a late writer, "is surprised—pained—to find not one stone left upon another of that early settlement. The only houses now standing on the high plain, where once stood that city, are a few dwellings belonging to the farmer who owns most of the historic site, a barn-like church belonging to the Episcopallians, said to have been built of the ruins of the old state-house, and a large brick building that stands dreary and treeless. The latter is a seminary for young ladies (not a Catholic one)—the monument erected by the Maryland Legislature to commemorate the landing of the first colonists.

"The uninviting church is in a yard full of old graves, shaded by clumps of hollies and gloomy cedars. A few years ago the venerable old mulberry tree said to have been planted by Leonard Calvert's own hands, and popularly known as Lord Baltimore's tree, still put forth a few branches, but perhaps it is no longer standing. There is a tradition that Leonard Calvert was buried there, but the precise spot is unknown.

"Passing through the grassy graveyard, and descending a steep bank, the visitor comes to a narrow line of sand—a miniature beach—on the shore of St. Mary's river, the place where the colony landed. A quarter of a mile south of the seminary is the field where stood the church the colonists hastened to build. It is hard to think it consecrated ground, where holy rites were once performed.

"There are some traces of the Lord Proprietary's residence. The old cellar is nearly filled with rubbish. Close by is a stream of delicious water, bubbling up from the rocks and running off in a streamlet over tufts of the thickest and greenest moss.

"With all its beauty, the plain of St. Mary's is full of melancholy. One seems to hear the wail of the forsaken lares whose altars have so long been leveled:

"In consecrated Earth,
And on the holy hearth,
The lares and lemures moan with midnight plaint."

—*Good Things for Catholic Readers*, p. 276.

the occasion. "The Governor," says the letter of 1640, "was present at the ceremony, together with his Secretary and many others; nor was anything wanting in display which our means could supply."

The venerable White, the friend and instructor of the red king, officiated. Tayac, his queen, their little son, and several of the chief men of the tribe, were solemnly admitted into the Catholic Church by the regenerating waters of Baptism. The converted chief assumed the name of Charles, in honor of the English sovereign. His wife took the name of Mary. The other converts also received Christian names.

"In the afternoon," says the letter just quoted, "the king and queen were united in Matrimony in the Christian manner; then the great holy cross was erected, in carrying which to its destined place, the king, governor, secretary, and others, lent their hands and shoulders. Two of us, walking before them, at the same time chanted the Litany of the Blessed Virgin."

What beauty and virtue and religion mingle in this happy scene, described by a venerable hand over two hundred years ago! In which of the other English colonies of America can we find anything similar? Among them all, Catholic Maryland alone can present such a shining spectacle, such an historical thing of beauty lighting up the gloom of the past!

Shortly after the foregoing event, Father White was prostrated by a severe illness. The great old priest in performing the ceremonies of the sacred rite of Baptism—which were somewhat long—contracted a fever, and again suffered a relapse. Many months passed away before he was restored to good health. He was not idle, however, but revised and compiled the grammar, dictionary, and catechism in the language of his dusky flock, in order to aid his successor in the mission.

In the winter of 1640–41, the charity of the Jesuit Fathers and the Catholic colonists was doubly taxed. Gaunt famine stalked the forests of Maryland, for a great drought

had marked the past summer. The body of the poor Indian was now as sadly in need of nourishment as his soul. Wails came from the wigwams, where formerly echoed naught save the sounds of joy and laughter. "That we might not appear to neglect their (the Indians') bodies," writes one of the missionaries, "for the care of whose souls we had made so great a voyage, though corn was sold at a very high price, nevertheless, we considered it necessary to relieve their want of bread by assisting them. Amid these cares. . . . we passed the greater part of the winter."

"The Catholics who live in the colony," continues the same writer, "are not inferior in piety to those who live in other countries; but in urbanity of manners, according to the judgment of those who have visited the other colonies, are considered far superior to them. Everywhere the hope of harvest has dawned; and while each one of us is anxious even unto death to help in the good work, various things happen worthy of recital. Two of the most prominent shall be stated here, in one of which the Divine mercy was manifested, in the other the Divine justice.

"On the day upon which a certain man was about to abjure heresy, and to expiate the sins of his past life by confession, a fire arose in the interior of his house, and the flame, running up the door-post, burst out at the top. When he perceived the danger—for he was not far distant—he suddenly called to a neighbor, but could get no assistance whatever. He then ran to another, but could find only two who would go with him. And all this time the fire was burning a house of dry logs. It was put out, however, before any serious injury had happened. Some feared lest, by this unexpected occurrence, the man might be deterred from conversion. But it happened far otherwise. From the slight damage done to his house he drew the conclusion that God was kind to him, and approved his design by a manifest token. Wherefore, uniting a great reformation in morals with the faith he professed, he now sheds abroad the sweet odor of a good example upon all who are acquainted with him.

“A certain one, when he had felt some internal drawings of the faith of God, had desired prayer-beads for himself, but afterwards, having changed his mind, he was accustomed to smoke them in his pipe with tobacco, after they had been ground to powder, often boasting that he had eaten up his *Ave Marias*; for so he called the beads by the telling of which the angelical salutation is recited. But the Divine vengeance did not let the wicked crime go unpunished; for scarcely a year having passed, on the returning eve of the day on which he had abandoned his purpose of embracing the Catholic Faith, a more sacrilegious playfulness possessed him. This was even noticed by his companions. In the afternoon, when he had betaken himself to the river for the purpose of swimming, scarcely had he touched the water, when a huge fish having seized the wicked man, before he could retreat to the bank, tore away, at a bite, a large portion of his thigh, by the pain of which most merited laceration the unhappy wretch was hurried away from the living—the Divine justice bringing it about that he, who a little while before boasted that he had eaten up his *Ave Maria beads*, should see his own flesh devoured, even while he was yet living.”

In 1642, we find Father White again laboring among the Pascataway Indians. Like Moses of old, it appears, age had neither dimmed his sight nor diminished his vigor. But he was not without his troubles; and, of course, we must be pardoned if we introduce a rather quaint and curious quotation from the annual letter of 1642. “Father White,” says the writer, “suffered no little inconvenience from a hard-hearted and troublesome captain of New England, whom he had engaged for the purpose of taking him and his effects, and from whom he was in fear a little while after, not without cause, that he would be cast either into the sea, or be carried with his property to New England, which is full of Puritan Calvinists—that is, of all Calvinist heresy. But silently committing the thing to God, at length in safety he reached Potomac, in which harbor, when they had cast anchor, the ship stuck so fast, bound

by a great quantity of ice, that for the space of seventeen days it could not be moved. Walking on the ice, as if on the land, the Father departed for the town.' When the ice was broken up, the ship, driven and jammed by the force and violence of the ice, sunk, the cargo being in a great measure recovered.

"By this misfortune Father White was detained longer on his visit, namely, seven weeks; for he found it necessary to bring another ship from St. Mary's. But the spiritual advantage of souls readily compensated for that delay; for during that time was added to the Church the ruler of that little village, with the other principal men of its inhabitants, who received the Faith of Christ and Baptism. Besides these, also another, together with many of his friends; a third likewise, with his wife, his son, and a friend; a fourth, in like manner, with another of no ignoble standing among his tribe. By their example, the people are prepared to receive the Faith, whenever we will have leisure to instruct them by catechism."

"Not long after," continues the same letter, "the young princess—as they call her at Pascatoway—was baptized in the town of St. Mary's, and is being educated there. She is now a proficient in the English language."

At this time an Indian war broke out, and the Susquehannas and other tribes poured down on Maryland and its allies. The hostile savages attacked a settlement, massacred the people, and carried off the spoil. Pascatoway was also in peril, as it was constantly exposed to attacks from the enemy. The mission was removed to Potopaco, where nearly the whole tribe embraced the Faith. At this time Father White and the other missionaries made several excursions up the Patuxent river, and in various parts, this being the safest and best means, on account of the war. Those missionary journeys are thus described by one of themselves:

"We sail in an open boat—the Father, an interpreter, and

: Potomac town.

servant. In a calm or adverse wind, two row and the third steers the boat. We carry a basket of bread, cheese, butter, dried roasted ears of corn, beans and some meal, and a chest containing the sacerdotal vestments, the slab or altar for Mass, the wine used in the holy sacrifice, and blessed baptismal water. In another chest we carry knives, hoes, little bells, fishing-hooks, needles, thread, and other trifles, for presents to the Indians. We take two mats—a small one to shelter us from the sun, and a larger one to protect us from the rain. The servant carries implements for hunting, and cooking utensils. We endeavor to reach some Indian village or English plantation at night-fall. If we do not succeed, then the Father secures our boat to the bank, collects wood and makes a fire, while the other two go out to hunt; and after cooking our game, we take some refreshments, and then lie down to sleep around the fire. When threatened with rain, we erect a tent, covering it with our large mat. And thanks be to God, we enjoy our scanty fare and hard beds, as much as if we were accommodated with the luxuries of Europe. The consolation we find in the promises of the Almighty to those who labor faithfully in His service, and the watchful care He seems to have of us, gives us strength to bear up against difficulties, so much so, that it is surprising that we are able to accomplish what we do."

This kind of life was not by any means free from danger, but to Father White and his colleagues life was less dear than duty. Several thrilling adventures and miraculous cures also marked this period. On one occasion, an Anacostan Indian, a Christian, in making his way through a wood, dropped a little behind his companions, when some hostile Susquehannas suddenly fell upon him. In their fury, the savages pierced him with a light, strong spear of locust-wood—from which they made their arrows—tipped with a sharp iron point. The deadly weapon passed through the unhappy man from side to side, about the width of a hand below the armpit, and quite near the heart. The wound was described as "two fingers broad at each side." Thinking they had

killed the Anacostan, the Susquehannas fled. His companions, however, who had gone on before, were recalled by the sudden noise of the brief struggle. They carried the wounded man from the land to the boat—which was near—and thence to his home at Pascatoway. Here they left him speechless and out of his senses. The accident was reported to the venerable White, who was always at hand, or going about doing good. He hastened to the wigwam the following morning, and found the unhappy Indian before the door, lying on a mat near the fire, and enclosed by a circle of his tribe. He was not, as the day previously, speechless or out of his senses; but he expected death every moment. The poor Anacostan joined his mournful voice with the song of his friends, who stood around, as was the custom when the more distinguished men of the tribe were about to die. But some of his friends were Christians, and they sang with musical sweetness: “May he live, O God! if it so please Thee.” Again and again, they repeated the sweet and plaintive air, until Father White began to speak to the dying man, who knew the aged Jesuit, and showed him his wounds. The man of God saw the danger at a glance, and briefly running over the chief articles of faith, heard the Indian’s confession, and gave him absolution. Then elevating his soul with hope and confidence in God, he recited the Gospel which is to be read for the sick, and the Litany of the Most Blessed Virgin, and told the dying warrior to commend himself to her most holy intercession, and to call unceasingly on the blessed name of Jesus. Father White then applied the sacred relic of the Most Holy Cross—which he carried in a casket hung about his neck—to the wound on each side. The missionary was now obliged to leave. At some distance away, an aged Indian was near death, and he wished to be baptized. As Father White departed from the wigwam, he directed the bystanders to carry the Anacostan, when he breathed his last, to the chapel, for the purpose of burial.

It was noon when the Apostle of Maryland finally directed his steps towards the point where the aged Indian expected

his ministrations. The following day, at the same hour, as he sailed along in his boat, he saw two Indians paddling towards him. When they came alongside one of them put his foot in the Father's boat. While the priest, says the annual letter of 1642, "gazed on the man with fixed eyes, being in doubt, for in a measure he recognized him by his features, who he was, but in part recollecting in what state he had left him the day before, when the Indian on a sudden threw open his cloak and disclosed the cicatrices of the wounds, or rather a red spot on each side, as a trace of the wound, at once removed all doubt from him. Moreover, in language full of joy, he exclaimed that he was entirely well, nor from the hour at which the Father had left yesterday had he ceased to invoke the most holy name of Jesus, to whom he attributed his recovered health! All who were in the boat with Father White, after they investigated the thing, both by the senses of seeing and hearing, breaking forth into praise of God and thanksgiving, were greatly rejoiced and confirmed in the Faith at this miracle."

The gigantic labors of Father White in Maryland were now unhappily approaching their termination. By himself and his companions in ten years the Gospel had been preached with success to the Indians at St. Mary's; at Kent Island, in the Chesapeake Bay; at Pascatoway and Port Tobacco, on the Maryland side of the Potomac; at Patowmeck town, on the Virginia side of the same river; at Mattapany and Pawtuxent town, on the Patuxent river; and at many other places which were visited by the missionaries in their aquatic expeditions.

But misfortune now frowned on Maryland, its people, and its beautiful scenes of missionary toil. A party of Puritans were expelled from Virginia in 1642, and seeking refuge in Maryland, were received with open arms. The newcomers, however, soon began to manifest a spirit of insurrection. In Clayborne, a bold and lawless man who was plotting to overthrow the government of Lord Baltimore, they found a worthy leader; and, with the basest ingratitude, those vile men raised their hands against the kind

friends who had succored them in the hour of need. Turning about like vipers, they bit the very benefactors who had warmed them into life. Clayborne and his Protestant mob triumphed in 1644. Governor Calvert was obliged to fly, and with him departed peace, justice, and religion. Many of the Maryland Catholics were banished, and robbed of their possessions. Lawlessness and intolerance ravaged the country. The altars of religion were overthrown, and even the venerable Apostle of Maryland and the other Jesuit Fathers were seized, put in irons, and like criminals shipped to England and cast into loathsome dungeons.

At length, Father White was sentenced to perpetual banishment, for the awful crime of being a Jesuit Father and a priest of spotless life! "Thirsting for the salvation of his dear Marylanders," writes Oliver, "he sought every opportunity of returning secretly to that mission; but every attempt proving ineffectual, he was content to devote his remaining energies to the advantage of his native country. In his old age, even to the end, he continued his custom of fasting on bread and water twice a week. Whilst a prisoner he was reminded by his keeper to moderate his austerities, and to reserve his strength for his appearance at Tyburn. 'You must know,' replied Father White, 'that my fasting gives me strength to bear any kind of suffering for the love of Jesus Christ!' This truly great and good man died peaceably in London, on the 6th of January, 1657.¹ From the comparison of various documents, I believe he was in his seventy-eighth year at the time of his death."²

Through the whole life of this illustrious Jesuit, we see shining forth a character of crystal purity, manly, fearless, and lofty. It is a union of the saint and hero. As a boy he defied the malice of persecution, and went to Douay; as a priest he returned home with the whole terrible phalanx of the penal laws scowling at him, and threatening him with the terrors of the rack and the barbarities of Tyburn. He was an apostle, and feared God, but not the whole power of apostate England. When fifty-five winters had

¹ Or December 27th, O. S.² Collection, &c., Vol. III.

frosted his venerable head, he sought the wilderness of Maryland, and with all the ardor of youth and the keenness of a scholar, he mastered the rude dialects of the forest, and toiled with the zeal of a Xavier, and the strength of a moral Hercules, laboring late and early, his finger ever pointed aloft, directing the gaze of the red man to that happy Heaven beyond the clouds—the home of the Great Spirit, where tears, and sorrow, and suffering are unknown. When misfortune frowned on himself and his flock, he was great in misfortune. He trembled not when the clanking of chains and the jarring sound of the dungeon gates mournfully greeted his old age. Smiling at the tyranny and ferocity of men, he welcomed death, which to him was neither a stranger nor an enemy. It is related that the holy and heroic man foresaw and named the very day and hour of his departure, which was to fall, he said, on the Feast of St. John the Evangelist. On that day, though not more ill than usual, he insisted upon receiving the last Sacraments; and, as the last lingering rays of the evening sun streamed into his apartment, the pure and lofty soul of Father Andrew White bade adieu to the scenes of this world. To him is due the foundation of that Maryland Church which has continued to shed the light of faith on our country for nearly two centuries and a half; and, in truth, he deserves to be called the Apostle of the United States.

¹ The venerable Father White's works were, according to Dodd's *English Church History*, Vol. III., p. 318. "(1) A Grammar of the Indian Language; (2) A Dictionary of the same language; (3) A Catechism in the same language; (4) A History of Maryland." To these may be added the *Relatio Itineris*, or Narrative of a Voyage to Maryland.



MOTHER MARY OF THE INCARNATION.

FIRST SUPERIORESS OF THE URSULINES, QUEBEC.

MOTHER MARY OF THE INCARNATION,

FIRST SUPERIORESS OF THE URSULINE CONVENT OF QUEBEC!

CHAPTER I.

A TEAR-AND-SMILE CHAPTER OF LIFE.

Mary's parents and education—Marriage—Her married life not happy—Death of her husband—Prophetic words—Becomes an Ursuline nun—Her business talents—A mysterious dream—Madame de la Peltrie—The singular recognition—Embarking for Canada—On the ocean—Up the St. Lawrence—Reception at Quebec.

Mary Guyard, known in history and religion as Mother Mary of the Incarnation, stands first on the long roll of great and saintly women who have shed a luster on the annals of Canada. She was born in the city of Tours, Franco, on the 28th of October, 1599. Her parents, Florent Guyard and Jane Michelet, were in very modest circumstances, but were persons of eminent piety and spotless lives. To their little daughter they gave the name of Mary, and in the gift of that beautiful name was shadowed forth the grandeur of a noble life—the life of a Christian heroine.

“Mary! sweet name revered above,
And O how dear below!
In it are hope and holy love,
And blessings from it flow.”

¹ Chief authorities used: Abbé Richandean, “Vie de la Révérende Mère Marie de l’Incarnation;” Abbé Casgrain, “Vie de la Mère Marie de l’Incarnation;” The Ursulines of Quebec, “Glimpses of the Monastery;” MacLeod, “History of Devotion to the Blessed Virgin in North America;” Parkman, “The Jesuits in North America;” Abbé Ferland, “Cours d’Histoire du Canada;” Charlevoix, “History of New France.”

Placed in such a school of life, and endowed with rare dispositions, we are not surprised to learn that the girl grew in wisdom, age, and grace. In one of her letters, written years afterwards, she says: "The good education which I had received from my parents, who were most pious Christians, laid an excellent foundation in my soul; and I cannot but bless the God of goodness for His gracious kindness to me in this connection. It is a great step in the way of virtue and a precious preparation for a high degree of piety to fall into hands which carefully mould the first years of our existence."

There are many mansions in Heaven, and it seems that all who reach them do not travel the same road of life. Though manifesting some desire for the religious state, Mary Guyard, in her eighteenth year, and in obedience to the wishes of her parents, gave her hand in marriage to Claudius Joseph Martin. He was a silk manufacturer, and a young man of most estimable character.

The first care of Madame Martin in her new state was to make the fear of God reign in her house. She was a model of order and industry, and such was her life of faith that we are assured by her biographers that her most common actions were transformed into practices of piety. For her husband who was, to use her own words, "a good, God-fearing man," she always entertained the most affectionate respect; and yet their married life was far from being happy. But the cause of this we know not. Two years after his marriage, however, Mr. Martin died, leaving his young wife, scarcely twenty years of age, with an infant some six months old, without fortune, and even with very scanty means of support.

When Mary Guyard was about to become a bride, more through obedience than love or inclination, she said to her mother: "Mother, since the resolution is taken, and that my father absolutely wills it, I believe that I am obliged to bow to his decision and to yours, but if God will grant me the grace of giving me a son, I now promise to consecrate him to the Divine service; and if, afterwards, He should

restore to me the liberty which I am now losing. I also promise to consecrate myself to Him.' There is something singularly prophetic in these words.

But a long road of sorrow and suffering was to be traveled before either of these sublime objects was accomplished. Solitude, meditation, fasting, prayer, continual attention to the holy presence of God, the use of the hair-shirt and all kinds of mortification, and wonderful favors from Heaven—these might form the headings of so many chapters in relation to this period in the life of this heroic woman. "I should regard as lost," she writes, "a day passed without suffering."

At length, after twelve years had brought her son beyond the helplessness of infancy, Madame Martin confided him to her sister's care, tore herself from his presence, and entered the cloister. Truly, these years of probation had been to her the narrow, thorny path leading to the mountain heights of sanctity. Long before pronouncing her vows as a religious, she had practised the counsels of evangelical perfection.

On the 25th of January, 1631, Madame Martin entered the convent of the Ursulines, in the city of Tours. Two years after she made her religious profession, and henceforth she will be known as Mother Mary of the Incarnation.

It may, perhaps, seem strange that this lady, capable of such exalted spirituality, was also gifted to a rare degree with the faculties most useful in the practical affairs of life. During the several years she spent in the house of her brother-in-law, she proved how able and efficient she was to aid him in the conduct of his business. Her heart was far away from these mundane interests, but her talent for business was not the less displayed. Of this her spiritual guides were aware, and saw clearly that gifts so useful to the world might be made equally useful to the Church. Hence it was that she was made Superioress of the convent which Madame de la Peltrie was about to endow at Quebec.

"I now see," wrote Mother Mary of the Incarnation towards the end of her days, "that all the states of life, trials

and labors through which I have passed, have had but one object—to form me for the work to be done in Canada.”

Not long after her admittance into the Ursuline convent, a mysterious dream or vision shadowed forth her future career. Over a dark and perilous way the holy novice seemed to grope hand in hand with an unknown lady. A venerable personage directed the travelers by a motion of his hand, and they entered a spacious court, formed by the buildings of a religious institution. The pavement was of white marble, intersected by lines of vermilion. Over all seemed to breathe the spirit of peace. On one side arose a chapel of the purest alabaster, upon the summit of which, as upon a throne, were seated the Holy Virgin and the Divine Child.

The Queen of Heaven seemed to be gazing upon a desolate country, covered with fogs, and traversed by mountains, valleys, and vast precipices. In the midst of these gloomy wastes, the spires and gable-ends of a little church could be discerned, just visible above the misty atmosphere. She looked with sadness on the dismal scene before her; and as Mary of the Incarnation pressed forward, close to her seat, the dear Mother of Mercy turned towards her with a sweet smile of welcome, and, gently bending down, she kissed the fair traveler's forehead. Then she seemed to whisper some message to the Divine Child. It concerned the salvation of souls. Our heroine heard not the words, but she caught their purport; and, on awaking, her glowing heart burned more than ever for the conversion of pagan nations.¹

A year later the mystery was removed. A voice within

¹ The non-Catholic Parkman describes the vision thus: “In a dream she (Mary of the Incarnation) beheld a lady unknown to her. She took her hand; and the two journeyed together westward, towards the sea. They soon met one of the Apostles, clothed all in white, who, with a wave of his hand, directed them on their way. They now entered on a scene of surpassing magnificence. Beneath their feet was a pavement of squares of white marble, spotted with vermilion, and intersected with lines of vivid scarlet; and all around stood monasteries of matchless architecture. But the two travelers, without stopping to admire, moved swiftly on till they beheld the Virgin seated with her Infant Son on a small temple of white marble, which served her as a throne. She seemed about fifteen years of age, and was of a ‘ravishing beauty.’ Her head was turned aside; she was gazing fixedly on a wild waste of mountains and valleys, half concealed in mist. Marie de l’Incarnation approached with outstretched arms, adoring. The vision bent towards her, and, smiling, kissed her three times, whereupon, in a rapture, the dreamer awoke.”—*The Jesuits in North America*.

the soul of Mary of the Incarnation called upon her to found a convent of her Order in Canada. She appeared to hear the Master of Life urging her to go to that new land, and "build a house to Jesus and Mary." The Church of Canada was then in its infancy. Its foundation stone had recently been laid, through the lofty zeal of Champlain. The illustrious Father John de Brébeuf, S. J., and a band of Jesuits were toiling among the Hurons of Upper Canada; and other apostolic priests of the same Society were laboring at Quebec, or scattered at various points along the St. Lawrence.

The "Jesuit Relations," which the Canadian missionaries began to publish in 1632, found their way to the Ursuline Convent at Tours, and helped to fan the flame. It is for the Almighty to provide the way for the accomplishment of his own designs. In what manner this was brought about, we shall now briefly relate.

Near the little town of Alençon, in Normandy, stood the castle of the Lord of Vaubougon, the ancestral home of Mary Magdalene de Chauvigny, better known by the name of Madame de la Peltrie. Like Mary of the Incarnation, she had entered the married state through pure compliance to the will of her parents.

Mlle. de Chauvigny wished to be a religious. Her father, however, passionately fond of his beautiful daughter, resisted her inclination for the cloister, and sought to wean her back to the world; but she escaped from the chateau to a neighboring convent, where she resolved to remain. Her father followed, carried her home, and engaged her in a round of *fêtes* and hunting parties, in the midst of which she found herself surprised into a betrothal to M. de la Peltrie, a young gentleman of rank and character.

The marriage proved a happy one, and Madame de la Peltrié, with an excellent grace, bore her part in the world she had wished to renounce. After a union of five years, her husband died, and she was left a widow and childless at the age of twenty-two. She now gave her life and freedom to charity and devotion. The good lady had heard of

Canada; and when Father Le Jeune's first "Relations" appeared, she read them with delight. "Alas!" wrote the Father, "is there no charitable and virtuous lady who will come to this country to gather up the blood of Christ, by teaching His word to the little Indian girls."

This warm appeal found a prompt and vehement answer from the thrilling breast of Madame de la Peltrie. Henceforth she thought of nothing but Canada. A high and noble purpose filled her soul. She resolved to go to that heathen land, and gather up the precious blood of Christ. But before she had actually taken any step towards the fulfillment of her pious project, she fell dangerously ill. Her life was despaired of. In this extremity, she made a solemn vow to go to Canada, and to found, in honor of St. Joseph, an Ursuline convent for the instruction of the little Indian and French girls.

Suddenly, as from the brink of the grave, she arose to perfect health. But many difficulties yet remained to be overcome. Family interests changed them to persecution. She was harassed by legal proceedings. Those who coveted the wealth she was giving to good works were even determined to deprive her of her liberty in order to obtain it. By the advice of wise and learned priests, however, she adopted measures which thwarted all opposition, and began to carry out her design of proceeding to the wilderness of the New World in order to found an Ursuline convent on the banks of the St. Lawrence.

It remained to obtain nuns for the proposed foundation. Madame de la Peltrie sought the advice of Father Poncet, S. J., who was charged with the Canadian missions; and to her great joy learned from him the particulars of the life and vocation of Mary of the Incarnation. Not many weeks later, the pious widow was at Tours, negotiating the affair with the Archbishop.

Madame de la Peltrie was no sooner admitted into the convent, than Mother Mary of the Incarnation recognized in her the unknown companion with whom, in that mysterious dream, eight years before, she had toiled along a per-

ilous pathway through the wilderness of a strange land. It was necessary to choose a companion for Mother Mary; and this was equally overruled by Providence. All were anxious to obtain the nomination.

One alone, in her humility, judged herself unworthy of such a distinction: but she was the chosen one. Of noble birth, gentle mien, and delicate health, the youthful and accomplished Mary de la Troche, known in religion as Mother St. Joseph, was too timid and too modest to think of herself as a candidate for the wild Canadian mission. Yet this sweet, delicate girl was chosen, and wisely chosen.

It now remained to regulate the temporal affairs of the projected foundation, and to receive the benediction of the Archbishop of Tours. The assembly was held in the archiepiscopal residence. The venerable prelate, who was in his eightieth year, was deeply moved. And when the moment for parting came, he arose, presented the two nuns to Madame de la Peltrie, and addressed her in these remarkable words:

“These are the two foundation stones of the temple which you are about to erect in the New World for the glory of God. For this end, and according to your request, I entrust them to you. On the model of the Jerusalem above, may they be two precious stones in the foundation. May this edifice be a mansion of peace and grace and celestial blessings, more abundant than those of the ancient Temple of Solomon. May the efforts of hell never prevail against it, any more than against the Holy Church. And since this house is to be built for the Almighty, may He fix His dwelling there, as the Father and as the Spouse, not only of the nuns whom I confide to you, but of all who may accompany them, or who will live there after them, to the end of time.”

On the 4th of May, 1633, Madame de la Peltrie, Mother Mary of the Incarnation, Mother Mary of St. Joseph, and another Ursuline¹ embarked at Dieppe for Canada. In the

¹ This third companion was Mother Cecilia Richer of the Cross; she had been a member of the Ursuline convent at Dieppe.

ship were also three young Hospital nuns, sent out to found at Quebec a Hôtel Dieu, endowed by the Duchess of Aiguillon, the famous niece of Cardinal Richelieu. Here, too, were Father Poncet, S.J., and Father Chaumonot, S.J., on the way to their mission, together with Father Vimont, S. J., who was to succeed Father Le Jeune, S. J., in his post of Superior.

To the nuns, pale from the cloistered seclusion, there must have been a strange and startling novelty in this new world of life and action—the ship, the sailors, the shouts of command, the flapping of sails, the salt wind, and the tossing, boisterous sea. The voyage was long and tedious. Sometimes they lay in their berths, sea-sick and woe-begone; sometimes they sang in choir on deck, or heard Mass in the cabin.

Once, on a misty morning, a wild cry of alarm startled crew and passengers alike. A huge iceberg was drifting close upon them. The peril was extreme. Madame de la Peltrie clung to Mother Mary of the Incarnation, who stood perfectly calm, and gathered her gown about her feet, that she might drown with decency. In this moment of peril they made a vow to the Blessed Virgin and St. Joseph; Father Vimont offered it in behalf of all the company, and the ship glided into the open sea unharmed.¹

It was midsummer when they arrived in the harbor of Tadoussac, at the confluence of the Saguenay with the St. Lawrence. Our travelers, no doubt, were impressed with the stern, savage grandeur of the scenery. There stood frowning the bleak, impending cliffs, rising perpendicularly, and forming a gigantic gateway through which the dark waters of the somber Saguenay issue—a fathomless flood—reminding the spectator of long ages past, and the terrible convulsions of nature since her birth.

The dense, lonely forests were unbroken, save by the curling smoke of the wigwam fire, or the rude sheds of the trading station. Strange and wild were these swarthy hunt-

¹ Parkman.

ers, the roving Algonquins, who had come to this point, bringing their furs—the skin of the beaver, the seal, and the marten, to exchange for knives, kettles, blankets, and other European commodities. The poor Indians gazed with amazement on these fair “daughters of sachems,” who, they were told, had left their happy homes beyond the “Great Sea” to teach the wives and daughters of the red man how to live in this world, and prepare themselves for the next.

The apostolic passengers were impatient to reach their destination. Leaving the ship in which they had traversed the Atlantic to its traffic, they pushed up the river in a smaller vessel. It was the 1st of August, 1639, as they neared the still rude fortress of Quebec. All labor ceased, and the cannon boomed welcome from the heights of Cape Diamond. The wooden tenements and the Indian camp-lodges alike sent forth their inhabitants to view the religious strangers. The gallant Governor Montmagny, in brilliant uniform, surrounded by his staff, some Jesuit Fathers, and a file of soldiers, were all ranged on the shore.

On landing, the nuns fell prostrate, and kissed the soil of Canada. The pious cortege moved on, climbing the zig-zag pathway up the steep now known as Mountain street. At the top of the hill, to the left, was the little chapel of our Lady of Recovery, which had been built by Champlain in 1632. Mass was offered up by the Father Superior of the missions. The *Te Deum* was chanted. Then they dined at the fort, and presently set forth to visit the new settlement of Sillery; four miles above Quebec.

Noel Brulart de Sillery, a Knight of Malta, who had once filled the highest offices under the Queen Marie de Médicis, had now severed his connection with his Order, renounced the world, and become a priest. He devoted his vast revenues to the founding of religious establishments. Among other endowments, he had placed ample funds in the hands of the Jesuit Fathers for the formation of a settlement of Christian Indians at the spot which still bears his name. On the strand of Sillery, between the river and the woody heights behind, were clustered the small log-cabins of a number of

Algonquins, converts, together with a church, a mission-house, and an infirmary—the whole surrounded by a palisade.* It was to this place that Madame de la Peltrie, Mary of the Incarnation, and their companions were now conducted by the Jesuits. The scene delighted and edified them; and in the transports of their zeal, they seized and kissed every female Indian child on whom they could lay hands, “without minding,” says Father Le Jeune, “whether they were dirty or not.” “Love and charity,” he adds, “triumphed over every human consideration.”

When the nuns visited the chapel they heard for the first time the voices of the Indians singing hymns—hymns, too, in a language that seemed like the chattering and twittering of birds. Father Le Jeune announced that a neophyte was to be baptized, and Madame de la Peltrie stood as god-mother.

The Ursulines retired to their humble abode. It was a small building on the wharf, and they had merely the loan of it. It was, perhaps, preferable to an Indian wigwam; in which, however, the heroic Mother Mary of the Incarnation declared that she was prepared to lodge.

* The Reduction consisted of some fifteen families their habitations varying from the primitive rudeness of the Algonquin wigwam to the substantial stone hut . . . At the sight of the nuns, clad in their peculiar costume, the poor squaws gather up their little papooses, and seem ready to flee to the woods with them. The older red-skinned urchins stop their play and huddle together; but at a motion from the good priest, whom they know, all gather round, and soon forget their fright.—*Glimpses of the Monastery*, Vol. I.

• 2 Parkman.

CHAPTER II.

MOTHER MARY OF THE INCARNATION AND HER PUPILS.

Learning the Indian languages—The little convent and academy—Small-pox—Convent life—Difficulties—The Indian girl as a convent pupil—Some examples—Teresa, the Huron girl—Her letter to Mother Mary on parting from her convent home.—Some short and sharp reflections.

Mother Mary of the Incarnation and her Ursulines began laboring, "according to their Institute," for the French pupils at the same time that they were tasking their energies to acquire the Indian languages. In Father Le Jeune, S. J., they had an able and willing teacher, who had become learned in the barbarous dialects of America only at the expense of hard toil, and many months of forest life with the roving savages.¹

We must, however, have a peep at the interior of the little convent and academy. This stately residence consisted of two rooms, the larger being sixteen feet square. The other was smaller, and was enriched with a cellar and garret. The larger apartment served as a dormitory, the beds being arranged in tiers along the wall; but it was also a parlor, choir, kitchen, refectory, and recreation room. The

¹ Father Paul Le Jeune was one of the first Jesuits that came to Canada. At first his duties as Superior prevented his going on the mission among the Indians, and he was obliged to learn their language, as best he could, in his room. To assist him in his daily lessons, he engaged the services of an Algonquin named Pierre. Seated on wooden stools by the rough table in the refectory, the priest and the Indian pursued their studies. "How thankful I am," wrote Father Le Jeune, "to those who gave me tobacco last year. At every difficulty I give my master a piece of it, to make him more attentive!" The worthy Jesuit, desirous of still more familiarizing himself with Indian customs, language and mode of life, determined, after some time, to spend a portion of the winter among the savages near Quebec. He roamed with them for several months, being badly treated, half-starved, almost frozen, and fortunate in getting back with his head safely seated on his shoulders.—*Popular History of the Catholic Church in the United States.*

smaller apartment was the class-room. An additional wing—a sort of shed—served as a kind of exterior parlor, where, through the usual grating, the nuns could speak of God and Religion to feathered chiefs and dusky warriors.

Happily, the Canadian colonists had invented an order of architecture which was not very expensive. A few strong posts of oak, maple, or some other hard wood, were driven into the ground; some bars bound them together; the whole was then covered with planks, and finished off with rough plastering. The edifice was thus completed. A chapel in this style, before the winter closed in, was raised, and received the “gilded tabernacle,” the parting gift of a friend. It is a delightfully “devout chapel”—so one who saw it affirms—“agreeable for its poverty;” and, above all, precious to Mother Mary and her companions, for it was the residence of the hidden Redeemer.

The Ursulines had scarcely time to put their humble abode in order, when that terrible scourge, the small-pox, suddenly transformed it into a hospital. The Indian children especially were attacked with virulence, and the nuns had abundant occasion for the exercise of kindness, patience, and charity. Night and day the little tawny sufferers were tended by their indefatigable nurses. Four children died of the frightful malady, and then it entirely disappeared; but not until the whole stock of linen for the use of the Indian children and the convent was exhausted. This was a serious loss. There was no supply to be got nearer than France.

Winter passed away, and the annual fleet from the Mother Country brought two more Ursulines to the little convent at Quebec, where they “live in admirable peace and union.” Mother Mary of the Incarnation, wrote one of the religious newcomers, “treats me with too much honor. The sweet odor of sanctity seems to surround her, and to embalm all who approach her. Mother St. Joseph¹ is a charming person, most accomplished in every

¹ The gentle and delicate Mary de la Troche.

way During recreation she often makes us laugh till we fairly cry It is impossible to be melancholy in her company She loves the little Indian girls like a mother. After catechism, she teaches them to sing hymns and to touch the viol. Sometimes she leaves them to perform one of their own pantomime dances, and the little scholars make no ceremony of inviting Madame de la Peltrie to dance with them, which she does with the best grace in the world.”

Such incidents in the past belong to the beauties of American Catholic history The Ursulines had, indeed, come to Canada at the opportune moment. The field in which apostolic missionaries labored long with but little success had, at last, begun to yield fruit. Mother Mary of the Incarnation and her Ursulines considered themselves supremely happy in being called to aid in gathering in the precious harvest.

The difficulties of the situation, however, were enormous. The expenses were large. It must be borne in mind that the Indian pupils—and sometimes even their families—had to be fed and clothed gratis. At the parlor, where the nuns exercised their zeal in behalf of the warriors, it was not merely the bread of instruction that was to be broken; but, according to the Indian laws of hospitality, the food of the body was indispensable.

Among those hardy rovers of the wilderness in Canada, it was considered an affront to send away a guest without inviting him to eat. The “pot of *Sagamite*” had to be constantly on the fire. From time to time, a more “splendid banquet” was prepared for sixty or eighty dusky visitors. On such occasions it required “a bushel of black plums, twenty-four pounds of bread, a due quantity of Indian meal or ground peas, a dozen of tallow candles melted, and two or three pounds of fat pork”—all well boiled together. “It would be a pity,” writes Mother Mary of the Incarnation, “to deprive these poor people of such a feast, since it requires no more to content even their sachems and war-chiefs.”

It must be confessed that this was remarkable work for

five Ursulines to accomplish. The toil was beyond their strength. The visits to the wonderful parlor were unceasing. "But," says the great Mother Mary, "the providence of our Heavenly Father supplies all things. The pot of sagamite was never empty."

Let us glance at another side of the picture in which the heroic Mother Mary of the Incarnation was the chief figure. In a moral sense, the distance was infinite from the forest-home of the Indian girl to the convent. She was as frolicsome and wild as the little animals which roamed the woods, and she knew as little as they of obedience and wholesome restraint. The only authority she was invited to respect was that of her mother, or, perhaps, of her aged grandparents. But if she chose to be willful, on no account was she punished or compelled to obey.

The young Indian beauty's clothing was scanty, and of the roughest material. In winter only were her feet covered with coarse moccasins. She knew of no cosmetics save suet and bear's grease; and her matted hair had never been visited by either comb or scissors. Her bed had always been the ground, near the wigwam fire; and this was shared equally by dogs, fleas, papooses, warriors, and, in short, by whole families. It is not very surprising to learn that some of these "wild birds," caged for the first time, occasionally flew off to the forest; but when the affection and great patience of Mother Mary of the Incarnation had tamed them, they proved most open to instruction, and quite exemplary in piety.

The little Algonquins of Sillery were the first pupils the Ursulines undertook to form; and as neither understood the language of the other, the difficulty must have been extreme. But "a great desire to speak," wrote Mother Mary, "is a great help towards doing so." We may readily believe it, when we are told that the nuns were able to begin to instruct in Algonquin before the end of two months.

Their holy toil was blessed with remarkable success. Mother Mary of the Incarnation declares that these new Christians were as meek as little lambs, and that after their

baptism they preserved an admirable purity of conscience. Among her first Indian pupils, the venerable lady mentions Mary Gamitiens, who was but six years of age, and was no sooner awake in the morning than her little lips began to speak in the language of prayer. She said her beads during Mass, and sang hymns in her own language.

Mary Negalamat was a wild child of the woods, and at first did not relish school-life at the convent. Once she ran off to the forest, tearing her red tunic to shreds. But she was brought back, and became a good girl. She was one of a small band preparing for first Communion. The instructors were Father Pigart, S. J., and Mother Mary of the Incarnation. Mary, especially, was in great jubilation.

"Why are you so joyful?" inquired somebody.

"Oh!" cried this dear little dusky daughter of the wilderness, "I shall soon receive Jesus into my heart."

Mother Mary's first Huron pupil was a niece of the famous war-chief Chihatenhwa. On a visit to Quebec he had seen the "holy virgins," robed in black, who had come to teach the little Indian girls the way to Heaven. He was delighted, and great was the admiration of his tribe, when he recounted what wonders he had seen.

Chihatenhwa brought his little Teresa to the convent, where we are told that she became a prodigy of piety and knowledge. When next the Huron flotilla covered the river, the fond uncle, from afar, pointed out to the chief and warriors, who accompanied him the "House of Jesus," as the Indians termed the convent. He hastened to meet his niece. Teresa was only thirteen, but we are assured she had the zeal of an apostle.

Battle-scarred warriors gave willing ear to her girlish exhortations; and, on returning to the Huron country, they published her fame to the whole tribe. "Teresa has more sense," they exclaimed, "than any one who has ever appeared in our country. Doubtless, the one who has taught her is also the greatest genius among the French."

She was deeply attached to her convent home, where she remained for over two years. When the day of separation

came, it was most painful. The Jesuit Fathers of the Huron country were anxious to have the influence of the pious young seminarist among her tribe;¹ and her parents could no longer endure her absence. Teresa, like a brave girl, made the sacrifice, and bade adieu to her dear teachers. From Three Rivers, she wrote to Mother Mary of the Incarnation:

“MY DEAR MOTHER:

“I am going to my distant home. We are ready to start. I thank you for all the care you have bestowed upon me. I thank you for having taught me to serve God. Is it for a thing of small value that I offer you my thanks? Never shall I forget you. TERESA.”²

There is, we fear, many a “young lady” of this “enlightened age” whose numberless “accomplishments” would scarcely enable her to write with the good sense and pointed brevity of this Indian girl of the seventeenth century; and who could not truthfully say to her teachers, “I thank you for having taught me to serve God.” In many institutions of to-day such a study is not even elective. God is absolutely dismissed from the curriculum, and Religion is politely told to “get out,” or to “stand at the door.” And what is more amazing is, that this is considered “fashionable,” and many persons who have never been confined in a lunatic asylum are impressed with its “respectability.”

¹ One of the Fathers wrote: “The Indian who is a good Christian, and really zealous, does more good among his countrymen than three Jesuit missionaries.”

² Teresa spoke two languages with facility, and sang in Huron, French and Latin.—*Glimpses of the Monastery.*

CHAPTER III.

A HOLY HEROINE TO THE LAST GASP.

A new convent erected—Pupils—Letters of Mother Mary—What a pan of coals did—The fire fiend—Mother Mary surrounded by flames—Her escape—Another convent raised up—The educational programme of the time—Mother Mary and her novices—The illustrious woman's accomplishments—Her death.

The conversion of the Canadian Indians, which Mother Mary of the Incarnation had seen prefigured as a Church just emerging from clouds and darkness, was now rapidly progressing. Whole tribes embraced the Faith, and the fervor of the primitive ages was revived.

In order to meet the growing wants of the colony, a new convent was erected. In 1642 it was completed, and Mother Mary and her daughters bade adieu to the little tenement on the wharf, and took up their quarters in a more suitable edifice. It was stately for the times—built of dark-colored, roughly-shaped blocks of stone. It was three stories in height, twenty-eight feet wide, and ninety-two feet long. To the Indians, this new "House of Jesus" was a wonder, and many a long journey was made to see it.

The regular Indian pupils, boarders, who were fed and clothed at the expense of the convent, soon amounted to eighty. But besides these, the nuns were daily called upon to give instruction to squaws in their class-rooms, and to warriors in their parlor. This was a large family to attend to, but the skill, piety, genius, and wonderful business capacity of Mother Mary of the Incarnation made her equal to every demand.

The letters of the illustrious woman during this period

are most characteristic. It is not concerning her pupils, her labors, and her wants that she chiefly entertains her friends. In her boundless charity, she identifies herself with all who labor for the conversion of the Indians. Her eagle glance sweeps over the vast fields of missionary zeal from the Gulf of St. Lawrence to the Great Lakes. She numbers the chapels that are built, the baptisms, the holy deaths. Well she knows all the roving clans that come to be instructed. And, after filling ten or more pages with such topics, she adds: "A word now of our seminarists. They give us every possible satisfaction. Their piety, their devotion to the Blessed Sacrament, their docility, their generosity in overcoming their defects—all this is ravishing. But it strikes us less, now that we are accustomed to it."

At other times she merely says: "God has blessed our labors this year, as in preceding ones. We have as much as we can do, especially during the winter months, when the braves leave us their children while they go to hunt."

Adversity, however, was about to frown on this fair scene. The year 1650, so fertile in trials and disasters, was drawing to a close. The dim shadows of a clear, cold December evening cast themselves over the snow-white landscape; and the beautiful constellations which lighted the wintry firmament with splendor were marking the progress of the night. The happy inmates of the convent had gone to rest; but there was *something* that did not sleep.

It was a pan of coals, which one of the sisters, charged with baking, had placed beneath her bread-trough, well closed around with the napkin that covered the dough. It was not her custom to take this precaution to hasten the action of the yeast; but this was bread for New Year's Day. It was her wish to have it light. The coals thus placed on duty were unperceived, and, alas! forgotten.

The fire was making sad havoc, when one of the nuns suddenly leaped from her humble couch. All were asleep. The flames were just bursting through the door of the sleeping-room, as she cried out: "Up for your lives, children, and

* Her pupils.

fly!" She rushed to the nuns' dormitory, and gave the alarm: "Wake! Wake! the house is on fire. Quick, and save the children!"

In a moment, one and all were aware of the peril. The fire was upon them on every side. A nun rushed to the bell, to give warning of their danger. The door was opened, and the startled inmates of the doomed convent began to pass out. But the smoke blinded, and the flames flew like lightning. Each sister became a heroine, and seizing the little innocents in their arms, they hurried them out. Suddenly the door gave way; but those brave ladies, regardless of the danger of suffocation, dashed through passage-ways, and hastened with their precious charges to a place of safety.

Mother Mary of the Incarnation, chief of those heroines, ever calm and self-possessed, did what she could to save the lives of her dear pupils and companions; and then, with thoughtful care, she grasped the papers of the Community, and attempted to carry away some clothing for the nuns, who had all, in their night-dresses, rushed from the house with the children. She was alone in the midst of the burning mass. The flames were consuming the rooms beneath; the crackle of the victorious fire could be heard overhead, and was rapidly approaching her person, when, after bowing to her crucifix, to signify her perfect submission to the will of God, she flew along the passage of the dormitory to a staircase—now the only exit possible. Happily, it was free, and in a moment she was at the door, where she met the Father Superior of the Jesuits and all his household, who had hurried to the rescue.

Not one perished on that eventful night; some, it is true, were nearly naked, but all were saved from the savage flames. As they gazed at their late home, they saw the flames rising higher and higher, wreathing their way through the wooden roof. At length, the heavy timbers bent, and fell with a crash. It was the brightness of day at this sad midnight scene: and the cold, silent stars looked down unmoved.

"My heart," wrote Mother Mary of the Incarnation, "preserved its usual peace. I felt neither grief nor anxiety, but united my will to His whose hand has passed over us, leaving us in the state in which He Himself was at this season, in the cave of Bethlehem."

The Ursulines and their pupils were fit subjects for New Year's hospitality. The Hospital Sisters did everything to alleviate the distress of the sufferers. During three weeks, with indefatigable zeal, these "friends in need" furnished materials, and aided in putting together complete suits of apparel for each of the Ursulines. The two Communities made but one; they sat at the same table, and slept under the same roof. Mother Mary and her religious companions next moved to the house of Madame de la Peltrie, and there remained during the building of another new convent.

Fifteen months passed away, and by the blessing of Providence, and the energetic mind of Mother Mary of the Incarnation, the Ursulines and their pupils had once more a suitable and substantial residence. It is the central building of that pile which to-day constitutes the Ursuline Convent at Quebec. The nuns effected their removal on the vigil of Pentecost, 1652; and we are assured that few baggage-wagons were required on the occasion.

The educational programme of this pioneer female academy of Canada was most sensible, practical, and Christian. It was in the seventeenth century, we must remember, and there were fewer subjects taught than at present. But what was done, was done thoroughly. The pupils were taught reading, grammar, the Christian Religion, Sacred History, practical arithmetic, penmanship, and needlework. We hear no mention of a piano, and the formidable *'ologies* were omitted; but it remained for our day to try the ridiculous experiment of studying everything—a sure road to the mastery of nothing.

During the winter of 1662, Mother Mary of the Incarnation was surrounded by a class of novices. These young religious were eager to render themselves useful, and to avail themselves of her knowledge of the Indian languages.

For their benefit, and for the use of the other nuns, the venerable lady prepared at this time a catechism in Huron; three catechisms in Algonquin, and a large dictionary in French and Algonquin. After completing this literary labor of love for the Indian race, she wrote in 1664: "We are still more occupied in the classes for the French children; and it is certain that if God had not sent the Ursulines to Canada, they would be left to the most deplorable ignorance. All the young girls in the country pass through our hands; and this causes piety and religion to flourish everywhere. The French population being rapidly on the increase, our employments must keep pace with that increase."

To the last day of her beautiful life, this heroic woman was the great teacher, model, and mother of her Community. She wrote several text-books in French, Huron, and Algonquin. She excelled in all kinds of needlework and embroidery, as well as in painting and gilding. She sanctified these accomplishments by contributing the fruit of her own hands to the decoration of chapels, churches and altars all over the colony. She even possessed remarkable skill in sculpture and architecture, and patiently instructed the workmen who were employed in decorating the interior of the church, guiding them in relation to the proportions of the columns and entablature. Not the minutest detail of the art escaped her eye, so trained and artistic.

Early in January, 1672, a serious illness threatened the precious life of Mother Mary of the Incarnation. Her pupils and her spiritual daughters were overwhelmed with grief, and besought Heaven to spare their beloved friend and mother. Even the venerable patient herself was unable to refuse them the consolation of joining in their petitions so far as to say: "My God, if I may yet be of service to this little community, I refuse neither labor nor fatigue. Thy will be done."

"No, my good Mother," urged the kind Father Lalletment, S. J., "you must join our petitions, and ask to recover." The very soul of obedience, she did as commanded, and a few weeks more were obtained.

At length, on the 29th of April, it became necessary to administer the last Sacraments; and from that moment there was something so divine about Mother Mary of the Incarnation that she seemed no longer of this earth. Fond hearts surrounded the dying saint, whose humble pillow seemed to be the very porch of Paradise.

One of her old companions reminded her of her gifted son¹, and asked a message for him. Maternal love seemed, for an instant, to recall the venerable lady to this world, and she answered with emotion, "Tell him that I bear him away with me in my heart. In Heaven I will ask for his perfect sanctification."

Her French and Indian pupils knelt around her to receive her last blessing, and to look on that holy and majestic countenance, which seemed to be illumined by a ray of immortality. She died on the 30th of April, 1672, aged seventy-two years, thirty-three of which she had spent in Canada.²

¹ Dom Claude Martin, who had become a learned Benedictine father. He wrote a life of his illustrious mother.

² The cause of the beatification of Mother Mary of the Incarnation is now in active progress at Rome.

MISS JANE MANCE,

FOUNDRESS OF THE HOSPITAL NUNS OF ST. JOSEPH IN CANADA.¹

CHAPTER I.

EARLY YEARS OF OUR HEROINE.

Birth and family—Her singular childhood—Her charming piety—A remarkable vocation—Her confessor's opposition—The Duchess de Bullion—De la Dauversière—Finally determines to go to Montreal.

Miss Jane Mance, whose name is justly famous in the early history of Canada, was born in 1606 at Nogent-le-Roi, which is some distance from Langres, in France. She belonged to a most honorable family.

In more than one place the lives of the Saints display the fact that there are certain children on whom God has particular designs, and whose spiritual nature becomes singularly developed even in their most tender years. Such a child was Jane Mance. At six or seven years of age she formed the astonishing resolution of consecrating herself to God by a vow of perpetual chastity. "Often," writes one of her religious companions, "she herself related to me this incident of her childhood."

But the beautiful piety which she professed was entirely free from those faults but too common to devout persons. It

¹ Chief authorities used: Abbé Faillon, "Vie de Mlle. Mance et Histoire de l'Hôtel-Dieu de Ville Marie dans l'île de Montreal, en Canada;" Anon., "Annales ou Histoire de 'Institution des Religieuses Hospitalières de Saint Joseph sous la Règle de Saint Augustine;" Abbé Ferand, "Cours d'Histoire du Canada;" Parkman, "The Jesuits in North America;" MacLeod, "History of Devotion to the Blessed Virgin in North America;" Charlevoix, "History and General Description of New France;" Laroche-Héron, "Les Servantes de Dieu en Canada."

was clothed in no stiff mannerism. It never stood in the way of other duties. It was never disagreeable. The great rectitude of the young girl's soul, the elevation and nobility of her sentiments, and, above all, the Divine wisdom by which she was guided, made her learn to do all for God without in any way offending the claims and courtesies of the world. Thus she grew up, and in time became an accomplished woman, of delicate constitution and dignified, graceful bearing.

Though leading the life of a religious in the world, Miss Mance felt no vocation for the cloister. On the death of her parents, therefore, she found herself entire mistress of her actions. She placed no bounds to her fervor. She felt gradually taking possession of her soul a great desire to serve Christ and His Holy Mother in some barbarous country. The perusal of the Jesuit *Relations* and the report of Madame de la Peltrie's labors in Canada fanned the flame in her breast, and she felt that she had now found her true vocation. It was to go to the wild banks of the historic St. Lawrence.

What Canada is she has no idea, or, at least, a very confused and indistinct one. Her friends think it is a notion caught from the perusal of some traveler's story. Her confessor is consulted. He has never heard of Montreal, and he treats his penitent as a visionary; but, as she persists in her notions, he writes to Paris for information.

The answers confirm the purpose of Miss Mance. She goes to Paris, is introduced to the Duchess de Bullion, a great friend of the Montreal Scheme. The vocation is tried, ascertained and followed. "I will go," she said; "give me, Madame, a letter to the Directors of the Company." The pious Duchess gave her a note to Mr. de la Dauversière, and a purse of 20,000 livres for expenses.

She pursued her way to New Rochelle, whence ships were to sail for Canada. On the day after her arrival in that city, as she entered the church of the Jesuit Fathers, she met a gentleman coming out. It was Dauversière.

"Then," says the Abbe Faillon, "these two persons,

who had never seen nor heard of each other, were enlightened supernaturally, whereby their most hidden thoughts were mutually made known." A long conversation passed between them; and the delights of this interview were never effaced from the mind of Miss Mance. "She used to speak of it like a seraph," writes Sister Mary Morin, "and far better than many a learned Doctor could have done."

In all probability, she was warned that the rude walls of Montreal must be cemented in blood; that there were tribes of hostile savages who would oppose, perhaps destroy, the struggling colony; and, finally, that she would be all alone to care for the sick and wounded. But when these representations only increased the heroic lady's zeal, the good old man blessed God and bade her go in His holy name.¹ And when he did that, he laid the foundation of the famous Hôtel-Dieu in Montreal, where now dozens of devoted nuns are consecrated to the service of Christ in his poor!

¹ Sister Morin was the first Canadian nun that joined the Hospital Sisters of St. Joseph. She entered the *Hôtel Dieu* at Montreal, in 1662, at the tender age of thirteen years and a half. This saintly lady was the author of the *Annals de l'Hôtel Dieu*, and lived to see more than four score years.

² She had found her destiny. The ocean, the wilderness, the solitude, the Iroquois—nothing daunted her.—*Parkman*.

CHAPTER II.

THE TOWN OF MARY.

Montreal—Dauversière—The Abbé Olier—A vision—The singular interview between Olier and Dauversière—A great design assumes shape—The memorable ceremony at Notre Dame Cathedral—Glance at the plan—Maisonneuve—Miss Mance sails in the expedition for Canada—At Quebec—Up the St. Lawrence—Arrival at the site of Montreal—The landing—The first altar—Mass—Father Vimont's address—The birth-night of Montreal.

The largest city on the St. Lawrence had a remarkable origin. The story of its early days has become a part of American history. We must glance at it here.

While Canada was yet nearly all a wilderness, God inspired a pious layman to establish a colony in honor of the Most Blessed Virgin on the Island of Montreal. This was Jerome le Royer de la Dauversière, a gentleman of Anjou, in France.

There lived at Paris, at this time, a young priest, the Abbé John James Olier, afterwards known as the illustrious founder of the Seminary of St. Sulpice. The Almighty, it seems, inspired him with a similar design.

Dauversière pondered the revelation which he had received, became convinced that it was from God, and set out for Paris to find some means of accomplishing the assigned task. As he prayed for new light in the famous Church of Notre Dame, he was favored with a vision in which Christ assured him that he would not want for wisdom and strength to do his work. He was comforted.

From Paris this good gentleman went to the neighboring

chateau of Meudon, which overlooks the valley of the Seine, not far from St. Cloud. He entered the gallery of the old castle, and saw a priest approaching him. It was the Abbé Olier. They had never seen, or even heard of each other; yet, impelled by a kind of inspiration, they recognized one another at once, even to the depths of their hearts; and saluting each other by name, as we read of St. Anthony and St. Paul the Hermit, they embraced like two friends who had met after a long, long separation.

"Sir," exclaimed the Abbé Olier, "I know your design, and I go to commend it to God at the holy altar."

And he went at once to say Mass in the chapel. Dauversière received the Holy Communion at his hands; and then, after thanksgiving, they walked for three hours in the park, discussing their plans. They were of one mind in respect both to objects and means; and when they parted the Abbé Olier gave Dauversière a hundred louis, saying: "This is to begin the work of God."¹

The pious undertaking at once began to shape itself. A Society was formed. It was in 1636 that the Company of Montreal was founded "for the conversion of the savages and the maintenance of the Catholic religion in Canada." Five priests,² a Cardinal,³ a Duchess, two Dukes, twelve other nobles,⁴ and a simple Sister of Charity, formed the association; and, for four years, they labored faithfully to bring their scheme into successful operation. Their plan was this—to build upon the Island of Montreal a town which should be at once a home for the missions, a defense against the Indians, a center of commerce for the neighboring people, which should be consecrated to the Most Holy Virgin, and be called *Ville-Marie*.⁵

¹ Parkman. ² The Abbé Olier was one. ³ Richelieu. ⁴ One of whom was Dauversière.

⁵ The town of Mary.

Or to quote the words of Parkman: "They proposed to found at Montreal three religious communities—three being the mystic number—one of secular priests to direct the colonists and convert the Indians, one of nuns to nurse the sick, and one of nuns to teach the Faith to the children, white and red. To borrow their own phrases—they would plant the banner of Christ in an abode of desolation and a haunt of demons; and to this end a band of priests and women were to invade the wilderness, and take post between the fangs of the Iroquois."—*The Jesuits in North America*.

"So, when all was ready, on the morrow of the Feast of our Lady's Purification, the Associates assembled in the Cathedral Church of Notre Dame. The Abbé Olier offered up the Holy Sacrifice at the altar of the Blessed Virgin, whereat all the laics communicated, while those of the Company who were priests said Mass at other altars with the same intention, fervently imploring the Queen of Angels to bless their enterprise, and to take the Island of Montreal under her holy and most especial protection."

The collection, after this ceremony, was 200,000 francs.

"Now," writes the non-Catholic Parkman, "to look for a moment at their plan. Their eulogists say, and with perfect truth, that, from a worldly point of view, it was mere folly. The partners mutually bound themselves to seek no return for the money expended. Their profit was to be reaped in the skies; and, indeed, there was none to be reaped on earth. The feeble settlement at Quebec was at this time in danger of utter ruin, for the Iroquois, enraged at the attacks made on them by Champlain, had begun a fearful course of retaliation, and the very existence of the colony trembled in the balance.

"But if Quebec was exposed to their ferocious inroads Montreal was incomparably more so. A settlement here would be a perilous outpost—a hand thrust into the jaws of the tiger. It would provoke attack, and lie almost in the path of the war-parties. The Associates could gain nothing by the fur-trade; for they were not allowed to share in it.

"On the other hand, danger apart, the place was an excellent one for a mission; for here met two great rivers—the St. Lawrence, with its countless tributaries, flowed in from the west, while the Ottawa descended from the north, and Montreal, embraced by their uniting waters, was the key to a vast inland navigation. Thither the Indians would naturally resort; and thence the missionaries could make their way into the heart of a boundless heathendom. None of the ordinary motives of colonization had part in this design. It owed its conception and its birth to religious zeal alone."

Dauversière and his companions' purchased the Island of Montreal, and matured their glorious undertaking. First, they would send out forty men to take possession of the island, intrench themselves, and raise crops. Then they would build a house for the missionaries, and two convents for the nuns. In the meantime, the Abbé Olier was toiling near Paris to found the seminary of priests, and Dauversière, at La Flèche, bent himself to the work of forming a community of hospital nuns. How the school nuns were provided, we shall learn in the life of Mother Margaret Bourgeois.²

The Associates needed a soldier-governor to take charge of their forty men; and, no doubt directed by Providence, they soon found a rare man. This was Paul de Chomedey, Sieur de Maisonneuve, a devout and valiant gentleman, whose bright sword had flashed on many a hard-contested field, who, in an age of heresy, had kept the Faith intact, and whose life shone like a star in the midst of the unbridled license by which he was surrounded. He had made a vow of chastity. He loved his profession of arms, and wished to consecrate his sword to the Church.³

One of the vessels that bore this gallant soldier and his forty men had the honor of carrying Miss Mance across the stormy Atlantic, on her heroic mission of charity. The expedition landed at Quebec too late in the season of 1641 to ascend to Montreal. The long and dreary winter had to be passed at Quebec.

Early in May Maisonneuve and his followers, accompanied by Miss Mance, began to push their way up the St. Lawrence. They had gained an unexpected recruit during the winter in the person of Madame de la Peltrie, the pious foundress of the Ursuline Convent at Quebec. This little band of chosen Catholics was to found the greatest city in Canada.⁴

“On the 17th of May, 1643, Maisonneuve's little flo-

¹ That is, the Company of Montreal.

² See p.

³ Parkman.

⁴ In many of its aspects this enterprise of Montreal belonged to the time of the first Crusades. The spirit of Godfrey de Bouillon lived again in Chomedey de Maisonneuve.—*Parkman*.

tilla—a pinnace, a flat-bottomed craft moved by sails, and two row-boats—approached Montreal; and all on board raised in unison a hymn of praise. Montmagny¹ was with them, to deliver the island, in behalf of the Company of the Hundred Associates, to Maisonneuve, representative of the Associates of Montreal.² And here, too, was Father Vimont, Superior of the missions, for the Jesuits had been prudently invited to accept the spiritual charge of the young colony.

“On the following day, they glided along the green and solitary shores, now thronged with the life of a busy city, and landed on the spot which Champlain, thirty-one years before, had chosen as the fit site of a settlement. It was a tongue or triangle of land, formed by the junction of a rivulet with the St. Lawrence, and known afterwards as Point Callière. The rivulet was bordered by a meadow, and beyond rose the forest with its vanguard of scattered trees. Early spring flowers were blooming in the young grass, and birds of varied plumage flitted among the boughs.

Maisonneuve sprang ashore, and fell on his knees. His followers imitated his example; and all joined their voices in enthusiastic songs of thanksgiving. Tents, baggage, arms, and stores were landed. An altar was raised on a pleasant spot near at hand; and Mademoiselle Mance, with Madame de la Peltrie, aided by the servant, Charlotte Barré, decorated it with a taste which was the admiration of the beholders.

“Now all the company gathered before the shrine. Here stood Vimont, in the rich vestments of his office. Here were the two ladies, with their servant; Montmagny, no very willing spectator; Maisonneuve, a warlike figure, erect and tall, his men clustering around him—soldiers, sailors, artisans, and laborers—all alike soldiers at need. They kneeled

¹ The Governor of Quebec.

² In 1663, the Company of Montreal, whose only object was the conversion of the savages resigned into the hands of the Priests of St. Sulpice all seigneurial rights over the island, titles confirmed a century later by the British Government, after the conquest of Canada. And thus it is that the Blessed Virgin Mary is still the sovereign lady of Montreal.—*MacLeod*.

in reverent silence as the Host was raised aloft, and when the rite was over, the priest turned and addressed them:

“‘You are a grain of mustard-seed, that shall rise and grow till its branches overshadow the earth. You are few, but your work is the work of God. His smile is on you, and your children shall fill the land.’

“The afternoon waned, the sun sank behind the western forest, and twilight came on. Fire-flies were twinkling over the darkened meadow. They caught them, tied them with threads into shining festoons, and hung them before the altar, where the Host remained exposed. Then they pitched their tents, lighted their bivouac fires, stationed their guards, and lay down to rest. Such was the birth-night of Montreal.”

CHAPTER III.

THE PIONEER HEROINE OF MONTREAL.

The first hospital at Montreal—Ville-Marie's Guard—Miss Mance's seventeen years' work—Olier's remark—Plenty of hospital work—The fall on the ice—Loss of her arm—Voyage to France in company with Margaret Bourgeois—The miraculous cure—Madame de Bullion—Departure of three Hospital Nuns for Canada—The severe voyage—At Montreal—Sufferings of the nuns—The Iroquois—A Pen picture—A beautiful death.

The intrepid Miss Mance, the pioneer heroine of Montreal, now began her work—a work which is continued to this day. A house and chapel rose up swiftly, and on the 15th of August, 1642, it was opened to celebrate the Feast of the Assumption of the Most Holy Virgin. As the colony grew, the number of its sick augmented. Miss Mance was alone. The house was soon found too small, and the labor too great for any one person, however zealous.

But let us glance aside for a moment at the brave protectors of Ville-Marie. While all others there were contributing to the honor of their heavenly Patroness, their safety was watched over by the veteran guard of De Maisonneuve. This good commander had enrolled from among his soldiers sixty-three volunteers, all specially vowed to defend the town of Our Lady. This number was suggested by the years of her blessed life on earth; and these hardy sons of Old France formed thus, in the forests of America, a sort of military confraternity.

They met daily for the recital of the Rosary. They wore the medal of their order as a military decoration; and they

approached the holy sacraments on all the feasts of the Queen of Heaven. But it was just on this account that they were the first to confront the cannon of the English, or to answer with their battle-cry of *Ave Purissima!* the war-whoop of the fierce Iroquois.

Miss Mance shared with joy the hardships, dangers, and untold privations which marked the beginning of the new town of Ville-Marie. During seventeen years she had no one to aid her, except four or five charitable women, whom she had brought from France, and who shared with her the ceaseless but holy duties of attending to the sick and the wounded in the little hospital.

There was something about this admirable lady which impressed all with whom she conversed. Once she visited the venerable Olier in France, and he is said to have remarked, that she was "full of the light of God, by which she was surrounded as by a sun."

"Mademoiselle Mance," writes Parkman, "found no lack of hospital work, for blood and blows were rife at Montreal, where the woods were full of Iroquois, and not a moment was without its peril. Though years began to tell upon her, she toiled patiently at her dreary task, till, in the winter of 1657, she fell on the ice of the St. Lawrence, broke her right arm, and dislocated the wrist. Bouchard, the surgeon of Montreal, set the broken bones, but did not discover the dislocation. The arm in consequence became totally useless, and her health wasted away under incessant and violent pain.

"Maisonneuve, the civil and military chief of the settlement, advised her to go to France for assistance in the work to which she was no longer equal; and Marguerite Bourgeois whose pupils, white and red, had greatly multiplied, resolved to go with her for a similar object.' They set out in September, 1658, landed at Rochelle, and went thence to Paris. Here they repaired to the Seminary of St. Sulpice; for the priests of this community were joined with them in

¹ It may here be observed that a warm and lasting friendship united these two holy heroines.

the work at Montreal, of which they were afterwards to become the feudal proprietors. . . .

"Olier, the founder of St. Sulpice, had lately died, and the two pilgrims would fain pay their homage to his heart, which the priests of his community kept as a precious relic enclosed in a leaden box. The box was brought, when the thought inspired Mademoiselle Mance to try its miraculous efficacy and invoke the intercession of the departed founder. She did so, touching her disabled arm gently with the leaden casket. Instantly a grateful warmth pervaded the shriveled limb, and from that hour its use was restored."¹

Her next care was to visit Madame de Bullion, a devout lady of great wealth, who was usually designated at Montreal as "the unknown benefactress," because she did not trumpet her good acts, and her charities were the main stay of the feeble colony. This lady received Miss Mance with enthusiasm, and gave her the munificent sum of 22,000 francs.

Our heroine next repaired to the town of La Flèche, to visit her friend, Dauversière. Miss Mance, as we have already learned, was the pioneer who went to Montreal to prepare the way for the Hospital Nuns, that for the last eighteen years Dauversière had labored to form at La Flèche. The time at length was come.*

Three of the Hospital Nuns of St. Joseph, Sisters Judith Moreau de Brésoles, Catherine Macé, and Mary Maillet, were chosen, and after encountering many difficulties, embarked with Miss Mance at Rochelle. Margaret Bourgeois was also on board.

During the long and stormy voyage, these heroines of char-

¹ A fac-simile of the attestation of Miss Mance, written "with the fingers once paralyzed and powerless," in relation to this miracle can be seen in Abbé Faillon's, "*Vie de Mlle. Mance*," p. 116, Vol. I. For particulars, proofs, etc., consult the whole chapter.

* The Hospital Nuns of St. Joseph began at La Flèche in 1636. In 1643 they were approved by the Bishop of Angers. Mother de la Ferre, member of a distinguished family of Anjou, may be called the foundress. This pious and most useful institute was approved by Pope Alexander VII., in 1666. The members make the three solemn vows of religion, and live in cloister, under the Rule of St. Augustine.

ity had abundant opportunity to exercise their zeal in the service of the sick. The filthy and infected ship was buffeted by storms for two months, and the woebegone passengers were wasted by a contagious fever. Nearly all were attacked. Miss Mance was reduced to extremity. Eight or ten died and were dropped overboard, after a prayer from the two priests. At length land hove in sight; the piny odors of the forest regaled their languid senses as they sailed up the broad estuary of the St. Lawrence, and anchored under the rock of Quebec.'

Miss Mance and her religious companions soon set out for Montreal.' The journey cost them fifteen days more of danger and hardship. But they were warmly received; and at once bent themselves to the grand work of their lives.

The poverty of the nuns, at first, was almost incredible.' "When their clothes were worn out," says Parkman, "they were unable to replace them, and were forced to patch them with such material as came to hand. Maison-neuve, the Governor, and the pious Madame d'Allebout, being once on a visit to the hospital, amused themselves with trying to guess of what stuff the habits of the nuns had originally been made, and were unable to agree on the point in question.

"Their chamber, which they occupied for many years, being hastily built of ill-seasoned planks, let in the piercing cold of the Canadian winter through countless cracks and

¹ Parkman.

² Montreal at that time (1659) is thus described by Parkman: "The little settlement lay before them, still gasping betwixt life and death, in a puny, precarious infancy. Some forty small, compact houses were ranged parallel to the river, chiefly along the line of what is now St. Paul's street. On the left there was a fort, and on a rising ground at the right a massive windmill of stone enclosed with a wall or palisade pierced for musketry, and answering the purpose of a redoubt or block-house. Fields studded with charred and blackened stumps, between which crops were growing, stretched away to the edges of the bordering forest, and the green, shaggy peak of the mountain towered over all. There were at this time a hundred and sixty men at Montreal, about fifty of whom had families, or at least wives."—*The Old Regime in Canada*, p. 10

³ It may be asked "What had become of the donation made by the charitable Madame Bullion?"

"Of the 22,000 francs which she had received, Mademoiselle Mance kept 2,000 for immediate needs, and confided the rest to the hands of Dauversière, who, hard pressed by his creditors, used it to pay one of his debts, and then, to his horror, found himself unable to replace it."—*Parkman*.

chinks; and the driving snow sifted through in such quantities that they were sometimes obliged, the morning after a storm, to remove it with shovels. Their food would freeze on the table before them, and their coarse brown bread had to be thawed on the hearth before they could cut it. These women had been nurtured in ease, if not in luxury." This picture is drawn by a non-Catholic pen.

Nor were poverty, cold, and hardship, the only enemies with which Miss Mance and her pioneer nuns had to battle. There were other perils. The terrible Iroquois were always prowling near; and even those gentle ladies were not beyond the reach of the tomahawk.

During summer, a month rarely passed without a fight, sometimes within sight of their windows. A burst of yells from the ambushed marksmen, followed by a clatter of musketry, would announce the opening of the fray, and promise the nuns addition to their list of patients. On these occasions they bore themselves according to their several natures. Sister Morin, who had joined their number three years after their arrival, relates that Sister Brésoles and she used to run to the belfry and ring the tocsin to call the inhabitants together.¹

"From our high station," writes Sister Morin, "we could sometimes see the combat, which terrified us extremely, so that we came down again as soon as we could, trembling with fright, and thinking that our last hour was come. When the tocsin sounded, my Sister Maillet would become faint with excess of fear; and my Sister Macé, as long as the alarm continued, would remain speechless, in a state pitiable to see. They would both get into a corner of the rood-loft before the Blessed Sacrament, so as to be prepared for death; or else go into their cells.

"As soon as I heard that the Iroquois were gone, I went to tell them, which comforted them, and seemed to restore them to life. My Sister Brésoles was stronger and more courageous; her terror, which she could not help, did not

¹ Parkman.

prevent her from attending the sick and receiving the dead and wounded who were brought in."

And now, what more have we to say of our heroine, Miss Mance? She labored to the end at the work so dear to her heart. She established the Hôtel-Dieu of Montreal on a firm basis. Each year added new luster to her bright and beautiful life; and, finally, the Angel of Death called her away in June, 1673. She died in the odor of sanctity. There is no more to tell. Hospital Sisters have no stories. Their whole lives are exquisite praises to the gracious God, and are written only in His Book of Life on high.¹

¹ Speaking of the last years of Miss Mance, the truly learned Abbé Faillon writes: "Il est à regretter qu'on ne nous ait conservé aucun détail sur ses dernières années, ni sur les circonstances de sa sainte mort. Tout ce que nous en savons, c'est que Dieu acheva de la sanctifier par de longues et continuelles maladies; que cette fille admirable édifia toute la colonie par ses grandes vertus, et qu'enfin elle mourut en odeur de sainteté."—*Vie de Mademoiselle Mance*, p. 43, Vol. II.

The Hospital Nuns of St. Joseph have establishments in the cities of Montreal and Kingston, Canada.

FATHER JAMES MARQUETTE, S. J.,

THE

ILLUSTRIOUS DISCOVERER OF THE MISSISSIPPI.¹

CHAPTER I.

A MOTHER'S TEACHING, AND ITS RESULTS.

Birth—Parents—Family—Early education—Enters the Society of Jesus—Lands in Canada—The voyage to Lake Superior—The First Church at Sault Ste. Marie—Hears of the Mississippi for the first time—Various events—The arrival of Jolliet.

James Marquette was born at the ancestral seat of his family, in the city of Laon, France, in the year 1637. The Marquettes were a noble stock of high antiquity and martial spirit, whose members have constantly figured in the dazzling wars of France. Nor is our own Republic without its obligations to the valor of this family. Three of the Marquettes died here in the French army, during the war of the Revolution. The Father of James was a worthy representative of his ancient house; and his mother, Rose de la Salle, was a lady of distinguished piety and mental culture, and a near relative of the Venerable John Baptist de la Salle, the world-famous founder of the Brothers of the Christian Schools. But the one who cast an undying lustre

¹ Chief authorities used: Brancroft, "History of the United States;" Hart, "History of the Discovery of the Valley of the Mississippi;" Parkman, "The Discovery of the Great West;" Sparks, "Life of Marquette;" Charlevoix, "History and General Description of New France;" Shea, "The Discovery and Exploration of the Mississippi;" *The Catholic World*, for November, 1877.

on his family, and who shines in history as the greatest of his name, is the subject of this sketch.

James received an excellent education, his noble and accomplished mother developing in his character one of its most beautiful traits—childlike and sublime devotion to the Immaculate Virgin. In his seventeenth year he entered the Society of Jesus. Fourteen years of character-building—of retreat, study, and teaching—passed away, and he was invested with the sacred dignity of the priesthood. Taking St. Francis Xavier as his patron and model, he ardently sought a foreign mission to some pagan land. Soon his wish was gratified. Canada and its dusky tribes were then attracting much attention in France. Wonderful were the stories told of the River St. Lawrence, and the chain of majestic lakes, stretching far away into the unknown interior, and whose shores were crowded with Indian warriors of savage aspect, harsh languages, and barbarous customs.

Father Marquette landed at Quebec in September, 1666, buoyant with life and health. At Three Rivers and vicinity, he passed eighteen months in the study of the Huron and Algonquin languages; and as he had a remarkable facility in the acquisition of languages, he soon mastered many a forest dialect. There was some general resemblance in the speech of all the tribes bordering on the St. Lawrence.

In 1668 the future Discoverer of the Mississippi was appointed to the Lake Superior missions, nearly two thousand miles away, and on the 21st of April he bade adieu to Quebec. The first stopping-place on the vast journey was Montreal, one hundred and eighty miles up the river. This part of the voyage was made in a birch-bark canoe, with three boatmen to aid the priest in paddling it against the stream. The frail craft proceeded at the rate of about thirty miles a day; and when night came on Father Marquette and his companions stretched their weary limbs on the banks of the lordly river. Sometimes they halted at an Indian village; at other times they encamped in the forest, with naught save the blue sky to shield them, the night

wind lulling the lone travelers to sleep, as it sighed through the leafless branches, which the slowly-returning sun of spring had scarcely yet caused to bud.

The Montreal of that day was very different from the beautiful and stately city which now stands at the head of ship navigation on the St. Lawrence. It was merely a little fort, with a few cabins and wigwams. After a short stay at this point, waiting for a suitable guide to traverse the hundreds of miles of pathless wilderness yet to come, a party of Indians from Lake Superior came down the river in their canoes. Father Marquette embarked with them on their return trip.

The red navigators and their apostolic companion paddled up the turbid Ottawa, a distance of nearly four hundred miles.¹ Thence, by a chain of narrow streams and small lakes, they entered Lake Nipissing. Then, paddling down the rapid course of the French river, through cheerless solitudes eighty miles in extent, the little fleet finally entered the well-known Georgian Bay. Nor was this the end. Crossing this vast sheet of water, they beheld, opening before them, the seemingly boundless expanse of Lake Huron. They skirted along the wild northern shores of this inland sea until they reached Sault Ste. Marie, which marks the outlet of Lake Superior into Lake Huron.

Here Father Marquette founded the famous mission of Sault Sainte Marie; and, planting his cabin at the foot of the Rapids, on the American side, he began his heroic and apostolic career in the great West. He toiled, instructed, and built a church; but a missionary was urgently needed for Lapointe, and to "that ungrateful field," Marquette with joy bent his steps. Here, truly, it was up-hill work. The Ottawas and Hurons, among whom he was now stationed, were fearfully corrupt. As he himself testifies, in a letter to his

¹ The Ottawa rises one hundred miles above Lake Temiscamingue, and flows to the foot of the Island of Montreal, a distance of four hundred and fifty miles. There are numerous rapids and falls in the river, and the scenery is striking and beautiful. The Ottawa falls into the St. Lawrence by a three-fold branch. The main stream, to the north, is divided by Isle Jesus; its southern branch by Isle Perrot. Between the Isles Perrot and Montreal occur the rapids of Ste. Anne to which Moore refers in his "Canadian Boat-song."—*Loxell's General Geography*.

Superior, dated 1669, they were "far from the kingdom of God, being above all other nations addicted to lewdness, sacrifices, and juggleries."

In the letter just quoted, Father Marquette for the first time mentions the Mississippi. He says: "When the Illinois¹ come to Lapointe they pass a large river, almost a league wide. It runs north and south, and so far that the Illinois, who do not know what canoes are, have never yet heard of its mouth. . . . This great river can hardly empty in Virginia, and we rather believe that its mouth is in California. If the Indians who promise to make me a canoe do not fail to keep their word, we shall go into this river as soon as we can with a Frenchman and this young man,² given me, who knows some of the languages; we shall visit the nations which inhabit it, in order to open the way to so many of our Fathers who have long awaited this happiness. This discovery will also give us a complete knowledge of the southern and western sea."

The clouds of war, however, were gloomily overshadowing Lapointe. Provoked by the Hurons and Ottawas, the fierce Sioux swooped down on their villages and obliged them to fly. Father Marquette followed his fleeing Hurons to Mackinaw, founded the mission of St. Ignatius there, and built a chapel in 1671. This rude log church was the first sylvan shrine raised by Catholicity at Mackinaw.

The star of hope which lit up his fancied pathway to the "Father of Waters," now grew dim, and at last faded almost out of view. Still he hoped against hope, labored among his Indians, and fervently prayed to the Most Blessed Virgin to obtain for him the privilege of discovering the great river, and of spreading the light of the Gospel among the dusky inhabitants of its banks.

Two years passed away; and one day, late in the fall of 1673, a canoe approached Mackinaw, and landed. It contained Mr. Jolliet, a French Canadian gentleman of learn-

¹ An Indian tribe from whom the State of Illinois derives its name.

² A young Ottawa Indian.

ing and experience, who had orders from the Count de Frontenac, Governor of Canada, to go on the discovery of the Mississippi, taking Father Marquette as his companion and guide.

Jolliet was admirably qualified for such a responsible enterprise. He was an earnest Catholic, a man of deep religious convictions, had spent several years among the Indians, was very courteous in all his intercourse with them, was thoroughly acquainted with their customs, and spoke several Indian languages. Besides, he was a person of undaunted courage.

Father Marquette was more than delighted. "The Day of the Immaculate Conception of the Blessed Virgin," he writes, "whom I had always invoked since I have been in the Ottawa country, to obtain of God the graces to be able to visit the nations on the Mississippi, was identically that on which Mr. Jolliet arrived.

"I was the more enraptured at this good news as I saw my designs on the point of being accomplished, and myself in the happy necessity of exposing my life for the salvation of all these nations. Our joy at being chosen for this enterprise sweetened the labor of paddling from morning till night. As we were going to seek unknown countries we took all possible precautions, that if our enterprise was hazardous it should not be foolhardy. For this reason we gathered all possible information from the Indians who had frequented those parts. We even traced a map of all the new country, marking down the rivers on which we were to sail, the names of the nations through which we were to pass, and the course of the great river."

CHAPTER II.

HOW THE MISSISSIPPI WAS DISCOVERED.

The final preparations—First part of the pathway—Joy at entering the Mississippi—The eventful voyage down the mighty stream—Halting at the Arkansas—The return.

On the 17th of May, Father Marquette, Mr. Jolliet, and five men set forth in two birch-bark canoes in search of the great Mississippi. They took with them some Indian corn and jerked meat; but they were to live mainly upon such food as could be obtained by the way. Their nimble paddles cut the bright surface of Lake Michigan, and soon Green Bay was reached. Here, writes Father Marquette, "I put our voyage under the protection of the Blessed Virgin Immaculate, promising her that if she did us the grace to discover the great river, I would give it the name of Conception."

The little band of hardy explorers now proceeded up the Fox river, a shallow stream which flows into Green Bay. They made about thirty miles a day. Each night they selected some suitable spot for encampment. Upon a dry and grassy mound they could speedily, with their sharp axes, construct a hut which would protect them from the weather. Carefully smoothing down the floor, they spread over it their ample couch of furs. Fish could be taken in abundance. The forest was filled with game. An immense fire, blazing before the open side of the hut, gave warmth, and illumined the wild scene with almost the brilliancy of noonday. There the travelers joyously cooked their suppers, and ate the well-earned meal with appetites which rendered the feast more luxurious to them than any

gourmand at Delmonico's probably ever enjoyed. Night prayers closed the day of toil, and after a blessing called down from Heaven by Father Marquette, all sank to repose.

After following the Fox River for many a league, it brought them at last to the portage; where, after carrying their canoes a mile and a half over the prairie and through the marsh, they launched them on the Wisconsin, bade farewell to the waters that flowed to the St. Lawrence, and committed themselves to the current that was to bear them they knew not whither—perhaps to the Gulf of Mexico, perhaps to the Pacific Ocean. After sailing down the Wisconsin, they glided into the long-desired Mississippi, which, says Father Marquette, “we safely entered on the 17th of June, with a joy that I cannot express.”

The following description of this first and most famous voyage down the Mississippi is taken chiefly from Parkman's “Discovery of the Great West,” and Marquette's own “Narrative.” Turning southward, they began paddling down the mighty stream, through a solitude unrelieved by the faintest trace of man. A large fish, seemingly one of the large cat-fish of the Mississippi, blundered against the priest's canoe with a force which seems to have startled him; and once, as they drew in their net, they caught a “spade-fish,” whose eccentric appearance greatly astonished them.

At length the buffalo began to appear, grazing in herds on the great prairies which then bordered the river, and Father Marquette describes the fierce and stupid look of the old bulls, as they stared at the intruders through the tangled mane which nearly blinded them.

They advanced with extreme caution, landed at night and made a fire to cook their evening meal; then extinguished it, embarked again, paddled some way farther, and anchored in the stream, keeping a man on watch till morning. They had journeyed more than a fortnight without meeting a human being, when, on the 25th, they dis-

¹ To be found in Shea's “Discovery and Exploration of the Mississippi.

covered foot-prints of men in the mud of the western bank, and a well trodden path that led to the adjacent prairie.

Father Marquette and Mr. Jolliet resolved to follow this path; and leaving the canoes in charge of their men, the two set out on their hazardous adventure. The day was fair, and they walked two leagues in silence, following the path through the forest and across the sunny prairie, till they discovered an Indian village on the banks of a river, and two others on a hill half a league distant. Now, with beating hearts, they invoked the aid of Heaven, and again advancing, came so near without being seen that they could hear the voices of the savages among the wigwams.

Then the Jesuit and his companion stood forth in full view, and shouted, to attract attention. There was a great commotion in the village. The inmates swarmed out of their huts, and four of their chief men presently came forward to meet the strangers, advancing very deliberately, and holding up towards the sun two calumets, or peace-pipes, decorated with feathers. They stopped abruptly before the two Frenchmen, and stood gazing at them with attention, but without speaking a word.

Father Marquette was much relieved on seeing that they wore French cloth, whence he judged that they must be friends and allies. He broke the silence, and asked them who they were, whereupon they answered that they were Illinois, and offered the pipe, which having been duly smoked, they all went together to the village.

Here the chief received the travellers after a singular fashion, meant to do them great honor. He stood stark naked at the door of a large wigwam, holding up both hands, as if to shield his eyes. "Frenchmen," he exclaimed, "how bright the sun shines when you come to visit us! All our village awaits you; and you shall enter our wigwams in peace." He then led them into his own, which was crowded to suffocation with savages, staring at their guests in silence.

Having smoked with the chiefs and old men, the two strangers were invited to visit the great chief of all the Il-

linois, at one of the villages they had seen in the distance; and thither they proceeded, followed by a throng of warriors, squaws, and children. On arriving, they were forced to smoke again, and listen to a speech of welcome from the great chief, who delivered it standing between two old men, naked like himself.

His lodge was crowded with the dignitaries of the tribe, whom Father Marquette addressed in Algonquin, announcing himself as a messenger sent by the God who had made them; and whom it behooved them to recognize and obey. He added a few words touching the power and glory of the Count de Frontenac, and concluded by asking information concerning the Mississippi and the tribes along its banks, whom he was on his way to visit.

The chief replied with a speech of compliment—assuring his guests that their presence added flavor to his tobacco, made the river more calm, the sky more serene, and the earth more beautiful. In conclusion he gave them an all-mysterious calumet, begging them at the same time to abandon their purpose of descending the Mississippi.

Father Marquette describes this calumet as “made of polished red-stone, like marble, so pierced that one end serves to hold the tobacco, while the other is fastened on the stem, which is a stick two feet long, as thick as a common cane, and pierced in the middle. It is ornamented with the head and neck of different birds of beautiful plumage; they also add large feathers of green, red, and other colors, with which it is all covered.”

The harangue and presentation of the calumet was followed by a great feast of four courses. Father Marquette, as one of the guests, has left a most graphic description of the ceremony. “This council,” he says, “was followed by a great feast that consisted of four courses, which we had to take with all their ways. The first course was a great wooden dish of saganimity—Indian meal boiled in water, and seasoned with grease. The master of ceremonies, with a spoonful of saganimity, presented it three or four times to my mouth, as we would do with a little child. He did the

same to Mr. Jolliet. For a second course he brought in a second dish containing three fish; he took some pains to remove the bones, and having blown upon it to cool it, put it in my mouth, as we would food to a bird. For the third course, they produced a large dog which they had just killed, but learning that we did not eat it, it was withdrawn. Finally, the fourth course was a piece of wild ox, the fattest portions of which were put into our mouths."

This concluded the entertainment. The crowd having dispersed, buffalo-robcs were spread on the ground, and Father Marquette and Mr. Jolliet spent the night on the scene of the late festivity. In the morning the chief, with some six hundred of his warriors, escorted them to their canoes, and bade them, after their stolid fashion, a friendly farewell.

Again the travelers were on their way, slowly drifting down the great river. They passed the mouth of the Illinois, and glided beneath that line of rocks on the eastern side, cut into fantastic forms, and marked as "The Ruined Castles" on some of the early French maps. Presently they beheld a sight which reminded them that the devil was still lord paramount of this wilderness.

On the flat face of a high rock were painted in red, black and green a pair of monsters—each, says Father Marquette, "as large as a calf, with horns like a deer, red eyes, a beard like a tiger, and a frightful expression of countenance. The face is something like that of a man, the body covered with scales; and the tail so long that it passes entirely around the body, over the head and between the legs, ending like that of a fish." Such were the Indian gods, adored two centuries ago on the banks of the Mississippi.¹

As they plied their paddles, talking of the frightful-looking figures on the rock, they were suddenly aroused by a

¹ The rock where these figures were painted is immediately above the city of Alton. The tradition of their existence remains, though they are entirely effaced by time. In 1867, when I passed the place, a part of the rock had been carried away, and instead of Marquette's monsters, it bore a huge advertisement of "Plantation Bitters." Some years ago, certain persons, with more zeal than knowledge, proposed to restore the figures, after conceptions of their own; but the idea was abandoned. Marquette made a drawing of the two monsters, but it is lost.—Parkman, *"The Discovery of the Great West."*

real danger. A torrent of mud rushed furiously across the calm blue current of the Mississippi; boiling and surging, and sweeping in its course logs, branches, and uprooted trees. They had reached the mouth of the Missouri, where that savage river, descending from its mad career, through a vast unknown of barbarism, poured its turbid floods into the bosom of its gentle sister.

Their light canoes whirled on the miry vortex, like dry leaves on an angry brook. "I never," writes Father Marquette, "saw anything more terrific;" but the hardy voyagers escaped with their fright, and held their way down the turbulent and swollen current of the now united rivers.

They passed the lonely forest that covered the site of the destined city of St. Louis, and a few days later saw on their left the mouth of the stream to which the Iroquois had given the well-merited name of Ohio, or the "Beautiful River."

Soon they began to see the marshy shores buried in a dense growth of the cane, with its tall, straight stems and feathery light-green foliage. The sun glowed through the hazy air with a languid, stifling heat, and by day and night, mosquitoes in myriads left them no peace. They floated down the current, crouched in the shade of the sails which they had spread as awnings, when suddenly they saw Indians on the east bank.

The surprise was mutual, and each party, it seems, was about as much frightened as the other. Father Marquette, however, hastened to display the calumet which the Illinois had given him by way of passport; and the savages, recognizing the pacific symbol, replied with an invitation to land.

"Men," says Father Marquette, "do not pay to the crowns and scepters of kings the honor they (the Indians) pay to the calumet; it seems to be the god of peace and war, the arbiter of life and death. Carry it about you and show it, and you can march fearlessly amid enemies, who even in the heat of battle lay down their arms when it is

shown. They use it for settling disputes, strengthening alliances, and speaking to strangers."

Evidently those Indians were in communication with Europeans, for they were armed with guns, knives and hatchets, wore garments of cloth, and carried their gunpowder in small bottles of thick glass. They feasted the priest and his companions with buffalo-meat, bear's oil, and white plums; and gave them a variety of doubtful information, including the agreeable but delusive assurance that they would reach the mouth of the river in ten days. It was still, in fact, more than a thousand miles distant.

The voyagers held on their course, and again floated down the endless monotony of river, marsh, and forest. Day after day passed on in its solitude, and they had paddled some three hundred miles since their last meeting with the Indians, when, as they neared the mouth of the Arkansas, they saw a cluster of wigwams on the west bank. Their dusky inmates were all astir, yelling the war-whoop, snatching their weapons, and running to the shore to meet the strangers, who on their part did not fail to ask Heaven for assistance.

It was, in truth, a moment of peril. Several large wooden canoes, filled with savages, were putting out from the shore above and below them, to cut off their retreat, while a swarm of headlong young warriors waded into the water to attack them. The current proved too strong; and, failing to reach the canoes of the Frenchmen, one of them threw his war-club, which flew over the heads of the startled travelers.

Meanwhile Father Marquette had not ceased to hold up his calumet, to which the excited crowd gave no heed, but strung their bows and notched their arrows for immediate action; but when at length the elders of the village arrived, they saw the peace-pipe, and restraining the ardor of the youth, they invited the strangers to come ashore. The priest and his companions, with some fear, complied; and

: Father Marquette says that he implored the aid of "our Patroness and guide, the Blessed Virgin Immaculate. And indeed," he adds, "we needed her aid, for we heard from afar the Indians exciting one another to the combat by continual yells."

found a better reception than they had reason to expect. One of the Indians spoke a little Illinois, and served as interpreter.¹ A friendly conference² was followed by a feast of sagamite and fish; and the travellers, not, however, without sore misgivings, spent the night in the lodges of their dusky entertainers.

Early in the morning they embarked again, and proceeded to a village of the Arkansas tribe, about eight leagues below. Notice of their coming was sent before them by their late hosts; and, as they drew near, they were met by a canoe, in the prow of which stood a naked personage, holding a calumet, singing, and making gestures of friendship.

On reaching the village, which was on the east side, opposite the mouth of the River Arkansas, they were conducted to a sort of scaffold before the lodge of the war-chief. The space beneath had been prepared for their reception, the ground being neatly covered with rush mats. On these they were seated; the warriors sat around them in a semicircle; then the elders of the tribe, then the promiscuous crowd of villagers, standing and staring over the heads of the more dignified members of the assembly.

All the men were naked; but, no doubt to compensate for the lack of clothing, they wore strings of beads in their noses and ears. The women were clothed in shabby skins, and wore their hair clumped in a mass behind each ear. By good luck, there was a young Indian in the village who had an excellent knowledge of Illinois; and through him Father Marquette endeavored to explain the mysteries of Christianity, and to gain information concerning the river below.³

To this end the illustrious missionary gave his rude audi-

¹ Father Marquette had addressed them in *six* Indian languages, none of which they understood.

² "They perfectly understood our meaning," writes Father Marquette, "but I know not whether they understood what I told them of God, and the things which concerned their salvation. It is a seed cast in the earth, which will bear its fruit in season." Truly prophetic words!

³ "Through him," writes Father Marquette, "I first spoke to the assembly by the ordinary presents. They admired what I told them of God and the mysteries of Our Holy Faith, and showed a great desire to keep me with them to instruct them."

tors the presents indispensable on such occasions, but received very little in return. They told him that the Mississippi was infested by hostile Indians, armed with guns procured from white men; and that they—the Arkansas—stood in such fear of them that they dared not hunt the buffalo, but were forced to live on Indian corn, of which they raised three crops a year.

During the speeches on each side, food was brought in without ceasing. Sometimes it was a platter of sagamite or mush; sometimes it was corn boiled whole; and sometimes it was their choicest dish—a roasted dog. The villagers had large earthen pots and platters, made by themselves with tolerable skill; they had also hatchets, knives, and beads, gained by traffic with the Illinois and other tribes in contact with the French and Spaniards.

All day there was feasting without respite, after the merciless practice of Indian hospitality; but at night some of their dusky entertainers proposed to kill and plunder them—a base scheme, which was defeated by the vigilance of the chief, who visited their quarters, and danced the calumet dance to reassure his guests.

Father Marquette and his companions now held counsel as to what course they should take. They had gone far enough, as they thought, to establish one important point—that the Mississippi discharged its waters, not into the Atlantic, nor into the Gulf of California, but into the Gulf of Mexico. They thought themselves nearer to its mouth than they actually were—the distance being still about seven hundred miles; and they feared that if they went farther, they might be killed by Indians or captured by Spaniards, whereby the results of their discovery would be lost. Therefore they resolved to return to Canada, and report what they had seen.

They left the Arkansas village, and began their homeward voyage on the 17th of July. It was no easy task to urge their way upward, in the heat of midsummer, against the current of the dark and gloomy stream, toiling all day under the parching sun, and sleeping at night in the exhaia

tions of the unwholesome shore, or in the narrow confines of their birchen vessels, anchored on the river. Father Marquette was attacked with dysentery. Languid and well-nigh spent, the great missionary invoked his Heavenly Patroness, as day after day, and week after week, they won their weary way northward. At length, they reached the Illinois, and entering its mouth, followed its course, charmed, as they went, with its placid waters, its shady forests, and its rich plains, grazed by the bison and the deer. Green Bay was reached at the end of September, after an absence of about four months, during which time they had paddled their canoes somewhat more than two thousand five hundred miles.'

¹ Parkman.

According to Dr. Spark's "Life of Marquette," the distance traversed by the saintly missionary and his companion Jolliet was 2,767 miles.

General Wood, Inspector-General of the United States Army, has made the following careful estimates of this historic voyage, from personal observations :

From Green Bay up Fox River to the Portage.....	175 miles.
From the Portage down the Wisconsin to the Mississippi.....	175 "
From the mouth of the Wisconsin to the mouth of the Arkansas.....	1067 "
From the Arkansas to the Illinois River.....	547 "
From the mouth of the Arkansas to Chicago.....	305 "
From Chicago to Green Bay, by the lake shore	260 "

TOTAL..... 2,549 miles.

CHAPTER III.]

THE SUBLIME END OF A BEAUTIFUL LIFE.

Father Marquette battling with disease—A new mission—The journey along Lake Michigan—At the site of Chicago—Among the Kaskaskias—Return of the disease—On the way to Mackinaw—The last days of the great missionary—The beautiful end—His fame and character.

While Mr. Jolliet proceeded to Canada to publish the news of the great discovery to the world, the pious and humble Marquette remained at Green Bay to recruit his exhausted strength before renewing his zealous labors among the Indians. He sought no laurels. He aspired to no tinsel praise.

The remaining part of the story of the illustrious missionary's heroic life is short but sublime. During the winter and spring of 1674, he lay on his sick couch, the victim of a complication of diseases. In the autumn, however, he regained his health somewhat, and was permitted by his superior to attempt the execution of a plan to which he was devotedly attached—the founding at the principal town of the Illinois of a mission to be called the Immaculate Conception, a name which he had already given to the Mississippi. He set out on this errand on the 25th of October, accompanied by two men named Peter and James, one of whom had been with him on his great journey of discovery. A band of Pottawattamies and another band of Illinois also joined him. The united parties—ten canoes in all—followed the east shore of Green Bay, as far as the inlet then called Sturgeon Cove, from the head of which they crossed by a

difficult portage through the forest to the shore of Lake Michigan.

November had come. The bright hues of the autumn foliage were changed to rusty brown. The shore was desolate, and the lake was stormy. They were more than a month in coasting its western border, when at length they reached the River Chicago, entered it, and descended it about two leagues. Father Marquette's disease had lately returned, and hemorrhage now ensued. He told his two companions that this journey would be his last. In the condition in which he was, it was impossible to go farther.

It was the 4th of December when Father Marquette reached the site of the since great city of the West. The ice had partially closed the stream. His men, simple, faithful companions, erected a log-hut, home and chapel, the first dwelling and first church of Chicago. Praying to Our Lady to enable him to reach his destination, offering the Holy Sacrifice whenever his illness permitted, receiving delegations from his flock, the Kaskaskias, the winter waned away in pious foundation of the white settlement at Chicago.

With the opening of spring the apostolic man set out, and his last letter notes his progress till the 6th of April, 1675. Two days after he was among the Kaskaskias, and, rearing his altar on the prairie which lies between the present town of Utica and the Illinois river, he offered up the Mass on Maundy Thursday, and began the instruction of the willing Indians who gathered around him.

A few days only were allotted to him, when, after Easter, he was again stricken down. If he would die in the arms of his brethren at Mackinaw, he saw that he must depart at once; for he felt that the days of his sojourning were rapidly closing. Escorted by the Kaskaskias, who were deeply impressed by the zeal that could so battle with death, the missionary reached Lake Michigan, on the east-

¹Parkman.

* Ibid.

ern side. Although that shore was as yet unknown, his faithful men launched his canoe.¹

"His strength, however, failed so much," says Father Dablon, whom we shall now follow; "that his men despaired of being able to convey him alive to their journey's end; for in fact, he became so weak and so exhausted that he could no longer help himself, nor even stir, and had to be handled and carried like a child. He nevertheless maintained in this state an admirable resignation, joy, and gentleness, consoling his beloved companions, and encouraging them to suffer courageously all the hardships of this voyage, assuring them that Our Lord would not forsake them when he was gone.

"It was during this navigation that he began to prepare more particularly for death, passing his time in colloquies with our Lord, with His holy Mother, with his angel guardian, or with all Heaven. He was often heard pronouncing these words: 'I believe that my Redeemer liveth,' or 'Mary, Mother of grace, Mother of God, remember me.'

"Besides a spiritual reading made for him every day, he toward the close asked them to read him his meditation on the preparation for death, which he carried about with him; he recited his breviary every day; and although he was so low that both sight and strength had greatly failed, he did not omit it till the last day of his life, when his companions excited his scruples. A week before his death he had the precaution to bless some holy water to serve him during the rest of his illness, in his agony, and at his burial, and he instructed his companions how to use it.

"On the eve of his death, which was a Friday, he told them, all radiant with joy, that it would take place on the morrow. During the whole day he conversed with them about the manner of his burial, the way in which he should be laid out, the place to be selected for his interment; how they should arrange his hands, and face, and how they should raise a cross over his grave.

¹ Shea.

“He even went so far as to enjoin them, only three hours before he expired, to take his chapel-bell, as soon as he was dead, and ring it while they carried him to the grave. Of all this he spoke so calmly and collectedly that you would have thought he spoke of the death and burial of an other, and not of his own.

“Thus did he speak to them as he sailed along the lake, till perceiving the mouth of a river, with an eminence on the bank which he thought suited for his burial, he told them that it was the place of his last repose. They wished, however, to pass on, as the weather permitted it and the day was not far advanced; but God raised a contrary wind, which obliged them to return and enter the river which the father had designated.

“They then carried him ashore, kindled a little fire, and raised a wretched bark cabin for his use, laying him in it with as little discomfort as they could; but they were so depressed by sadness that, as they afterwards said, they did not know what they were doing.

“The Father being thus stretched on the shore like St. Francis Xavier, as he had always so ardently desired, and left alone amid those forests—for his companions were engaged in unloading—he had leisure to repeat all the acts in which he had employed himself during the preceding days.

“When his dear companions afterwards came up, all dejected, he consoled them, and gave them hopes that God would take care of them after his death in those new and unknown countries; he gave them his last instructions, thanked them for all the charity they had shown him during the voyage, begged their pardon for the trouble he had given them, directed them also to ask pardon in his name of all our Fathers and Brothers in the Ottawa country, and then disposed them to receive the sacrament of penance, which he administered to them for the last time.

“He also gave them a paper on which he had written all his faults since his last confession, to be given to his Supe-

rior, to oblige him to pray to God more earnestly for him. In fine, he promised not to forget them in Heaven, and as he was very kind-hearted, and knew them to be worn out with the toil of the preceding days, he bade them go and take a little rest, assuring them that his hour was not yet so near but that he would wake them when it was time—as, in fact, he did two or three hours after, calling them when about to enter into his agony.

“When they came near, he embraced them again for the last time, while they melted in tears at his feet. He then asked for the holy water and his reliquary, and, taking off his crucifix, which he always wore hanging from his neck, he placed it in the hands of one of his companions, asking him to hold it constantly opposite him, raised before his eyes.

“Feeling that he had but a little while to live, he made a last effort, clasped his hands, and, with his eyes fixed sweetly on his crucifix, he pronounced aloud his profession of faith, and thanked the Divine Majesty for the immense favor he bestowed upon him in allowing him to die in the Society of Jesus, to die in it as a missionary of Jesus Christ, and above all to die in it, as he had always asked, in a wretched cabin, amid the forests, destitute of all human aid.

“On this he became silent, conversing inwardly with God; yet from time to time words escaped him: ‘*Sustinuit anima mea in verbo ejus*,’ or ‘*Mater Dei, memento mei*,’ which were the last words he uttered before entering into his agony, which was very calm and gentle.

“He had prayed his companions to remind him, when they saw him about to expire, to pronounce frequently the names of Jesus and Mary, if he did not do so himself; they did not neglect this; and when they thought him about to pass away one cried aloud, ‘Jesus! Mary!’ which he several times repeated distinctly, and then, as if at those sacred names something had appeared to him, he suddenly raised his eyes above his crucifix, fixing them apparently upon some object, which he seemed to regard with pleas-



DEATH OF FATHER MARQUETTE.

ure; and thus, with a countenance all radiant with smiles, he expired without a struggle, and so gently that it might be called a quiet sleep.

“His two poor companions, after shedding many tears over his body, and having laid it out as he had directed, carried it out devoutly to the grave, ringing the bell according to his injunction, and raised a large cross near it to serve as a mark for all who passed. . . .

“God did not permit so precious a deposit to remain unhonored and forgotten amid the forests. The Indians called Kiskakons, who have for nearly ten years publicly professed Christianity, in which they were first instructed by Father Marquette when stationed at La Pointe du St. Esprit, at the extremity of Lake Superior, were hunting last winter not far from Lake Illinois (Michigan), and, as they were returning early in the spring, they resolved to pass by the tomb of their good Father, whom they tenderly loved; and God even gave them the thought of taking his bones and conveying them to our church at the mission of St. Ignatius, at Missilimakinac, where they reside.

“They accordingly repaired to the spot and deliberated together, resolving to act with their Father as they usually do with those whom they respect. They accordingly opened the grave, unrolled the body, and, though the flesh and intestines were all dried up, they found it entire, without the skin being in any way injured. This did not prevent their dissecting it according to custom. They washed the bones and dried them in the sun; then, putting them neatly in a box of birch bark, they set out to bear them to our house of St. Ignatius.

“The convoy consisted of nearly thirty canoes in excellent order, including even a good number of Iroquois, who had joined our Algonquins to honor the ceremony. As they approached our house, Father Nouvel, who is Superior, went to meet them with Father Pierson, accompanied by all the French and Indians of the place, and having caused the convoy to stop, he made the ordinary interroga-

tions to verify the fact that the body which they bore was really Father Marquette's.

"Then, before they landed, he intoned the *De Profundis* in sight of the thirty canoes still on the water, and of all the people on the shore. After this the body was carried to the church, observing all that the ritual prescribes for such ceremonies. It remained exposed under his catafalque all that day, which was Whitsun Monday, the 8th of June; and the next day, when all the funeral honors had been paid it, it was deposited in a little vault in the middle of the church, where he reposes as the Guardian Angel of our Ottawa Mission. The Indians often come to pray on his tomb."

Father Marquette died in his thirty-eighth year, on Saturday, the 18th of May, 1675.

The venerable historian, Charlevoix, who traveled through the West in 1721, states that the French mariners never fail to invoke Father Marquette "when they are in any peril on Lake Michigan. Many have declared that they believed themselves indebted to his intercession for having escaped very great dangers."

"Father Marquette," writes Shea, "was not a mere scholar or man of science. If he sought new avenues for civilized man to thread the very heart of the continent, it was with him a work of Christian love. It was to open the way for the Gospel, that the Cross might enlighten new and remote nations.

"No missionary of that glorious band of Jesuits, who, in the seventeenth century, announced the Faith from Hudson Bay to the Lower Mississippi, who hallowed by their labors and life-blood so many a wild spot now occupied by the busy hives of men—none of them impresses us more, in his whole life and career, with his piety, sanctity, and absolute devotion to God, than Father Marquette. In life he seems to have been looked up to with reverence by the wildest savage, by the rude frontiersman, and by the polished officers of government. When he had passed away, his name and his fame

remained in the Great West, treasured above that of his fellow-laborers."¹

"Thus he died, the great Apostle, far away in regions West,
By the Lake of the Algonquins² peacefully his ashes rest,
But his spirit still regards us from his home among the Blest."

¹ In relation to the recent finding of the precious remains of Father Marquette, see an excellent paper by Dr. J. G. Shea, in *The Catholic World* for November, 1877, entitled "Romance and Reality of the death of Father James Marquette, and the recent discovery of his remains."

² The early name of Lake Michigan.

ROBERT CAVELIER DE LA SALLE,

THE ILLUSTRIOUS EXPLORER OF THE MISSISSIPPI VALLEY.¹

CHAPTER I.

YOUTHFUL GENIUS AND VAST DESIGNS.

Birth, family, and education of La Salle—Goes to Canada—Settles near Montreal—How little was known of North America then—Vast Schemes of La Salle—Discovers the Ohio—At Fort Frontenac—Developing thoughts—Privileges granted by the King of France—A Glimpse at Fort Frontenac.

Scarcely had the last words of the glorious Marquette—*Mater Dei, memento mei*²—died away on the winds of Michigan, when a bold and devoted spirit, fired by the fame of previous explorations, was meditating on the shores of Lake Ontario the prosecution of the grand work begun by the illustrious missionary. A Jesuit Father had led the way. A Catholic nobleman now advanced to complete the work.

Robert Cavalier de la Salle³ was born in the city of Rouen, France, in the year 1643. He belonged to an old and

¹ Chief authorities used: Shea, "The Discovery and Exploration of the Mississippi;" Parkman, "The Discovery of the Great West;" Abbott, "The Adventures of the Chevalier de la Salle;" De Fontpertuis, "Les Français en Amérique;" Bancroft, "History of the United States;" *The Catholic World*, Vol. XX.; McGee, "Catholic History of North America;" *The North American Review* for December, 1877; Hart, "History of the Discovery of the Valley of the Mississippi;" Charlevoix, "History and General Description of New France;" Sparks, "Life of La Salle."

² "Mother of God, remember me."

³ His full name was René-Robert Cavalier, Sieur de la Salle. La Salle was the name of an estate near Rouen, belonging to the Cavaliers. The wealthy French burghers often distinguished the various members of their families by designations borrowed from landed estates.—*Parkman*.

wealthy family. It is said that in early youth he entered the Society of Jesus, in which he remained for several years studying and teaching. Providence, however, destined him for a somewhat different sphere of labor and usefulness, but one having a close relationship with the vast work of the Church among mankind.

La Salle had a great fondness for the exact sciences, especially mathematics, in which he was remarkably proficient; and he left the Seminary of the Jesuit Fathers carrying with him the highest testimonials of his superiors, for purity of character, excellent acquirements, and an energy seldom matched. On account, however, of having been connected with the religious state, he was, by a new and unjust provision of the French law, deprived of nearly all his fortune.

He had an elder brother in Canada, the Abbé John Cavelier, a priest of St. Sulpice. Apparently it was this that shaped his destinies. His family made him an allowance of four hundred livres a year, the capital of which was paid over to him; and with this pittance in his pocket, he sailed for Canada, to seek his fortune, in the spring of 1636.¹

La Salle obtained from the Sulpitians the grant of a large tract of land, about nine miles above Montreal. Here he began a village which he called *La Chine*, and which to this day retains the suggestive name. He also explored a little, and began the study of the Indian languages. It is said that in two or three years he became quite familiar with the Huron, Algonquin, and five or six other native dialects.

At that time the whole of the great Northwest of the United States was an entirely unknown land. No one had the slightest idea as to whether the continent of North America was 2,000 or 10,000 miles in breadth. It was the general impression, however, that the waves of the Pacific were dashing against the rocks a few miles west of the

¹ Parkman.

chain of great lakes which washed the southern shores of Canada. La Salle was meditating an expedition up the St. Lawrence, through those sparkling seas of fresh water to Lake Superior, from the western end of which he confidently expected to find easy communication with the Pacific Ocean. There he would again spread his adventurous sail, having discovered a new route to China and the East Indies.

There was grandeur in this conception. It would entirely change the route of the world's commerce. It would make the French possessions in the New World valuable beyond conception. This all-important thoroughfare between Europe and Asia, across America, would be under the control of the French Crown, and France would be the leader of commerce. So thought the patriotic and enterprising genius of La Salle.

In the winter of 1670, La Salle organized an expedition which included some Sulpitian priests, and proceeded towards the southwest. La Chine was the starting-point. The accounts of this voyage are rather vague. It is certain, however, that he discovered the Ohio, down which he sailed as far as the present site of Louisville. Here his men refused to go further, left him, and the youthful explorer returned alone to Canada.

We next find La Salle commander of the newly established Fort Frontenac—now Kingston. He held this position when the tidings of Marquette's discovery of the Mississippi first reached his ears.¹ It was a welcome idea. It suggested new trains of thought. The quick, penetrating intellect of La Salle at once identified "the great river of Marquette with the great river of De Soto." It was, in truth, a fresh impulse to his vast schemes of exploration.

Three thoughts, rapidly developing in his mind, were mastering La Salle, and engendering an invincible purpose:

¹ Jolliet in passing down from the upper lakes visited Fort Frontenac; and, perhaps, he showed La Salle the maps and journal which, unfortunately, he afterwards lost in shooting the rapids just above Montreal.

(1.) He would achieve that which Champlain had vainly attempted, and of which our own generation has but seen the accomplishment—the opening of a passage to India and China across the American Continent. (2.) He would occupy the Great West, develop its commercial resources, and anticipate the Spaniards and English in the possession of it. (3.) He would establish a fortified post at the mouth of the Mississippi, thus securing an outlet for the trade of the interior, checking the progress of the Spaniards, and forming a base whence in time of war their northern provinces could be invaded and conquered. Such were the great projects conceived and nursed in the fertile brain of this heroic but penniless young Frenchman!'

In the autumn of 1674, La Salle went to France with strong letters of recommendation from the Count de Frontenac, Governor of Canada. Writing to the minister Colbert, Frontenac says: "I cannot help, Monseigneur, recommending to you the Sieur de la Salle, who is about to go to France, and who is a man of intelligence and ability—more capable than any one else I know here to accomplish every kind of enterprise and discovery which may be intrusted to him. He has the most perfect knowledge of the state of the country, as you will see, if you are disposed to give him a few moments of an audience."

He was well received at Court, and made two petitions to the King—one for a patent of nobility, in consideration of his services as an explorer, the other for a grant in seigniory of Fort Frontenac.² On his part, La Salle offered to pay back the 10,000 francs which the fort had cost the Government; to maintain it at his own charge, with a garrison equal to that of Montreal, besides fifteen or twenty laborers; to form a French colony around it, to build a Catholic church whenever the number of inhabitants should reach one hundred; and, meanwhile, to support one or more Franciscan fathers; and finally, to form a

¹ Parkman.

² It was La Salle who gave the new post this name, in honor of his patron.—*Parkman*.

settlement of domesticated Indians in the neighborhood. His offers were accepted. He was raised to the rank of an untitled noble;¹ received a grant of the fort, and lands adjacent to the extent of four leagues in front and a half a league in depth, besides the neighboring islands; and he was invested with the government of the fort and settlement, subject, however, to the orders of the Governor-General.²

When La Salle gained possession of Fort Frontenac, writes Parkman, he secured a base for all his future enterprises. That he meant to make it a permanent one, is clear from the pains he took to strengthen its defenses. Within two years from the date of his grant he had replaced the hasty palisade fort of Count Frontenac by a regular work of hewn stone, of which, however, only two bastions, with their connecting curtains, were completed, the inclosure on the water-side being formed of pickets.

Within there was a barrack, a well, a mill, and a bakery; while a wooden block-house guarded the gateway. Near the shore, south of the fort, was a cluster of small houses of French *habitans*; and farther, in the same direction, was the Indian village. Two officers and a surgeon, with a half a score or more of soldiers, made up the garrison; and three or four times that number of masons, laborers, and canoemen, were at one time maintained at the fort. Besides these, there were two Franciscan fathers, Luke Buisset and Louis Hennepin. La Salle built a house for them near the fort; and they turned a part of it into a chapel.³

Partly for trading on the lake, partly with a view to ulterior designs, he caused four small-decked vessels to be built, but, for ordinary uses, canoes best served his purpose, and his followers became so skilful in managing them, that they were reputed the best canoeinen in America. Feudal lord of the forest around him, commander of a gar-

¹ The title of *Chevalier*.

² Parkman.

³ This was the first place of worship in the present city of Kingston, now, and for many years, the see of a Catholic Bishop.

rison raised and paid by himself, founder of the mission, patron of the Church, La Salle reigned the autocrat of his lonely little empire.

But he had no thought of resting here. He had gained what he sought, a fulcrum for bolder and broader action. His plans were ripened, and his time was come. He was no longer a needy adventurer, disinherited of all but his fertile brain and his intrepid heart. He had won place, influence, credit, and potent friends. Now, at length, he might hope to find the long-sought path to China and Japan, and secure for France those boundless regions of the West, in whose watery highways he saw his road to wealth, renown, and power.¹

¹ "Discovery of the Great West."

CHAPTER II.

TRAVELING THE THORNY ROAD OF DISCOVERY, PERIL, AND ADVENTURE.

Great preparations—Paddling up the St. Lawrence—The first written description of Niagara—Ship-building—Launch of the “Griffin”—The first voyage up the Lakes—Fort Crèvecoeur—A dreadful journey of over 1,200 miles—Nothing but disaster—Returning to Illinois—A ghastly scene—More forest roving, and pushing through the snows of Indiana—At Fort Miami—A council—Final preparations for the discovery of the mouth of the Mississippi.

Towards the close of the year 1677, La Salle returned to France to report the progress of his undertakings and to raise fresh supplies. At the Court his reception was most cordial. The King gave him new honors and more extended privileges. His wealthy relatives advanced large sums of money. He bought supplies and engaged men. Among these was one worth all the rest—Henry de Tonti an Italian officer who was strongly recommended to La Salle by the Prince de Condé.¹ He was a man whose energy and address made him equal to anything.

La Salle sailed from La Rochelle, and in the fall of 1678 landed at Quebec. Here a number of Canadian boatmen joined his party. He sent them forward to Fort Frontenac, which was now really his castle, with the surrounding wilderness as his estate. The boats were heavily laden with all articles necessary for trading with the Indians, and with everything essential to the building and rigging of vessels.

The commander himself soon followed. He proceeded in

¹ Tonti had but one arm; he had lost the other in the wars of Italy.

a birch-bark canoe, with only one or two companions. It was a long and perilous voyage. The hardy pioneers patiently stemmed the swift currents of the St. Lawrence, struggled against its rapids, glided silently along its lonely forest-fringed shores, and several times came very near being wrecked.

At the close of each day, it was always necessary to run the canoes ashore and encamp. But with men fond of adventure these were pleasures rather than pains. In half an hour their keen axes constructed a sheltering camp. The brilliant fire dispelled all gloom. The fragrant twigs of the pine or hemlock furnished a soft couch. Here they cooked supper, sang songs, told stories; and, perhaps, enjoyed as much pleasure as is usually found in the parlors of the great and the wealthy.

Indian villages, in those days, were quite profusely scattered along the banks of this majestic river. The scene was often quite exciting as the canoe of the voyagers approached one of these clusters of picturesque wigwams in the evening twilight. The Indians were fond of songs and dances, and the blaze of the crackling bonfire. The whole expanse of river, cliff, and forest, would be lighted up. The gay shouts of the barbaric revelry echoed through the grand solitudes; and the dusky warrior, squaw, and pappoose flitted about in all the varied enjoyments of savage life and leisure.¹

Fort Frontenac was reached in safety. On the 18th of November, La Salle sent a small vessel of ten tons, with a deck, to go to the farther extremity of Lake Ontario, a distance of about two hundred miles, and to ascend the Niagara river until the famous Falls were reached. This little craft contained about thirty workmen, with provisions and implements for erecting a fort, and building a vessel beyond the Falls, at the eastern end of Lake Erie.

About ten years previously—in 1669—La Salle, while on an exploring tour with a party of missionaries, had discov-

¹ Abbott.

ered Niagara¹ Falls. Galinée, in his journal of this expedition writes: "We found a river one-eighth of a league broad and extremely rapid, forming the outlet from Lake Erie to Lake Ontario. The depth is extraordinary. We found close to the shore fifteen or sixteen fathoms of water. This outlet² is forty miles long. It has, from ten to twelve miles above its entrance into Lake Ontario, one of the finest cataracts in the world. All the Indians say that the river falls from a rock higher than the tallest pines. We heard the roar at the distance of ten or twelve miles. The fall gives such a momentum to the water, that its current prevented our ascending, except with great difficulty. The current above the falls is so rapid that it often sucks in deer and stags, elk and roebuck, in their efforts to cross the river, and overwhelms them in its frightful abyss."

This is the earliest known description of Niagara Falls, and it is but right to add that it is from the pen of a Catholic missionary.

La Salle joined his companions at the head of the Niagara river on the borders of Lake Erie. It was then the 29th of January, 1679. The river above the falls was one sheet of ice, and resembled a plain paved with finely-polished marble. The Indians received the Frenchmen with much friendliness.

All the goods were to be transported through a trail of the forest, covered with deep snow, around the Falls—a distance of about twenty miles. It was to be done on the shoulders of men. The savages kindly aided in these herculean labors, and were amply repaid for days of toil by the present of a knife, a hatchet, or a few trinkets, as dear and valuable to them as are pearls and diamonds to a vain duchess. La Salle constructed a fortified depot at this place to serve as a base for future operations. Here he could store such additional supplies as he might order from Fort Frontenac.

¹ Niagara means "neck of water."

² The Niagara river.

On the 20th of January, 1579, La Salle, accompanied by his long train of heavily laden men, in single file, reached his large log-cabin and ship-yard, in the midst of a dense forest on the shores of Lake Erie. They carried upon their backs provisions, merchandise, ammunition, and materials for rigging the vessel. The dock-yard—it could hardly be called a fort—was about six miles above Niagara Falls, on the western side of the river, at the outlet of a little stream, now called Cayuga Creek.¹

Everything was soon prepared for the building of the vessel. La Salle laid the keel with his own hands, and drove the first bolt. He had no thought, however, of encroaching upon the lands of the Indians. His was to be no war-like conquest. The object of his expedition was solely to make discoveries in the name of France. His grand ambition was to see the banner of France proudly float over the great lakes and the rich and boundless West.

With a sagacity quite characteristic, he summoned a council of the chiefs of all the neighboring tribes.

"I come to you," he said, "as a friend and brother. I wish to buy your furs. I will pay for them in guns and powder, knives, hatchets, kettles, beads, and such other articles as you want. You can do me good, and I can do you good. We can be brothers. I am building a vessel that I may visit other tribes, buy their furs, and carry our goods to them. Let us shake hands and smoke the pipe of friendship. The Great Spirit will be pleased to see us, His children, help each other and love each other. I wish to establish a trading-post here, where I can collect my furs, and where you can come to sell them. And here you will find mechanics who will mend your guns, knives, and kettles when they get out of order."

These were honest and convincing words. All smoked

¹ It is two leagues above the Falls. Immediately in front of it is an island about a mile long, separated from the shore by a narrow and deep arm of the Niagara, into which Cayuga Creek discharges itself. The place is so obviously suited to building and launching a vessel, that in the early part of this century the Government of the United States chose it for the construction of a schooner to carry supplies to the garrisons of the Upper Lakes. The neighboring village now bears the name of La Salle.—*Parkman*.

the pipe of peace and grasped hands in token of fraternity. The Frenchman, far from being an enemy, was a benefactor. His life was to be carefully protected. Should he, from unkind treatment, refuse to come to their country, they could buy no more guns, or knives, or kettles; and henceforth every wigwam welcomed the entrance of a Frenchman.¹

During the construction of the new vessel La Salle was absent attending to other matters of importance, and the work progressed under the superintendence of his lieutenant, Tonti. In the spring she was ready for launching. Father Hennepin gave her his blessing; the cannons were fired, and amid the wild shouts of Indians, and the solemn chant of the *Te Deum*, she glided safely into the Niagara river. La Salle named her the *Griffin*,² in honor of the Count de Frontenac's armorial bearings.

On the 7th of August, 1679, the voyagers, thirty-four³ in all, embarked; and with swelling canvas the *Griffin* ploughed the virgin waves of Lake Erie, where sail was never seen before. For three days they held their course over these unknown waters, and on the fourth turned northward into the Strait of Detroit. Here, on the right hand and on the left, lay verdant prairies, dotted with groves, and bordered with lofty forests. They saw walnut, chesnut, and wild-plum trees, and oak festooned with grape vines; herds of deer, and flocks of swans and wild turkeys. The bulwarks of the *Griffin* were plentifully hung with game which the men killed on shore, and among the rest with a number of bears, much commended by Father Hennepin for their want of ferocity and the excellence of their flesh. "Those," he says, "who will one day have the happiness to possess this fertile and pleasant strait, will be very much obliged to those who have shown them the way." They crossed Lake

¹ Abbott.

This good feeling, however, did not last long; in fact, the Indians around Niagara soon grew jealous and suspicious of their French neighbors.

² The *Griffin* was about forty-five tons burden.

³ Three Franciscan Fathers, Hennepin, Membré, and the aged Ribourde, were among the number. They accompanied the expedition as missionaries.

St. Clair,' and still sailed northward against the current, till now, sparkling in the sun, Lake Huron spread before them like a sea.'

After bravely weathering a violent hurricane of several days' duration, the *Griffin* reached Mackinaw. On La Salle's arrival at this old mission-center, the Indians were about to run away in fright. The cause of it all was the vessel and her white, flapping sails; but when they heard the roar of the cannon, their terror and astonishment were indescribable.

The party now landed in state, and marched, under arms, to the bark chapel of the Ottawa village, where Mass was celebrated. La Salle knelt before the altar, dressed in a mantle of scarlet, bordered with gold. Around him on every side were kneeling sailors, artisans, hardy bush-rangers, and painted savages. It was a devout but motley congregation.

The *Griffin* proceeded on her voyage, and on the 2d of September cast anchor in Green Bay. This was the destination of the travelers, so far as they could proceed by water and make use of their vessel. La Salle had come to this trading-post, to collect the furs, which had been brought here from the interior, and having laden the *Griffin* with them, in order to satisfy his clamoring creditors, he dispatched her for Niagara, with the "richest cargo" that had yet been borne on the waters of Lake Erie."

La Salle and his men' now directed their course towards the south.^a On reaching Lake Peoria, on the Illinois river,

¹ La Salle named it *Sainte Claire*, in honor of the holy virgin of that name. The present name, as Parkman justly remarks, is a perversion.

² Parkman.

³ It was valued at over 50,000 francs.

⁴ Fourteen in number, including the three missionaries.

⁵ The long journey from Green Bay to Fort Crèvecoeur was full of adventures, which the brevity of our sketch will not permit us to reproduce. We merely glance at one.^a In trying to find the way that led from the St. Joseph river to the headwaters of the Kankakee, La Salle imprudently set out to explore alone. He lost his way in the dense forest. The darkness of a stormy night with falling snow overtook him; and he fired his gun as a signal of distress. But silence was the only answer. Soon, however, he saw in the distance the light of a fire. It was the encampment of a lone Indian who had formed for himself a soft bed of leaves. The savage was alarmed by the

he began the construction of a fort to which he gave the sad name of Crèvecœur, or the "Broken-hearted." This was the first civilized occupation of the region which now forms the State of Illinois. The spot may still be seen, a little below Peoria. Crèvecœur tells of disaster and suffering, but does no justice to the iron-hearted constancy of the sufferer. Up to this time he had clung to the hope that his vessel, the *Griffin*, might still be safe. Her safety was vital to his enterprise. She had on board articles of the last necessity to him, including the rigging and anchors of another vessel, which he was to build at Fort Crèvecœur, in order to descend the Mississippi, and sail thence to the West Indies. Here his last hope had vanished. She was doubtless lost; and in her loss he and all his plans seemed ruined alike.'

La Salle's supplies were now exhausted. He depended on the return of his vessel for more. One path, beset with hardships and terrors, still lay open to him. He might return on foot to Fort Frontenac, through over twelve hundred miles of a wilderness, and bring thence the needful succors. Leaving Tonti to command in his absence, he set out, accompanied by four Frenchmen and a Mohegan Indian.'

It was early in March, 1680. The journey was really terrifying. Sixty-five days of toil and misery passed before they reached Niagara Falls. All but La Salle were overcome with disease and exhaustion. The following is a glimpse of some of the ordeals through which they passed. It is from the pen of La Salle himself:

"At noon on the 25th," he writes, "we resumed our

report of the gun, and fled. La Salle entered into possession of the cheerless quarters and slept soundly until morning. All the forenoon of the next day he wandered, and it was not until the afternoon that he was so fortunate as to be able to rejoin his companions. He came back with two dead opossums hanging at his belt—the result of his adventurous hunting excursion.

¹ Parkman.

How the *Griffin* perished, or what became of her, is not known with certainty: but she was never again heard of.

² While La Salle was on his way to Canada, Father Louis Hennepin, by his orders, left Fort Crèvecœur, and explored the Upper Mississippi as far as the Falls of St. Anthony—the name given by the Franciscan, in honor of the famous St. Anthony of Padua.

³ March.

walk through the woods, which were so matted with thorns and brambles that in two and a half days our clothes were torn to tatters, and our faces so scratched that we hardly knew each other. On the 28th, the woods were more open, and we began to fare better, meeting a good quantity of game, such as deer, bears, and turkeys, which we had not found before, so that we had often traveled from morning till night without breakfast."

The indomitable travelers were now crossing the southern part of Michigan. Indians were following them, and, to throw the savages off the track, they set fire to the dry grass of the meadows through which they passed, to wipe out any marks of their trail.

"We did this," continues La Salle, "every night. It answered very well so long as we found open fields; but on the 30th we got into great marshes flooded by the thaws, and were forced to wade through them in mud and water, so that our tracks were seen by a band of Maskontins who were out after Iroquois. They followed us through the marshes during the three days we were crossing them, but we made no fire at night, merely taking off our soaked clothes, and wrapping ourselves in our blankets on some dry knoll, where we slept.

"But as there was an uncommonly sharp frost on the night of the 2d of April, and as our clothes, which were completely saturated, were stiff as sticks in the morning, we could not put them on without making a fire to thaw them. This betrayed us to the Indians, who were encamped across the marsh. They ran towards us with loud cries, but were stopped half-way by a water-course, which they could not get over, as the ice was not strong enough.

"We went towards them within gunshot, and, whether our fire-arms frightened them, or whether they thought there were more of us than there really were, or whether, in fact, they meant us no harm, they called out in the Illinois language that they had taken us for Iroquois, but now saw that we were brothers; whereupon they went

off as they came, and we kept on our way till the 4th, when two of my men fell sick and could not travel."

This is but one of a hundred examples that might be cited—examples which show the daring energy and heroic nature of La Salle. But his mettle was tried to the utmost. In about seventy days he reached Fort Frontenac, and the most distressing intelligence filled his ears from every side.

The loss of the *Griffin* was confirmed. The news of disaster after disaster fell upon him like an avalanche. His agents had plundered him, his creditors had seized his property, a band of laborers on the way to join him had been persuaded to desert, some of his canoes richly laden with furs had been lost in the rapids of the St. Lawrence, and a ship from France, freighted with goods to the value of 22,000 livres, had been totally wrecked.

Yet every difficulty had given way before the indomitable La Salle. He had succeeded in collecting men, canoes, and supplies, and was on the point of hastening back as he had come, for the relief of Tonti and the men left with him at Fort Crèvecoeur, on the Illinois, when two Canadians, dispatched by that officer, brought him worse tidings than all the rest. Tonti wrote that nearly all his men had deserted, after destroying the fort, plundering the magazine, and throwing into the river all the arms, goods, and stores that they could not carry off.

La Salle lost no time in lamentation. He soon learned that the deserters had passed Niagara, and were on the way to Fort Frontenac, where he then was, intending to kill him wherever they might find him, as the surest way to escape punishment. He did not await their approach, but went to meet them with such men as he had, discovered them on Lake Ontario, and captured all but two, who made fight and were shot by his followers. This was one point gained.

Like a brave commander, he next bent all his thoughts to succoring Tonti and the three or four faithful men who remained with him at the Illinois. A deep anxiety possessed him. For some time past a rumor had spread that the Iroquois, encouraged, as he believed, by his enemies,

were preparing a grand inroad into the valley of the Illinois, which threatened to involve in a common destruction the tribes of that quarter and the infant colony of La Salle. The danger was but too real.

He was but half-way to his destination when a host of Iroquois warriors fell upon Tonti and his Indian allies, and filled the valley of the Illinois with carnage and devastation. When, after a long and weary journey, the dauntless La Salle and his followers reached the great town of the Illinois, where he hoped to find his lieutenant, he beheld a most ghastly scene.

"On the 1st of December," he says, "we arrived near evening at the town, and found nothing but ashes and the relics of Iroquois fury. Everything was destroyed, and nothing remained but the stumps of burned lodge-poles, which showed what had been the extent of the village, and on most of which were stuck dead men's heads, half eaten by the crows. The fields were strewn with carcasses, gnawed by wolves. The scaffolds on which the dead had been placed in the cemetery were all torn down, and such of the bodies as had been buried were dug up and scattered over the ground. The wolves were tearing them before our eyes, with strange howlings."

La Salle and his men sought till night for traces of Tonti and his few companions, but in vain they searched. Tonti was not to be found. They encamped on the spot. "I passed the night full of trouble," writes the great explorer. "I could not sleep, but tried in vain to make up my mind as to what I ought to do."

But he was no dreamer. Ever "up and doing, with a heart for any fate," he again set out in search for his lieutenant, and passed down the Illinois till he came to the Mississippi. From a rock on the banks of the great river he saw a tree leaning towards the water. He stripped it of its bark, in order to make it more conspicuous, hung upon

The foregoing brief description of La Salle's remarkable journey from Fort Crèvecoeur to Fort Frontenac and back is taken with some slight changes, from Parkman's article on La Salle, in *The North American Review* for November 1877.

it a board, on which he had drawn figures of himself and his men, seated in their canoe, and bearing a pipe of peace. To this he tied a letter for Tonti, informing him that he had returned up the river to the ruined village.¹

La Salle now pushed up the Illinois, and arrived at the junction of the Kankakee with that river, early in January, 1681. Here he left his canoes, and with his four men began an overland journey to Fort Miami on the St. Joseph river, a post which he had established two years before.

Snow fell in profusion, till the earth was deeply buried. So light and dry was it, that to walk on snow-shoes was impossible; and La Salle after his custom took the lead, to break the path and cheer on his followers. Despite his tall stature, he often waded through drifts to the waist, while the men toiled on behind—the snow, shaken from the burdened twigs, showering on them as they passed. After excessive fatigue they reached their goal, and found shelter and safety within the walls of Fort Miami.²

Here La Salle might have brooded on the redoubled ruin that had befallen him—the desponding friends, the exulting foes, the wasted energies, the crushing load of debt, the stormy past, the black and lowering future. But his mind was of a different temper. He had no thought but to grapple with adversity, and out of the fragments of his ruin to rear the fabric of a triumphant success.³

He would not recoil; but he modified his plans to meet the new contingency. His white enemies had found, or rather perhaps had made, a savage ally in the Iroquois. Their incursion must be stopped, or his enterprise would come to naught; and he thought he saw the means by which this new danger could be converted into a source of strength. The tribes of the West, threatened by the common enemy, might be taught to forget their mutual animosities, and join in a defensive league, with La Salle at its

¹ Parkman.

² Parkman.

Fort Miami was on the St. Joseph, by the borders of Lake Michigan.

³ *Ib.*

head. They might be colonized around his fort in the valley of the Illinois, where, in the shadow of the French flag, and with the aid of French allies, they could hold the Iroquois in check, and acquire, in some measure, the arts of settled life. The Franciscan Fathers could teach them the Faith; and La Salle and his associates could supply them with goods, in exchange for the vast harvest of furs which their hunters could gather in these boundless wilds. Meanwhile he would seek out the mouth of the Mississippi; and the furs gathered at his colony in the Illinois would then find a ready passage to the markets of the world. Thus might the ancient slaughter-field of warring savages be redeemed to civilization and Christianity; and a stable settlement might grow up in the heart of the western wilderness. The scheme was but a new feature, the result of new circumstances, added to the original plan of his great enterprise; and he addressed himself to its execution with his usual vigor, and with an address which never failed him in his dealings with Indians.'

A great council of the Miamis was soon called. Chiefs grizzly with age, and others haughty with the strength of younger manhood, came. La Salle eloquently harangued the dusky concourse. His words, backed up by gifts, produced a deep impression. "We make you the master of our beaver and our lands," they exclaimed, "of our minds and our bodies." Could La Salle have wished for anything more?

But the enterprise so often defeated—the discovery of the mouth of the Mississippi—was yet to be achieved. To this end he set out to return to Canada. It was in May. On touching at Mackinaw, to his great joy he found Tonti and Father Membré. Each had a tale of disaster for the other, but La Salle was as calm and determined as if the sun of prosperity shone brightly on his adventurous pathway.

"Any one else," writes Father Membré, "would have thrown up his hands, and abandoned the enterprise; but,

far from this, with a firmness and constancy that never had its equal, I saw him more resolved than ever to continue his work and push forward his discovery."

La Salle and his men now turned the frail prows of their canoes for Fort Frontenac. It was more than a thousand miles away, but was soon reached. Here vigorous preparations were begun anew, and everything for a fresh expedition was, with as little delay as possible, in readiness. •

CHAPTER III.

THE MOUTH OF THE MISSISSIPPI DISCOVERED.

The expedition down the Father of Waters—"The sea! the sea! the open sea!"—Taking formal possession of the Mississippi Valley for France—Attempts at colonization—Difficulties—Wanderings—The last tragic journey towards the north—Traitors in the camp—Father Douay's account of La Salle's assassination—His character as depicted by several distinguished writers.

Winter had scarcely relaxed his icy grasp on the great rivers of the West, when the indefatigable explorer, with a few Franciscan priests, twenty-three Frenchmen, and eighteen Indians—all inured to war—directed their course towards the Mississippi. Floating down the Illinois river, they reached the "Father of Waters" in February, 1682. Without delay, they began the descent of the mighty stream. As they pressed on, they frequently came in contact with the Indians, whom La Salle won by his eloquence and engaging manners. We are told that, after the Indian mode, he was "the greatest orator in North America."

The missionaries also announced the words of truth to the savages. "As the great explorer pursued his course down the Mississippi," writes Bancroft, "his sagacious eye discerned the magnificent resources of the country." At every point where they landed, La Salle planted a cross. He was most zealous for the Faith. Finally, after many adventures, too numerous to recount here, the mouth of the great river was reached, and they beheld—

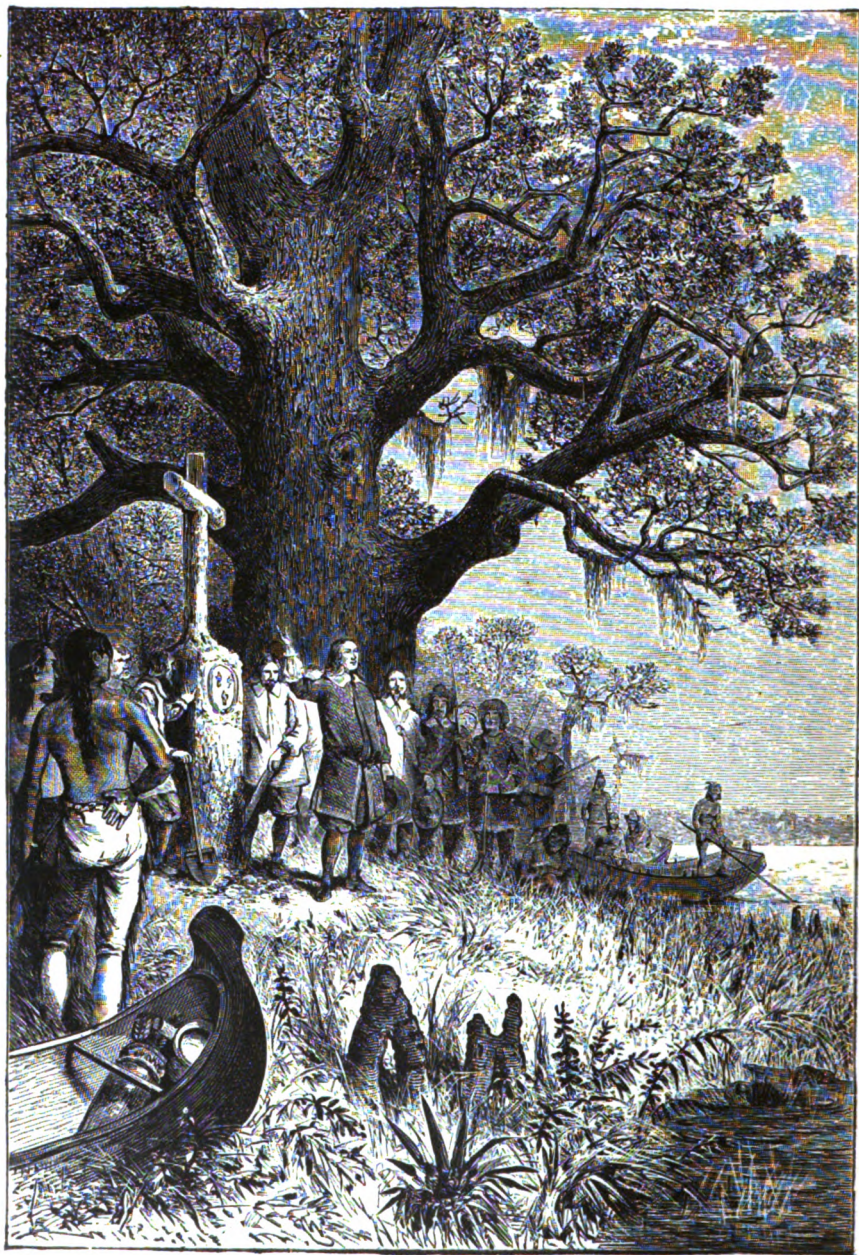
"The sea! the sea! the open sea,
The blue, the fresh, the ever free."

On the 9th of April, La Salle took possession of the
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LA SALLE CLAIMS THE MISSISSIPPI VALLEY FOR FRANCE.

country in the name of Louis XIV. For this purpose he had a cross erected, while the whole party chanted the *Vexilla Regis*:

"The banners of Heaven's King advance,
The mystery of the cross shines forth."

The ceremony was finished with the *Te Deum*, and the raising of a column with the following inscription: "Louis the Great, King of France and Navarre, reigns; the 9th of April, 1682." Then, "amid a volley from all our muskets," writes Father Membré, "a leaden plate, inscribed with the arms of France and the names of those who had just made the discovery, was deposited in the earth."

By his energy and enterprise, La Salle had now explored from the Falls of St. Anthony to the Gulf of Mexico. In honor of his sovereign he named all the territory along the majestic river, Louisiana—a name, at present, restricted to one State.

Turning, he ascended the Mississippi, and sailed for France, in order to secure the assistance of Louis XIV., and the co-operation of his countrymen in colonizing the great valley, and in developing its immense natural resources. Success seemed to smile on his plans. The Government provided him with four ships, and a large number of persons was soon enlisted in his scheme. In July, 1684, he bade adieu for the last time to the shores of sunny France; and with his ships and two hundred and eighty persons, including three Franciscan Fathers and three secular priests, well supplied with all the necessities to plant a colony at the mouth of the Mississippi, he directed his course across the Atlantic.

But the entrance of the "Father of Waters" was hard to find. La Salle missed it, went westward, and early in 1685 landed his colony at Matagorda Bay, in Texas, where he built Fort St. Louis. In the choice of his men, he soon found that he had made an unhappy mistake. They were largely composed of vagabonds picked up on the streets of Rochelle,

and their conduct was in keeping with their character, as events unfortunately proved.

After several vain attempts to reach the mouth of the Mississippi by sea, La Salle resolved to strike out for it by land. Father Douay, O. S. F., his chaplain, has left us a minute account of their adventurous course over plains, forests, rocks, and rivers. But after six months' fruitless wanderings they were obliged to return to Fort St. Louis. Here La Salle heard that his last vessel was wrecked. Any other man would have thrown up his hands in despair. But with the giant energy of an indomitable will, having lost his hopes of fame and fortune, he now resolved to travel on foot to his countrymen at the North, and return from Canada to renew his colony in Texas.

Accompanied by a few priests and twenty men, he set out on this immense journey early in 1687. For nearly two months and a half the travelers boldly forced their way, despite the hardships to be endured from a wintry climate, despite the countless obstacles offered by a savage country.

In this brief sketch it would be as needless as impossible to follow the detail of their daily march. It was such a one, though with unwonted hardships, as is familiar to the memory of many a prairie traveler of our own time. They suffered greatly for the want of shoes, and found for awhile no better substitute than a casing of raw buffalo-hide, which they were forced to keep always wet, as when dry it hardened about the foot like iron. At length they bought dressed deer-skin from the Indians, of which they made tolerable moccasins. The rivers, streams, and gulleys filled with water, were without number; and, to cross them, they made a boat of bull-hide, like the "bull boat" still used on the Upper Missouri. This did good service, as, with the help of their horses, they could carry it with them. Two or three men could cross in it at once, and the horses swam after them like dogs.¹

Sometimes they traversed the sunny prairie; sometimes

¹ Parkman.

dived into the dark recesses of the forest, where the buffalo, descending daily from their pastures in long files to drink at the river, often made a broad and easy path for the travelers. When foul weather arrested them, they built huts of bark and long meadow-grass; and, safely sheltered, lounged away the day, while their horses, picketed near by, stood steaming in the rain. At night, they usually set a rude stockade about their camp; and here, by the grassy border of a brook, or at the edge of a grove where a spring bubbled up through the sands, they lay asleep around the embers of their fire, while the man on guard listened to the deep breathing of the slumbering horses, and the howling of the wolves that saluted the rising moon as it flooded the waste of prairie with pale, mystic radiance.*

On the 15th of March the bold travelers arrived near a place where La Salle, on his preceding journey, had caused a quantity of Indian corn and beans to be buried. The commander sent seven men to hunt up this underground stock of provisions. They killed two buffaloes on reaching the place, and one of their number returned to La Salle, requesting the use of the horses to bring the meat to the camp. He complied, sending his nephew, Morganet, with two companions and two horses.

On the arrival of Morganet at the spot where the dead buffaloes lay, a dispute arose between him and several of the party—men who hated La Salle, and nursed dark designs. Angry words passed around. Night came. The woods grew dark; and before morning dawned Morganet and two others, devoted followers of their commander, were murdered. It was a bloody deed. The flood-gate of assassination was now open; and those desperate men took evil counsel of vengeance for their own safety. One black crime led to another, still blacker.

La Salle soon became alarmed for the safety of Morganet, and, as if anticipating what had occurred, he asked in the encampment if some of the absent party had not shown

* Parkman.

signs of disaffection. He resolved at once to go in search of his nephew. We shall give the remainder of the tragic narrative in the language of an eye-witness.

"Asking me to accompany him," writes Father Douay, "he took two Indians and set out. All the way he conversed with me in relation to matters of piety, grace, and predestination; expatiating on all his obligations to God for having saved him from so many dangers during the last twenty years that he had traversed America. He seemed to me particularly penetrated with a sense of God's benefits to him.

"Suddenly I saw him plunged into a deep melancholy, for which he himself could not account. He was so troubled that I did not know him any longer. As this was far from his usual state, I roused him from his lethargy.

"Two leagues after, we found the bloody cravat of his lackey. He perceived two eagles flying over his head, and at the same time saw some of his people on the edge of the river, which he approached, asking them what had become of his nephew.

"They answered us in broken words, showing us where we should find him. We proceeded some steps along the bank to the fatal spot where two of these murderers were hidden in the grass, one on each side, with guns cocked. One missed M de la Salle, the other at the same moment shot him in the head. He died an hour after, on the 19th of March, 1687.

"I expected the same fate," continues Father Douay, "but this danger did not occupy my thoughts, penetrated with grief at so cruel a spectacle. I saw him fall a step from me, with his face all full of blood. I watered it with my tears, exhorting him, to the best of my power, to die well. He had confessed and fulfilled his devotions just before we started. He had still time to recapitulate a part of his life, and I gave him absolution.

"During his last moments, he elicited all the acts of a

• A southern branch of the Trinity.—*Parkman*.

good Christian, grasping my hand at every word I suggested, and especially at that of pardoning his enemies. Meanwhile his murderers, as much alarmed as I, began to strike their breasts and detest their blindness. I could not leave the spot where he had expired without having buried him as well as I could, after which I raised a cross over his grave.

"Thus died our wise commander—constant in adversity, intrepid, generous, engaging, dexterous, skillful, capable of everything. He who for twenty years had softened the fierce temper of countless savage tribes was massacred by the hands of his own followers, whom he had loaded with caresses. He died in the prime of life, in the midst of his course and labors, without having seen their success."

The capacity of La Salle, writes Sparks, "for large designs and for devising the methods and procuring the resources to carry them forward, has few parallels among the most eminent discoverers. He has been called the Columbus of his age; and if his success had been equal to his ability and the compass of his plans, this distinction might be justly awarded to him. As in great battles, so in enterprises, success crowns the commander with laurels, defeat covers him with disgrace, and perhaps draws upon him the obloquy of the world, although he might have fought as bravely and maneuvered as adroitly in one case as in the other. Fortune turns the scale, and baffles the efforts of human skill and prowess. In some of the higher attributes of character, such as personal courage and endurance, undaunted resolution, patience under trials, and perseverance in contending with obstacles and struggling through embarrassments that might appall the stoutest heart, no man surpassed the *Sieur de la Salle*.

"Not a hint appears in any writer that has come under notice that casts a shade upon his integrity or honor. Cool and intrepid at all times, never yielding for a moment to despair, or even to despondency, he bore the heavy burden of his calamities manfully to the end, and his hopes expired only with his last breath. To him must be mainly ascribed

the discovery of the vast regions of the Mississippi Valley, and the subsequent occupation and settlement of them by the French, and his name justly holds a prominent place among those which adorn the history of civilization in the New World "

Next to Columbus," says Abbott, "he was the most illustrious of the pioneers of the New World. It would be difficult to find in history any one who has displayed in a higher degree the noble qualities of energy, courage, and perseverance, combined with the more gentle virtues of tenderness, humanity, and amiability. Adversity seemed to have no power to dishearten him. His character was pure. In the past history of our country, there are but few names which are entitled to stand so high on its roll of fame, as that of the Chevalier de la Salle."

"It is easy," exclaims Parkman, "to reckon up his defects, but it is not easy to hide from sight the Roman virtues that redeemed them. Baset by a throng of enemies, he stands, like the King of Israel, head and shoulders above them all. He was a tower of adamant, against whose impregnable front hardship and danger, the rage of man and of the elements, the Southern sun, the Northern blast, fatigue, famine, and disease, delay, disappointment, and deferred hope, emptied their quivers in vain. That very pride which, Coriolanus-like, declared itself more sternly in the thickest press of foes, has in it something to challenge admiration. Never, under the impenetrable mail of paladin or crusader, beat a heart of more interpid mettle than within the stoic panoply that armed the breast of La Salle. To estimate aright the marvels of his patient fortitude, one must follow on his track through the vast scene of his interminable journeyings, those thousands of weary miles of forest, marsh, and river, where, again and again, in the bitterness of baffled striving the untiring pilgrim pushed onward towards the goal which he was never to attain. America owes him an enduring memory; for in this masculine figure, cast in iron, she sees the heroic pioneer who guided her to the possession of her richest heritage."

“Robert Cavelier de la Salle, the first explorer who navigated Ontario, Erie, Michigan, and Huron,” writes the Hon. T. D. McGee, “deserves to be enumerated among the great captains. A native of Rouen, early employed in the colonies, he had been instigated by the reports of missionaries to seek, through the northern lakes, a passage to the Gulf of Mexico. Building a schooner on the Cayuga creek, he ascended the lakes in 1679, chanting the *Te Deum*. Carrying his boats overland from the Miami to a branch of the Illinois river, he forced or found his way into the Upper Mississippi. For many years, with most heroic constancy, this soul of fire and frame of iron was devoted to the task of opening routes between the Gulfs of St. Lawrence and of Mexico, until he perished in his enterprise by the hands of two of his own unworthy followers, on an excursion into Texas, in 1687.

“The Catholic character of La Salle is marked in every act of his life. He undertook nothing without fortifying himself by religion; he completed nothing without giving the first fruits of the glory to God. He planted the Cross wherever he landed, even for an hour; he made the western desert vocal with songs, hymns of thanksgiving, and adoration. He is the worthy compeer of De Soto and Marquette; he stood, sword in hand, under the banner of the Cross, the tutelary genius of those great States which stretch away from Lake Ontario to the Rio Grande. Every league of that region he trod on foot, and every league of its water he navigated in frail canoes or crazy schooners. Above his tomb the Northern pine should tower; around it the Michigan rose and the Southern myrtle should mingle their hues and unite their perfumes.”



VENERABLE MARGARET BOURGEOIS.

VENERABLE MARGARET BOURGEOIS,

FOUNDRESS OF THE CONGREGATION DE NOTRE DAME.¹

CHAPTER I.

BRIGHT YOUNG YEARS.

*Her birth and parents—A wise, promising little girl—
Death of her mother—Is placed over her father's house-
hold—The vision at the Church of Notre Dame—A
change of life.*

Conspicuous among the Catholic heroes and heroines of America, in the seventeenth century, shines the bright name of Margaret Bourgeois. She was born in the city of Troyes, France, on the 17th of April, 1620. Her parents, Abram Bourgeois and Guillemette Garnier, were remarkable neither for wealth nor worldly distinction, but they were what is better—persons of marked virtue and high character.

We are told that in her childhood, Margaret was distinguished among her little companions by her aptitude in learning to read and write, her love of labor, and her tact in well and speedily performing anything which she was given to do. She was also especially noted for those happy dispositions which announce a capacity for piety, virtue, and good sense.

Even at the most tender age, her elevation of mind and

¹Chief authorities used: Abbé Fallon, "Vie de la Soeur Bourgeoys, Fondatrice de la Congrégation de Notre Dame de Ville Marie en Canada;" Abbé Ransonnet, "Vie de Marguerite Bourgeoys;" Abbé Montgolfier, "Vie de M^{lle} Le Ber." Abbé Fallon, "Vie de M^{lle} Mance;" Parkman, "The Jesuits in North America;" Abbé Férland, "Cours D'Histoire du Canada;" Charlevoix, "History and General Description of New France;" "History of the Catholic Church in the United States."

deep love of religion showed itself in various ways. Scarcely had the little girl reached her tenth year, when she was often observed assembling children, and instilling into their minds ideas of duty and virtue. Yet up to this time she had never seen a religious community. Such is a glimpse at the childhood of Margaret Bourgeois. "May not this be considered," says the Abbé Ransonet, "as a spark of that admirable zeal which inflamed her soul in after years?"

About this period little Margaret had the misfortune to lose her devoted mother. Two or three years passed away, under the watchful eye of her good, enlightened father; and her prudence and sound judgment in the management of affairs developed so rapidly that he no longer hesitated to place his daughter at the head of his household. To her this new appointment was a blessing. It was a protection against idleness, and happily tended to preserve her pure and innocent in the critical period of life at which she had now arrived—

"The shining days when life is new,
And all is bright as morning dew."

Meanwhile young Margaret felt satisfied in avoiding notable defects. It was not, however, before her twenty-first year, that her desire after something better and higher became enlarged by the following incidents:

While attending one of the churches on the Festival of the Holy Rosary, the concourse of people did not permit the procession, as usual, to be made in the enclosure, and it was conducted through the street. It passed before the famous and beautiful church of Notre Dame. At this moment, Margaret looked towards the statue of the Most Holy Virgin, placed on the frontispiece of the grand edifice. To her religious eye this image was no stranger; but now it appeared to her of a loveliness so extraordinary, that her heart was touched and filled with heavenly sentiments. Hitherto she had been fond of dress, and affected neatness. For these the young lady now felt a profound contempt. Her sweet and cheerful disposition had caused her to be much sought in society, in which she took no common

pleasure ; but at once she separated from all that she formerly seemed to cherish. Now, the gay and amiable Margaret cared for naught but the things of Heaven. This change was indeed sudden, but it was none the less permanent.

CHAPTER II.

A NEW AND HEROIC CAREER.

Father Jandret—Lofty virtue—Purity of mind and heart—The vow—Margaret wishes to be a Nun—Is refused admittance—A new Order—A loss that is a gain—Her father's death—Protects innocence—A dream—Gov. De Maisonneuve—Difficulties come and vanish—The heroine goes to Canada.

Taking Rev. Father Jandret, a wise and virtuous priest who was director of the Carmelite Nuns, as her confessor, Miss Bourgeois soon made rapid progress in the way of virtue. Her life was marked by tender piety, contempt of the world, self-denial, compassion for the poor—in short, she became the personification of all that is good.

God, desirous of blessing a heart which He had so highly ornamented with His most precious gifts, placed it in the happy necessity of never dividing its affections, by inspiring Miss Bourgeois to consecrate herself to Him by a vow of virginity. She submitted this inspiration to Father Jandret, by whom it was disapproved. He forbade her to pronounce any such vow before the age of thirty. But the enlightened priest, afterwards observing and admiring the operations of divine grace in this highly privileged soul, permitted her to unite herself more intimately to God by the sacred vow of virginity. This was in her twenty-third year. Some time later, she added the vow of poverty.

Miss Bourgeois was thus advancing in the spiritual life when, one day, as Father Jandret was enlarging on the advantages of the religious state, she felt a strong inclination to become a nun. She sought admittance as a member among the Carmelites, and also the Poor Clares. By neither

was the young lady accepted. Providence, it seems, blinded these religious to the merits of the applicant, that no obstacle might prevent the execution of the decrees of Heaven.

About this time Father Jandret was busily engaged in forming the plan of a new religious community of women. He tells us that our Divine Lord at His Ascension left three examples to the devout sex, namely, *Mary Magdalen*, *Martha*, and the *Most Blessed Virgin*. The first is the model of contemplative souls; the second that of active and exterior charity; while the *last* included both contemplative and active charity. It was the last which this good priest intended to propose to his community. The rule which he laid down for its guidance had been examined and approved by several Doctors of the Sorbonne, and Father Jandret felt that the moment was at hand to realize his long-cherished expectations. To Miss Bourgeois and two other young ladies he gave the rule to be observed.

For that purpose the three novices retired to a spacious apartment given them by Miss de Chuly, sister to the famous De Maisonneuve, then Governor of Montreal, Canada. One of these pious young ladies died shortly after, and a second withdrew. This ended the brief career of the new community. Father Jandret gave up the design as a fruitless attempt. As for Sister Bourgeois, she derived lasting advantages from this short experience in the cloister. The efforts she then made, under the direction of this pious and learned priest, served as a light in after years to guide her in the great undertaking she so fortunately completed without any human assistance in the wilds of Canada, on the banks of the majestic St. Lawrence.

In the meantime, her father fell ill, and died. The loving care shown by his darling daughter on this sad occasion demonstrates how far virtue enhances filial affection.

No sooner did Sister Bourgeois wipe the tears of sorrow from her eye, than she devoted herself to the noble activity of watching over unprotected innocence. But what uncommon virtue does not this imply? Unquestionably a large

share of labor, prayer, mortification, abstraction from worldly thoughts, subdued passions, and self-annihilation. It was certainly from the familiar practice of these virtues that she was ever stimulated to what was beautiful, great, noble, and difficult, for the love of God, and her neighbor, as the following incident, which is selected from many others, will attest :

One day Sister Bourgeois was informed that an amiable and promising girl had been carried off by dissolute men. Her very heart bled at the recital of the daring outrage. Arming herself with a crucifix, she fled to the assistance of the innocent one, and arrived just in time to extricate, to deliver the lamb from the grasp of the wolves. On approaching the abode of these diabolical wretches, her moral courage increased, and she conjured them in the name of God, whose crucified likeness she presented, to give up their prey. But crime was enshrined in the inmost recess of their cruel hearts. To be freed from the importunities of this courageous lady they presented a pistol, threatening her with instant death if she did not at once retire. But it was to no purpose. She thought the very sacrifice of her life to be of little consideration, provided she saved the sweet and unprotected girl from infamy.

"Wretches," exclaimed Sister Bourgeois, with more than human energy, "it is Jesus Christ Himself that you thus attack in the person of his children. Know that sooner or later He will take revenge on your sacrilegious temerity !" This apostrophe had an immediate and electrical effect. The trembling victim was restored to her deliverer. With what joy and gratitude did the beating heart of this pure, amiable girl testify its feelings to its savior ! Nor was she henceforth to be separated from her benefactress ; she followed her to Canada, where she became an ornament to the infant establishment of Sister Bourgeois.

Sister Bourgeois, while thus laboring for the salvation of others, failed not to watch over her own soul. Like the Apostle of the Gentiles, she chastised her body, and

brought it under subjection, lest after contributing to the salvation of others she might be rejected herself.

Heaven was pleased with her untiring efforts. We are told that for several months, after receiving Holy Communion, she frequently felt her heart inflamed with an inexpressible love, which even appeared exteriorly ; and on the Assumption of the Blessed Virgin, probably in the year 1650, during the procession of the most holy Sacrament she raised her eyes in adoration to the Sacred Host, and beheld a child of incomparable beauty. These favors were succeeded by a more distinct knowledge of the designs of God. In order to unfold them, we must go back a few years.

In 1640, De Maisonneuve assumed, for the first time, the office of Governor of Montreal.¹ On his departure from Troyes, the Nuns of the Order of Father Fourrier earnestly entreated to be allowed to accompany him, to establish a branch of their community in the new colony. Had he hearkened to the impulse of his zeal, he would have most certainly complied; but prudence required that he should wait for a more favorable moment. He visited his native land some years subsequently. The ladies, of course, reiterated their demand; and a renewal of promises was the only reply of De Maisonneuve.

In 1652 De Maisonneuve returned a second time to France. About this period, Sister Bourgeois perceived in her sleep a person whose garb was partly ecclesiastical and partly civilian, such as the French clergy were wont to wear in travelling. This dream made a more lasting impression on her mind than the ordinary visions of the night ever produced.

Some time after, as she was talking with one of the Nuns at the grate in the convent of Notre Dame, Governor de Maisonneuve, whom she had never seen, and of whose arrival she was perfectly ignorant, came to the convent. She

¹ De Maisonneuve founded the city of Montreal. He was a man of stern virtue, stainless character, great zeal for the faith ; and next to Champlain the most noble figure in the early History of Canada."—Murray, "*History of the Catholic Church in the United States.*"

no sooner saw him, than she exclaimed: "Behold my priest—the very same I saw in my dream!"

She was fully convinced that the vision was supernatural. She felt that God thereby gave her to understand that He had appointed her for the operation of some good work conjointly with De Maisonneuve, who was then nothing more than a secular as to his state of life, but who possessed the eminent virtues of an ecclesiastic, particularly those of zeal and prudence.

Without further delay, Sister Bourgeois presented herself to this gentleman, to pass under his protection to the wilds of the Canadian forests, there to open a school for the instruction of the *Indian girls*. Her offer was gratefully accepted.

Here was a virtuous lady, alone, under the protection of an officer, crossing to a yet unknown, uncivilized part of the globe, guided by naught save the bright star of confidence in God! The consideration of her delicate situation alarmed her modesty.

The acknowledged prudence of the Governor of Montreal did not quite tranquilize her. Ordinary decorum seemed to condemn such a step. But in the end faith triumphed over fear. Her enlightened guide, Father Jandret, fully convinced that his penitent's call was from the Father of light, wisely thought that no difficulty should stop its execution. He, however, referred her to an enlightened priest to whom she had sometimes revealed her conscience. The latter likewise, after three days of deep deliberation, came to the same conclusion as Father Jandret.

The Bishop of Troyes was then absent from his metropolis; and his Vicar-General was consequently consulted on the subject. After recommending it to God, whom he ardently prayed to direct him, he too concurred in the opinion of Father Jandret. This agreement of sentiment quite decided the courageous Margaret Bourgeois.

In vain did a scrupulous and timid critic declaim against the indiscretion of this resolution. The success which followed proves a sufficient justification of the proceeding. It

was even justified by the miraculous approbation of the Holy Mother of God. Sister Bourgeois was one morning alone in her apartment, perfectly awake, and pondering over occurrences which had no relation to her departure for Canada, when suddenly there appeared before her a majestic and beautiful lady, clothed in white, who addressed her in these words: "Depart, I will not forsake you," and instantly disappeared. A ray of divine light, to which her heart was ever open, as the bosom of the sun-flower is expanded to the genial rays of the sun, assured her that this personage was no other than the Mother of God. She felt a renewal of consolation and strength.

In the beginning of February, 1653, Sister Bourgeois, having attained her thirty-third year, distributed what she possessed in alms, and without disclosing her intention to her family, set out for Canada. Her uncle, Mr. Cossard, and Miss de Chuly were then going to Paris. The Sister, under some plausible pretence, accompanied them to the capital. Scarcely had they arrived, when Mr. Cossard was recalled to Troyes on urgent business; however, before he left Paris, his niece begged him to accompany her to some notary public, in whose presence she openly declared her intentions, and at the same time signed a contract, that her inheritance should be bestowed on her brother and sister, of whom Mr. Cossard was guardian. The uncle was startled with astonishment, and remained for some time in deep silence, seeming to anticipate a revocation of the deed. Being disappointed in his anticipations, he used every effort to dissuade his niece from her course. Affection, tenderness, and even ridicule were employed, but all to no purpose. Margaret was inflexible.

On Mr. Cossard's return into Troyes, great excitement was created by the unexpected intelligence. Relations, friends, in fact the entire city was in movement, and dozens of letters were dispatched. But the ties of nature and the efforts of human prudence avail naught when opposed to the designs of God.

On account of the dress which our heroine assumed, she now became generally known as *Sister Bourgeois*.

On her arrival at Paris, she found De Maisonneuve, and departed for Orleans alone. This circumstance led to a suspicion of her virtue, and at the hotel where the stage stopped she was only miraculously preserved from insult. With the most heartfelt gratitude, the courageous Sister returned thanks to God for this special protection, and set out for Nantes.

On her way there, her influence was so great among the passengers that they daily recited with her the Office of the Blessed Virgin, and said the Rosary. She even prevailed on the rowers to proceed during the night, contrary to their custom, that the little crew might have the advantage of complying with the precept of the Church, by assisting at Mass on Sunday.

Landing at Nantes, she immediately inquired for the abode of Mr. Le Coq, a merchant of that city, whose dwelling was assigned by De Maisonneuve as the rendezvous of the passengers for Canada. This merchant was known at Nantes by a different name—that of De la Bessonière. The Sister's inquiries were therefore vain, for a length of time; at last, she providentially inquired again—of a gentleman whom she accidentally met—if he knew such a person as a Mr. Le Coq. The gentleman happened to be the very individual she so anxiously sought. De Maisonneuve had already acquainted him by letter of her arrival in Nantes. She was therefore most cordially received, and lodged in his own residence till her departure for Canada.

In the interval which elapsed she chose for confessor a religious priest, to whom she confided her past and present intentions. She likewise told him that she had declined when in Paris the offer of admittance into a religious community for which she formerly felt some inclination. The confessor, who belonged to this Order, unhesitatingly decided that she should accept the proffered proposal; and recommended her to write instantly to that effect. Again, her docile and gentle mind was cast into an abyss of per-

plexity, respecting the will of her Divine Master. In this dilemma, to whom could she have recourse but to God who mercifully invites those who suffer and are heavy laden to come to Him for refreshment? In the most bewildered state, she threw herself at the feet of this only true Comforter, in the chapel of the Capuchin Friars. There her pure and humble heart overflowed with feelings of faith, and hope, and love. There also, on that very altar, at the feet of her hidden God, she was relieved from all fears and doubts. Instantly, He whom the winds and seas obey stilled the agitated waters, and peace, confidence, and Divine light assured her that she was destined for Canada.

Notwithstanding the Divine assurance, however, she thought herself obliged to comply with the injunctions of her confessor. She accordingly wrote two letters to Paris, to which, by a particular appointment of Providence, no answer was returned.

In this state of things, Governor De Maisonneuve arrived at Nantes. On his arrival, an anonymous letter was sent him to prevail on Sister Bourgeois to become a Carmelite nun. This communication was disregarded, and served rather to induce De Maisonneuve to strain every nerve to strengthen the intention of the good Sister to continue what she had so well begun.

In the meantime, her unassuming manners won the esteem and affection of the family of Mr. de la Bessonière. to a point rarely equaled. Mr. de la Bessonière declined receiving any compensation for board and lodging, and begged the Sister to accept, for her personal comfort, the handsome present of a bed and bedding, with a quantity of fresh water which he had put on board for her use, knowing that wine had long been deemed a superfluous luxury. Everything was now prepared for the separation of this Catholic heroine from *all* that was dear to her noble and affectionate heart. What conflicting emotions and hopes and fears must have agitated her mind when on the point of exiling herself from the cherished associations of her childhood and youth; and of changing the bright,

sunny skies of her loved France for the snowy wilds, icy atmosphere, and unexplored wastes of Canada? But this lofty woman rose with the difficulties of her position. She counted no sacrifice. Her loss was her gain.

CHAPTER III.

CANADIAN LIFE TWO CENTURIES AGO.

Sister Bourgeois arrives in Canada—A howling wilderness—Extreme climate—The St. Lawrence—"Lo! the poor Indian"—How the red man lived, moved, and had his being—Canadian towns of the seventeenth century—Montreal a dreary forest—Mass in a tent—Sister Bourgeois teaches the little Indian girls—Makes herself all to all, that she might gain all to Christ—A new idea—The voyage to France—Its success—The ship "St. André"—Again in Ville-Marie.

On the 22d of September, 1653, after a long and adventurous voyage, this holy daughter of France, chosen from among thousands, set foot in Canada—that promised land which she so ardently desired to reach.

Canada was discovered in 1534 by the French, who gave it the name of *New France*; but it could scarcely be called an established colony before 1608, the year in which the great Champlain founded Quebec.

At the date of which we write—1653—it was, in the words of Ransonet, "one immense forest, interspersed by rivers and lakes, which renders the climate extremely cold, notwithstanding its geographical situation in the temperate zone. Unless the utmost precaution is taken, a cheek or a hand will be frozen in an imperceptible lapse of time, which will mortify and fall off, if we have the imprudence to present either to the fire, instead of applying snow. This excessive cold is succeeded by such

intense heat, that the grain is sown and reaped in the space of three months.¹

"The principal river," continues Ransonet, "is the majestic St. Lawrence, which will bear on its icy bosom the heaviest-laden vehicle, for the space of six or seven long months. This immense body of water is twenty-five leagues wide at its mouth, and contains lakes of 600 leagues in circumference.² It is navigable for ships 150 leagues from the ocean. Its waters at Niagara form a most stupendous cataract, falling perpendicularly with an incredible shock over a precipice of 200 feet.

"The natives of this barbarous country are Indians, well-formed, muscular, and beardless. Their complexion would be tolerably fair, did they not destroy it by friction of oil and paint of many colors. At all seasons of the year, these children of the forest go bareheaded. In winter they roll themselves in skins, in summer the men suspend some loose covering from the belt, and the Indian woman is half clothed with a kind of shirt, that descends not quite so low as the knee, the remainder of the body being exposed.³ They live partly on game, partly on horse or dog's flesh that die of disease or old age. This is always eaten without bread. They have, in the neighborhood of French settlements, small plantations of Indian corn, with which they make a kind of porridge called *sagamite*.

"The Indians have no fixed habitations, but wander in tribes from place to place, according as necessity or fancy guides them. They lodge in huts or tents of leaves of bark, stiched together. Nothing is more cruel or more fe-

¹ The above is even yet an accurate description of the extreme climate of the Province of Quebec, or Lower Canada; but it by no means applies to the Province of Ontario, or Upper Canada. The climate of Toronto is as temperate as that of Brooklyn, N. Y. We believe more snow falls in Brooklyn every winter than in the capital of Ontario.

² He refers to the great Lakes—Superior, Huron, Erie, and Ontario.

³ This, doubtless, refers to the roving Algonquins that roamed around Quebec, Montreal, and the lower Provinces. It would not be strictly true if applied to the Hurons of Upper Canada. The Huron squaws generally clothed themselves with much modesty; even more so, writes a Jesuit Father, than "the most pious ladies in France." But to the warriors a similar compliment could not be paid. In summer they dispensed with every article of their rude covering but the mocassins.—"History of the Catholic Church in the United States."

rocious in war than these barbarians; their revenge is not even satisfied by death. They scalp, burn, suck the blood, open the bodies, drag out the entrails, and eat the heart of their victims; nor are they even then satisfied. Every torment that imagination can suggest is exhausted. And the daughter of the forest is not less cruel than the sterner sex; indeed, it is said that they even surpass the men in refined cruelty.

“The age of loveliness itself is thus schooled to barbarity; for while the savage parent is thus gratifying his brutal feelings, the children dance around and insult the unfortunate sufferer, calling him by the appellation of woman, if he utters a complaint or gives a sign of sensibility in the midst of their atrocities. This cruelty, barbarous as it may appear, is not to be compared to the desperate courage evinced by the vanquished Indian. He is seen enduring the dreadful punishment of fire and sword, quietly singing, and reproaching the executioners that they want ingenuity, thus stimulating them to new cruelties.

“With the exception of a few converted by the missionaries, the savages are generally idolaters. The principal object of their fearful adoration is a malevolent spirit which they call *manitou*. To this they offer sacrifice of propiation. Their manner of sacrificing is to throw tobacco into the river or sea, a ceremony they never omit before a voyage is undertaken.

“The French have built three principal towns in Canada, *Quebec*, *Three Rivers*, and *Ville-Marie*.¹ Quebec, the capital, is the residence of a Bishop, a Governor, who is at the same time Governor of New France and of the Executive Council. The Rev. Gentlemen of St. Sulpice are *Seigneurs* of the entire Island of Montreal; they have propagated Catholicity by multiplying the number of laborers in the vineyard of the Lord. Indeed the revenue of their whole *Seigneurie* is totally devoted in the cause of the Gospel.”²

¹ *Ville-Marie*, i. e., the town of Mary. It is now the great city of Montreal.

² It may be well to remember that the foregoing was written just *one hundred and fifty years ago*, when Canada was a French colony.

Though Sister Bourgeois landed at Quebec, she did not remain there. The town that bore the name of Mary, her Protectress, was the real point of attraction. Accordingly she proceeded to Montreal with Governor de Maisonneuve. This Island¹ was then nothing more than a dreary, desolate forest, so much so that it could not afford even a cottage in which to offer the Holy Sacrifice of the Mass. A tent was the only temple of the living God, and a tree of the proud forest the only steeple!

Now had dawned the solemn day on which Sister Bourgeois' wishes were to be realized. The offspring of the Indian and the child of the French were seated to receive gratuitously that instruction which tends to form the untutored savage and the docile French heart; yet, both received the science of sciences, on which all human knowledge is based—the science of salvation. Who could describe the activity of Sister Bourgeois' zeal in this arduous task? With what delight she went from tent to tent, to enlighten the young, when circumstances prevent the half-clad children of nature from thronging around her; nor did she limit her untiring attentions and charity. She watched and served the sick with maternal care, even the dead received from her benevolent hands the last sad services. She washed and repaired the clothes of the poor soldier; in a word, she is an eye and a hand to all—neither the want of the necessities of life, nor the insupportable rigor of the Canadian winter, nor the almost intolerable heat of summer, nor the fear of the savages, nor the wild disposition of the Indian children—nothing, in short, seemed capable of damping for a moment her fervent zeal and boundless charity.

Such is an abridgment of the first five years Sister Bourgeois spent in Montreal!

What a misfortune that we have not been gratified with more ample details of her actions, and that they

¹ Montreal is built on an island of the same name

² "She opened her school," writes Parkman, "in a stable, which answered to the stable of Bethlehem, lodging with her pupils in the loft."—*The Old Regime in Canada*.

occurred at a time when the use of the pen was very limited !

Having acquired a thorough knowledge of the country in five years, this heroic lady judiciously concluded that she alone was inadequate to accomplish all that the wants of the people required. The idea of forming a new religious community, on the plan of that formerly attempted by Father Jandret at Troyes, now engrossed all her attention. To find persons for that purpose in Canada was as yet quite impossible. She, therefore, decided to cross the perilous deep, in search of young and devoted hearts to share in her apostolical labors.

She did not seek in vain. On her return she was accompanied by four excellent young ladies—the Misses Crolo, Raisin, Hyoux, and Chatel. Their merit, virtue, and bravery rendered them worthy of becoming the companions of the heroic Margaret Bourgeois. But at that day no majestic steamers cut the Atlantic with their iron keels; and a voyage across the stormy ocean was generally a most perilous and soul-trying journey. “On the 2d of July, 1659,” writes Francis Parkman, “the ship *St. André* lay in the harbor of Rochelle, crowded with passengers for Canada. She had served two years as a hospital for marines, and was infected with a contagious fever. Including the crew, some two hundred persons were on board, more than half of whom were bound for Montreal. Most of these were sturdy laborers, artisans, peasants, and soldiers, together with a troop of young women, their present or future partners, a portion of the company set down on the old record as ‘sixty virtuous men and thirty-two pious girls.’ There were two priests also, Vignal and Le Maître, both destined to a speedy death at the hands of the Iroquois. But the most conspicuous among these passengers for Montreal were two groups of women in the habit of nuns, under the direction of Margaret Bourgeois and Jeanne Mance. Margaret Bourgeois, whose kind, womanly face bespoke her fitness for the task, was Foundress of the school for female children at Montreal; her companion, a tall, austere figure, worn with suffering

and care, was directress of the hospital. Both had returned to France for aid, and were now on their way back, each with three recruits, three being the mystic number, as a type of the Holy Family, to whose worship they were especially devoted."¹

Mother Bourgeois and her gentle companions reached Montreal safely. It was just exactly a year since her departure. Thus was her promise fulfilled. Before setting out for France, she had promised that she would return to Ville-Marie on the very day of the month and hour of the day on which she departed, a year from the date of departure.

¹ "The Old Regime in Canada." Parkman mistakes the number of ladies accompanying Mother Bourgeois. It was *four*, not three. See her life by Ransonet.

CHAPTER IV.

THE FIRST RELIGIOUS ORDER FOUNDED IN AMERICA.

An historic stable—Margaret Bourgeois founds the Sisters of the Congregation de Notre Dame—Her second trip to France—Founds a Chapel in honor of the Most Blessed Virgin—Labors and growth of her community—Its two chief objects—Dress of the Sisters—Qualities which a Sister should possess—They receive their Rule from Bishop St. Valier—The convent destroyed—Four years of mental agony—Peace of soul.

As Governor de Maisonneuve was a devoted Catholic, and a "knight without fear and without reproach," he was most anxious to show his deep respect for the religious ladies who honored Ville-Marie with their presence, and blessed it by their labors. But good intentions cannot do all things. The Sisters needed a house; and the Governor had none to give them. Buildings were so very rare that he was even compelled to offer them a stable, which they gladly accepted.¹ And here in this stable was formed by Margaret Bourgeois the *first* religious order ever founded in America—the *Congregation de Notre Dame*.² The young lady novices immediately began their labors, faithfully following in the footsteps of their illustrious guide and foundress. It is said that the spirit of holy poverty, which reigned throughout this small community, led the gentle inmates to find new charms in their most humble abode.

But this wretched residence really cramped the labors of the Sisters; and, indeed, prevented their fulfilling the end

¹ It should be remembered that seven years after this—that is, in 1667—the census gives to Montreal only 766 souls; Quebec, 448.

² The Sisters of the Congregation of our Lady.

of their vocation. A change was necessary. A more commodious dwelling soon began to rise, and was nearly completed, when Mother Bourgeois again braved the terrors of the Atlantic. With a soul filled with confidence in God, she landed a second time in the country of her fathers. This she did for the two-fold purpose of obtaining letters patent from Louis XIV., for the permanent establishment of her Institute, and in order to bring over more ladies to assist her. Success smiled on her efforts. The documents which she so justly demanded were signed and put into her hands without almost any solicitation on her part. She had also the happiness of receiving several young ladies into her community.

These fortunate results she attributed to the intercession of the Most Blessed Virgin, whose protection the heroic lady endeavored to insure by erecting a chapel in her honor at Montreal. The particulars of its erection are thus given by the foundress herself:

“It must be acknowledged,” she writes, “that God in His mercy has watched over our little community in a most admirable manner. On my arrival in this desolate country, I was not in possession of a *doublon*,¹ and notwithstanding, I undertook to raise a chapel in honor of the ever Blessed Virgin Mother of God. To succeed I stimulated the inhabitants to collect the stone necessary for the undertaking. Their labor I endeavored to repay by my needle. Mr. de Maisonneuve had the timber prepared, and others supplied the lime, sand, and boards. In fine, I found sufficient materials to complete the building. Just as the foundations were laid, the Abbé de — arrived at Quebec from France: having learned my proceeding, he immediately stopped its execution. In the meantime I returned to France, and on arriving in Canada I had the misfortune to find that the materials which I had so much trouble in collecting were completely scattered. What was still more embarrassing, I was compelled, in consequence of the number of nuns I

¹ About \$15.

brought out from France, to erect a house a hundred feet in length. This, of course, deferred the erection of the chapel. Before I completed the interior of our house, I saw myself obliged again to visit the old world a second time. On my return the whole community felt solicitous for the completion of the chapel, which merely consisted of the timber-work which had been put up before my last voyage. This long-wished-for building was finally completed in the year 1677, and a statue of the Most Blessed Virgin, by means of which a miracle had been operated in favor of Mr. de Fancomp, was solemnly placed therein."

Sister Bourgeois' intention in erecting this house of prayer was to impress on the Canadian mind the heavenly beauty and grandeur of devotion to the Mother of God. The incessant blessings which were showered upon the infant establishment were, no doubt, owing to the powerful protection of Mary.

The Bishop of Quebec gave full liberty to the Sisters to extend their schools throughout the province. They labored with that unremitting zeal which is ever rewarded by a ten-fold success. And so great was the number who begged admittance into the community of the Congregation, that in the space of ten years the Foundress had the happiness of receiving *forty-seven* members, to whom she promised neither wealth nor earthly comfort. The only attraction was the simplicity and poverty of the Gospel.

Since we have now come to that period at which this establishment attained its formation, we shall dwell with the more pleasure on the admirable inspirations by which the Holy Spirit directed Mother Bourgeois. The two principal ends she proposed to her children were, (1.) their *own sanctification*, (2.) *that of their neighbor*. Both these ends she accomplished in prescribing the three vows of poverty, chastity, and obedience; recommending, at the same time, frequent prayer, holy meditation, serious examination, spiritual retirement.

Mother Bourgeois proposing the Most Blessed Virgin as the model of her Sisterhood, particularly wished that the

nuns should be *totally* devoted to female instruction, and consequently gave them the title of "Sœurs Séculières de la Congrégation de N. D.," because, not making the solemn vows, they are not cloistered religious. However, they adopt the title of "The Congregation of our Lady," considering the Queen of Apostles as their head, their model, and their special patron.

Instruction, in which the Sisters excel, was not merely confined to the city, but extended to the more distant Indian child, even at the very risk of life. Virtue they particularly inculcated, insinuating at the same time the practice of it, to which was added the training of the youthful mind to the love and pursuit of those arts and sciences the knowledge of which may be turned to a useful account at a later period.

The dress of the Sisters was extremely plain, consisting of a black habit, partly open in front, the folds formed by a belt. The neckerchief and head-dress was of linen, to which was added a veil and a small silver cross worn on the bosom.

To finish the description of this excellent religious institute, we shall say one word more on the qualities required in order to be numbered among the happy children of the heroic Margaret Bourgeois. These qualities may be gathered from her address to the Most Blessed Virgin: "My good and tender Mother," said she, "I request neither wealth nor honors, nor the pleasures afforded by worldly friends, for this community. I beseech thee to obtain for me, that God may be faithfully served therein. Permit not that women who are of a proud, imperious, or presumptuous disposition may ever find admittance, nor those whose hearts are engaged in worldly pleasures, whose language is either slanderous or sarcastic, and who do not endeavor to study and reduce to practice that humility which thy adorable Son has taught, which He has sea'ed with His precious blood, and which thou, O Mother of God.

¹ Secular Sisters of the Congregation of our Lady.

have practiced so fathfully!" And she added: "Let all who seek to be admitted into the Congregation be firmly resolved to abandon worldly principles, bad habits, and evil inclinations, to separate themselves from parents, friends, in a word, from all that might uselessly engage their attention, and when admitted they should feel apprehensive, lest they might prove unfaithful to God, to whom they have consecrated themselves. Perfect submission, poverty, and interior recollection should be the characteristics of every member of this institution."

It was thus, above all things, she sought in her novices that religious perfection of which she herself was a shining example. Talents and intellect, though of secondary consideration, were also required to fulfill the duty of a Sister of the Congregation. But neither wealth nor fortune ever entered into her calculations. What she seemed most to fear was, that any endowed with the necessary qualifications should be refused admittance on account of pecuniary circumstances.

She used to say, with a disinterested enthusiasm: "I would willingly embrace and admit a novice with a true vocation, even if her pecuniary circumstances were at the very lowest ebb." It was from this principle that she entreated the Bishop of Quebec not to incorporate her congregation with any other religious or cloistered community, adducing as reason, that a fortune being necessary in those asylums, it would be an impediment to persons not in easy circumstances to consecrate themselves to God.

Up to this time the Congregation de Notre Dame had no fixed rule. The members observed what Mother Bourgeois prescribed by way of trial. She conversed on the necessity of a rule with the Bishop of Quebec. To supply this deficiency she came to the determination of crossing for the third time to France, there to seek and bring back the essence of that admirable Rule given to the Sisters at a later period by Bishop St. Valier, of Quebec.

Shortly after her arrival in Montreal, a fire consumed her entire convent in the dead of night. So sudden and so dread-

ful was this conflagration that two of the nuns perished in the flames. The death of these two inestimable members made a most melancholy impression on the sensitive heart of the holy Foundress. The loss of the building, indeed, compared to this bereavement, seemed of no consideration. But without delay, she laid the foundation of another convent, much larger and more convenient than the former, and that, too, with no more assistance than the scanty means furnished by the strict economy of the Sisterhood.

God, who delights in increasing the merits of His beloved children, sometimes permits that trials and sufferings should put their patience to the test. The hour has now struck, which had been marked by the Divine Will, in which our heroine's susceptible heart was also to be tried and found worthy. Interior conflicts of the most distressing nature caused her to feel as if her God had entirely rejected her. The slightest fault was magnified. She reproached herself, that selfish egotism was the motive of her every action. Such frightful illusions cast her sad soul into an abyss of affliction; not so much from the apprehension of hell, and all its dire consequences, as the separation from that God she so tenderly and beautifully loved. Prayer, self-denial, perfect submission, self-contempt, all were ineffectually employed for relief. The chalice was yet fraught with bitterness, and it must be exhausted to a drop. This thorny and overclouded path she trod for the space of four years, at the expiration of which Almighty God exhibited His mercy and justice and love by restoring peace to her troubled but dauntless soul—a peace which she had so long sought in vain.

These painful temptations having vanished, Mother Bourgeois resigned the superiority, and even declined taking part in the government or administration of the convent for the last seven years of her life. This time she devoted exclusively to the practice of interior virtues known only to Heaven.

CHAPTER V.

THE SUNSET OF A BEAUTIFUL LIFE.

The virtues of Mother Bourgeois—Her Charity—Gives away her bed—Institutes missions for women—Schools for country children—Walks 180 miles in winter—Her humility—Poverty of spirit—Miraculous favors—The last sublime act of life—Her death—Her character.

The virtues of Mother Bourgeois were of the most heroic cast. In her character there was a harmony, a rounded beauty that excites our highest admiration. Her tender affection for her fellow-creatures was second only to her boundless love of God. On one occasion she purchased a lot of ground at Quebec for the purpose of opening a school in that city; but certain interested individuals contested the purchase. Mother Bourgeois, rather than contend, resigned her legal rights, stating that she not only loved her neighbor, but even wished to preserve her neighbor in the love which *he owed to her*. Amply was she repaid for this Christian disinterestedness. As she was leaving the Church, in which she had confided and offered to Almighty God the sacrifice of her hopes and disappointments, an unknown person approached, and handed her a sum equal to that required of her by those unjust and exacting men!

Her disposal of the bed presented to her before her departure from France by Mr. de la Bessonière, is quite characteristic. The first winter she passed in Canada was perhaps the most rigorous. During that fearfully cold season, a poor soldier came to complain to the common mother of all the distressed then in Montreal, that he was perishing for want of a mattress whereon to repose his weary limbs. Dear Margaret Bourgeois' tender heart was touched; but

what relief could she afford? She gave him her own bed, the only one she had. Shortly after, a companion of the unfortunate soldier, having learned the success of his fellow-in-arms, came to make a new draft on the good Sister's charity. She gave him the blankets. No application, it appears, was made for the pillow. Thus she reduced herself to the extremity of passing nearly the whole of a rigorous Canadian winter on the bare ground; and her sufferings must have been beyond description.

Knowing well the immense power that woman wields in this world, Mother Bourgeois considered it of the utmost importance to promote solid piety among her sex. For married and unmarried females she instituted assemblies, to which sermons and exhortations were addressed, according to their respective stations. For a time these meetings seemed to produce slight results; and it was thought advisable to discontinue them. But she would not hear of it. "Should no greater good," she remarked, "be derived from them than that one sin should thereby be prevented, she would deem herself amply rewarded for the trouble they gave." Even just before her death, this saintly woman enjoined on her Sisterhood never to consent that those assemblies should be abolished. Her intentions were punctually fulfilled. To this day they are the object of the zeal of the Sisters of the Congregation. She also entreated her religious to give spiritual retreats for the poor scholars, and imposed, as an imperative obligation, that the members of her Community should be sent to form schools in different parts of Canada for the instruction of the country children.

In 1686, Mother Bourgeois learned that the Bishop of Quebec wished to confer with her on the subject of a house, which he intended to open in his episcopal city for the instruction of poor children. Immediately she set out for Quebec. The distance was about one hundred and eighty miles, and the journey was made *on foot*, in the midst of snow and ice. But her painful voyage was the least part of the work. She spent four days of Holy Week in the laborious undertaking of preparing and furnishing

the new house ; and passed whole nights prostrate before the Blessed Sacrament, praying for the success of her mission. To her all labor was luxury, and suffering a blessing in disguise, provided she gained souls to God.

In her humility there was also something heroic and beautiful. She often said she believed she had not the least intellect, and desired to be forgotten and despised. Yet her lofty and sensitive nature felt humiliations keenly. "I request humiliations," she would say, "and when the Almighty permits that I am so favored, I keenly feel them. I fear I may yet fall into some serious faults." In giving the habit to her novices, she was wont to repeat: "My dear Sister, be always humble and little in your own eyes."

The love of poverty was another virtue that adorned the character of this noble woman. She was most careful that the Sisters should be trained to the practice of this virtue. "The Blessed Virgin," she writes, "whose children we are, embraced the most rigorous poverty. Our Lord chose a *stable* for his palace, a manger for a cradle, a little straw for a *bed of state*. In after years, He had not whereon to repose His adorable *head*; and in the painful agony of death, a cross was *His dying pillow*. Blessed are the poor in spirit, says our Lord in one of his first instructions. It will avail naught to be exteriorly poor. The heart must be detached from the little possessed, and even from the desire of acquiring, and be satisfied with what the community affords, even in sickness, unless necessity requires the contrary. In the missions," she continues, "the Sisters should live in the same state of poverty, seeking not their own comfort, but the good and happiness of their neighbor."

How great soever was the poverty she so wisely prescribed to her Sisters, the apprehension of their suffering from want never gave her the least concern, being persuaded that "*He* who provides for the birds of the air" will not fail to provide for them! Her unlimited confidence in Divine Providence was frequently rewarded by extraordinary succor in the moment of need. During a famine, the Sister

charged with the bakery saw her portion of flour reduced to such a point that she deemed it useless to bake for the Community. Mother Bourgeois, however, told her not to defer. The obedient Sister immediately complied, and found the flour multiplying in her hands, and that to such a degree that she had as many loaves as five times the quantity of flour could have produced!

On another occasion the Community was so reduced, that not even a mouthful of bread could be afforded for supper. The humble Mother Bourgeois, whose desire was to do good in secret, sent for the same nun who had charge of the bakery, and told her to go to the chapel and beg the Most Blessed Virgin to supply the deficiency. No sooner was the prayer offered than the bread desired was sent to the Convent. This dear and holy Mother used to go where the wheat was deposited, and there recite the Lord's prayer; and He who is ever attentive to the supplications of His beloved children caused the quantity of the little store visibly to increase. Some of the Sisters were so struck with this extraordinary augmentation that they began to measure the wheat, but Mother Bourgeois, being informed of it, put a stop to their laudable curiosity, adding, "that it would be the cause of a privation, a cessation of the benefits of our Heavenly Father."

Pecuniary circumstances not permitting the Sister Treasurer, in 1690, to purchase even a *bushel* of wheat, so great was the expense compared with the means of the Community, nevertheless, sufficient flour was found for the whole Community for the space of four months. This the Treasurer very judiciously attributed to the prayers of Mother Bourgeois, who never failed to visit the little wheat that remained, from time to time, offering up her fervent prayers for its increase. A person highly creditable who lived in the Convent also relates that wine had become so scarce that it could not be had in Montreal. The Sisters of the Congregation supplied the sick of the city, as well as the quantity necessary for the Masses said at the parish church. What is here particularly remarkable is, when

the ships arrived from France with wine, the barrel which had so freely supplied the liquor refused to flow.

The same person asserts that the Sisters were once on the point of entering the dining-room for dinner, when Mother Bourgeois was told it was useless to assemble her daughters for the frugal repast ; nevertheless, she had the bell rung for the examination of conscience, and proceeded as customary to the refectory ; when lo ! a person entered with all that is required for dinner. It is thus our Heavenly Father realizes the word of His Divine Son : "Seek first the Kingdom of God and His justice, and all these things shall be added unto you."

But far from presuming on the extraordinary assistance of Providence, Mother Bourgeois rarely requested to be miraculously favored. Such was the austerity of her life, that indeed very, very little was required for her subsistence; and even that little was seasoned with mixtures ingeniously introduced to render it unpalatable. One meal, with a little soup in the evening, was her daily diet. Her positions, either sitting or standing, she rendered painful, through a spirit of mortification.

So completely had she destroyed the sense of taste by an uninterrupted application to render food disagreeable, that she could partake of the best and the worst, without either pleasure or disgust. Her bed was of straw and her pillows of wood. In her frequent voyages, the cables or ropes were the bed on which she reposed, and this painful repose was short and regularly interrupted two hours every night to offer her pure and holy meditations to God. The severity of the most rigorous season she never alleviated by approaching a fire. And to all this could be added different kinds of austerities not easily described.

The last act of Mother Bourgeois was indeed a fitting termination to the heroic and beautiful life which now drew to its close. On the last night of the year 1699, Sister St. Angel fell dangerously ill. A sudden alarm was spread through the convent. But, holy and gentle Sisters, despair not of the life of your dear companion ! She

whose life was one continued act of charity shall shortly end it by a supreme act of that sublime virtue. No sooner was the venerable Foundress informed of the critical condition of Sister St. Angel, than she exclaimed, with all the ardor of her pious and lofty soul: "O My God! why wilt thou not accept the sacrifice of my life, rather than deprive the Community of that dear and excellent child?"

The words were scarcely uttered when the dangerous symptoms of the sick Sister disappeared; and Mother Bourgeois was seized with a mortal disease which she bore for the space of twelve days with that grand spirit of self-denial, resignation, and blessed joy which ever characterized her in her sufferings. The Sacraments of the Church consoled her last moments. She breathed her pure soul into the hands of God, and calmly departed this life, cheered by the bright hope of those who having instructed many unto justice shall shine as the stars of heaven forever and forever. And thus passed away amid the scene of her toils and sufferings the famous and saintly Foundress of the Congregation de Notre Dame, in the eightieth year of her age, on the 12th of January, 1700.¹

"'Tis pleasant in the gay greenwood—so all the poets sing—
To breathe the very breath of flowers, and hear the sweet birds sing;
'Tis pleasant to shut out the world—behind their curtain green,
And live and laugh, or muse and pray, forgotten and unseen;
But men or angels seldom saw a sight to Heaven more dear,
Than Sister Margaret and her flock, upon our hillside here."²

"From morn till eve, a hum arose, above the maple trees,
A hum of harmony and praise from Sister Margaret's bees;

¹ "In Marguerite Bourgeois," writes Parkman, "was realized that fair ideal of Christian womanhood, a flower of earth, expanding in the rays of Heaven, which soothed with gentle influence the wilderness of a barbarous age."

The worthy spiritual daughters of the venerable Mother Bourgeois, the Sisters of the Congregation de Notre Dame, number nearly seven hundred. Their pupils may be set down as over 16,000. These religious Ladies constitute the great female Educational Order of Canada—and their influence has been widely felt even in the United States, where they conduct several establishments. Besides, many American young ladies attend their boarding-schools, especially the famous Villa Maria, at Montreal, which is the principal Academy of the Congregation.—"*History of the Catholic Church in the United States*," p. 424.

Since the foregoing went to press, Mother Bourgeois was declared *Venerable*.

² Mount Royal, at Montreal.

Egyptian hue and speech uncouth grew fair and sweet, when won
 To sing the song of Mary, and to serve her Saviour Son !
 The courier halted on his path, the sentry on his round,
 And barehead blessed the holy nun who made it holy ground.

“There came a day of tempest, where all was peace before—
 The Huron war-cry rang dismay on Hochelaga's shore—
 Then in that day all men confessed, with all man's humbled pride,
 How brave a heart, in God's good time, a convent serge may hide.
 The savage triumph'd o'er the Saint—a tiger in the fold—
 But the mountain mission stands to-day ! the Huron's tale is told !

* * * * *

“Dear Mother of our mountain home ! loved foundress of our school—
 Pray for thy children that they keep thy every sacred rule,
 Beseech thy glorious Patron—Our Lady full of grace—
 To guide and guard thy Sisterhood—and her who fills thy place,
 Thy other self—to whom we know all glad obedience given
 As rendered to thyself, will be repaid ten-fold in Heaven !

“For thee, my country ! many are the gifts God gives to thee,
 And glorious is thine aspect, from sunset to the sea,
 And many a cross is in thy midst, and many an altar fair,
 And many a place where men may lay the burden that they bear,
 Ah ! may it be thy crowning gift, the last as 'twas the first,
 To see thy children at the knee of Margaret Bourgeois nursed !”¹

¹ Written by the Hon. T. D. McGee, at Montreal, in October, 1865.



LOUIS JOSEPH DE MONTCALM,

THE LAST COMMANDER-IN-CHIEF OF THE FRENCH FORCES IN CANADA.¹

CHAPTER I.

A FRENCH PHILOSOPHER ON FRANCE IN AMERICA.

The family, youth, education, and early career of Montcalm—The dreadful charge at the pass of Exilles—A glance at the Map—State of affairs in Canada at the time of Montcalm's arrival.

The French philosopher and poet Chateaubriand, at the close of the eloquent narrative of his "Travels in North America," gives expression to the painful feelings that clung to him, when forced to dwell on the names of Canada and Louisiana, and when the old maps displayed to him the extent of the ancient French dominion in America. He mused sorrowfully on the evil doom by which France lost a trans-Atlantic empire, which might now be to her a source of inexhaustible prosperity.

He truly says: "From Acadia and Canada to Louisiana, from the mouth of the St. Lawrence to that of the Mississippi, the territories of New France surrounded what originally formed the confederation of the thirteen United States. The other States, the District of Columbia, and Michigan, Northwest Missouri, Oregon, and the Arkansas territories, belonged, or would have belonged to us, as

¹ Chief authorities used: Un Père Jésuite, "De Montcalm en Canada, ou les Dernières années de la Colonie Française;" De Fontpertuis, "Les Français en Amérique;" "Bentley's Miscellany;" Abbé Ferland, "Cours d'Histoire du Canada;" Warburton, "The Conquest of Canada;" Bancroft, "History of the United States;" De Bonnechose, "Montcalm et le Canada Français."

they now belong to the United States, by the cession of the English and Spaniards, our first heirs in Canada and in Louisiana. More than two-thirds of North America would acknowledge the sovereignty of France.

“ We once possessed here vast countries, which might have offered a home to the excess of our population, an important market to our commerce, a nursery to our navy. Now, we are forced to confine in our prisons culprits condemned by the tribunals, for want of a spot of ground whereon to place these wretched creatures. We are excluded from the New World, where the human race is recommencing. The English and Spanish languages serve to express the thoughts of many millions of men in Africa, in Asia, in the South Sea Islands, on the continent of the two Americas; and we, disinherited of the conquests of our courage and our genius, hear the language of Racine, of Colbert, and of Louis XVI., spoken merely in a few hamlets of Louisiana and Canada, under a foreign sway. There it remains, as though but for an evidence of the reverses of our fortune and the errors of our policy. Thus, then, has France disappeared from North America, like those Indian tribes, with which she sympathized, and some of the wrecks of which I have beheld.”

The great Frenchman of the nineteenth century, who thus mourned over the glorious dominions in the Western World which might have been his country's, could at least have consoled himself by the reflection, that it was not through any want of individual heroes among her sons, that France lost those fair lands, and was deprived of so bright a future. Were we to mete out our admiration of the various European settlers in America by individual specimens of ability, energy, virtue, and heroism, there is no nation that would have a higher claim to our praise, than that which produced Champlain, Jogues, De Brébeuf, Marquette, La Salle, and finally, “the wise and chivalrous” Montcalm, the last and the best of the Paladins of France beyond the western wave.

Montcalm had fallen upon evil days. As he was born in

1712 and died in 1759, the whole of his life, except his early infancy, was comprised in the period of the reign of Louis XV., perhaps the most disgraceful and disastrous period in the history of modern France. Coarse licentiousness, imbecile favoritism, sordid prodigality, and apathetic disregard of duty, stigmatized the Court; and the noblesse, who monopolized all military and civil commands, in general but too faithfully imitated the vices of their sovereign. A few brilliant exceptions are discernible; and no name shines more purely than that of Montcalm, the representative of a long line of illustrious ancestry, whose glories, won in happier times, he eclipsed by the high qualities which he displayed in the darkest season of temptation, difficulty, and distress.

Louis Joseph, Marquis de Montcalm de Saint V éran, was born at the château of Candiac, near Nismes, on the 28th of February, 1712.¹ He had an elder brother, who was renowned as a youthful prodigy of learning, and who, like many other youthful prodigies, died in childhood of a disease of the brain. The two brothers were educated by Dumas, under whom the future defender of Canada acquired a familiarity with the classics, and a fondness for literature, which distinguished him throughout life; and which would probably have given him celebrity as a writer and a scholar, if the circumstances of his rank and social station had not devoted him, while still young, to a military career.

He soon attracted notice in the French armies both for bravery and intelligence. Ever forward to meet danger, he received three wounds at the battle of Placentia, and afterwards suffered still more severely at the battle of Exilles. In 1746, when this last-mentioned engagement was fought, the Marquis de Montcalm was colonel of a regiment of infantry, and he there received a lesson, which he afterwards

¹ Un de ses ancêtres, Jean de Montcalm, avait épousé Jeanne de Gozon, petite-nièce du grand-maître Deodat de Gozon, le vainqueur du dragon qui désola, longtemps, l'île de Rhodes. On aime à voir encore aujourd'hui dans les armes des Montcalm, au-dessous de la devise que notre héros a si bien justifiée: "*Mon innocence est ma force*," la figure mystérieuse du redoutable dragon.—"*De Montcalm en Canada*," p. 2.

turned to good account, of how useless the valor of the best troops may prove against fortified lines, though held by a very inferior force, if the defenders are judiciously commanded.

His regiment in that campaign formed part of the Army of Dauphiné, with which the Count de Belleisle endeavored to penetrate into Piedmont. On the 6th of July, Belleisle assaulted the entrenchments with which the Piedmontese had strengthened the pass of Exilles. The French columns advanced gallantly in three attacks, but were each time driven back with heavy loss ; **though such was** the devoted valor with which the **assaults** were made, that some of the French soldiers, who had reached the foot of the batteries, **sprang** into the enemy's lines through the embrasures in the fortification, when the Piedmontese cannons recoiled after a discharge.

Enraged at these repulses, the Count de Belleisle, to whom a marshal's baton had been promised if he could force his way into Piedmont, collected the officers of his army, formed them into a single column, and placing himself at their head, with the French colors in his hand, led them on in person to a last and desperate charge. Rushing forward through a fire that thinned their ranks at every step, this dauntless cohort of French nobility came sword in hand upon their sheltered foes. Though wounded by a musket-ball as he advanced, Belleisle planted the French standard within the Piedmontese lines, and was tearing down the palisades, when he was run through with a bayonet. Unable to force their way forward, and unwilling to retreat, the greater part of his officers were killed around him. Montcalm was one of the few that escaped. He was wounded, and had fallen, but was borne back by some of his surviving comrades to the French position.

On recovering from the effects of that dreadful day, Montcalm returned to active service ; and continued to distinguish himself, as he gradually rose in rank in the French armies, in Italy and in Germany. In 1756, he was a Field-marshal ; and in that year he received the perilous honor

of being nominated commander-in-chief of the French forces in North America, and of being intrusted with the mission of striving to rescue Canada from the dangerous grasp of England.

The amplitude of the dominion which the French once held in North America has already been described in the words of Chateaubriand. But a single glance at the map is more convincing than the most eloquent and copious description. On looking at the chart of the eastern coast of America below the barren limits of the Arctic circle, the broad estuary of the St. Lawrence fixes the attention. Passing inland along the line of this mighty river in a southwesterly direction, by Cape Breton and Nova Scotia, and thence through the Dominion of Canada, we reach Lake Ontario and Lake Erie, the two first of the remarkable chain of lakes, or rather of inland seas, which belt round the habitable districts of the New World as far as the neighborhood of the sources of the Mississippi, of the great river that rolls its waters from the precincts of Lake Superior for over three thousand miles from north to south, till, flowing through Louisiana, they fall into the Gulf of Mexico.

France claimed to possess, and actually had organized the colonization of the whole of the territories that form the basin of the St. Lawrence and the magnificent valley of the Mississippi.¹ She had founded the city of New Orleans on the embouchure of the last of these rivers, and the cities of Montreal and Quebec on the most commanding sites of the shore of the St. Lawrence. Round New Orleans she had colonized a district, which she had named after her "Grand Monarque," Louisiana. But on the line of the great northern river she had founded the far more important settlements of Canada; and had also colonized Cape Breton and Acadia, which gave the apparent command of the entrance of the St. Lawrence, as her Louisianian settlement gave her that of the Mississippi.

¹ "La vallée du Mississippi est à tout prendre la plus magnifique demeure que Dieu ait jamais préparée pour l'homme."—*De Tocqueville*.

Her wisest statesmen had urged on the Court of Versailles the expediency of forming a line of fortifications throughout the intermediate space between Canada and Louisiana, and also of sending out ten thousand French peasants to form settlements under the shelter of these fortifications along the shores of the most southerly of the great lakes, and along the banks of the Mississippi and its western affluents. This bold and wise project was slighted by the home government; but the able men who commanded in Canada for France did much for its realization.

The conflict between the French and British races in America had been long and chequered; but the balance of advantage and of resources for further struggles was decidedly against France, when Montcalm received the dangerous dignity of Military Commander of Canada. When the great war of the Spanish Succession was terminated in Europe, some clauses were added to the Treaty of Utrecht, by which Louis XIV. ceded away forever, with ignorant indifference, the noble province of Acadia, or Nova Scotia, the inexhaustible fisheries of New Foundland, and his claims to the vast but almost unknown regions of Hudson's Bay.

The forty-three years that followed 1713 had been partly times of open war; and they had always been times of active real hostility between the French and English in America, even when the two nations were nominally at peace. In the midsummer of 1756, the first year of the Seven Years' War, the English had experienced several disasters, but on the whole they were slowly gaining the mastery over the French in America. Braddock's defeat on the 8th of July, 1755, had caused the crushed arms of Britain to recede for a time from the Ohio.¹ But Oswego, the

¹ General Braddock was the headstrong commander-in-chief of England's forces in her North American colonies. He had been sent out in the spring of 1755, and in the summer of the same year, he began his unfortunate expedition against Fort Duquesne, a French stronghold on the Ohio, at the present site of Pittsburgh. He left the frontiers of Virginia with 2,500 men. After a time he grew impatient at the slowness of the march, ordered General Dunbar to follow him with the baggage, and pushed on with 1,200 light troops. This was done at the advice of Washington, who was one of his aide-de-camp. The latter had already warned Braddock of the Indian mode of fighting; and even Benjamin Franklin, who

most important post on the line of operations from Canada towards the Mississippi, was in English hands; and, on the line of Lake Champlain and Lake George, Sir William Johnson, at the head of the militia of the New England States, had gained considerable advantages, and had established and garrisoned two forts, named Fort William Henry and Fort Edward.

The number of regular European troops collected in the English colonies, far outnumbered those in Canada. And the difference between the population of Canada and that of the English colonies was such as to throw fearful odds into the scale against those whose duty it was to uphold the fleur-de-lis of France against the blood-stained flag of England in the New World. The whole number of the *habitans* of Canada, when Montcalm arrived there, did not amount to sixty thousand. The population of the thirteen English colonies exceeded a million and a quarter. The difference in wealth and resources was perhaps even greater.¹

Earnest entreaties had been sent from Quebec to Paris for assistance in what was now felt to be the decisive struggle between the French and English in America. With all its faults, the French Court cannot be denied the praise of having generally selected men of eminent ability to fill the stations

visited the General at Frederickton, did the same. But it was words thrown away. The English commander-in-chief was a vain man, and held the provincial troops and the Indians in contempt. His self-confidence proved his ruin. When he was less than seven miles from Fort Duquesne, he was suddenly attacked on the 8th of July, 1755, by about 800 Indians and a few Frenchmen, commanded by an officer with no higher rank than that of Captain. The French and Indians were posted chiefly behind trees. The English were in open ground, and were scorched by deadly volleys of musketry. As the officers led their men against the unseen foes, they themselves were shot down. Braddock was killed, after exhibiting the most obstinate bravery. The British troops fell into confusion, and it took all the skill of Washington to cover a precipitate retreat. It was a most disastrous day for the English; 800 of their number were killed, and of these 62 were officers.—*Scott*.

¹ What was the respective situations of the two colonies as they proceeded to contend in a deadly duel? The English plantations, with their 1,500,000 inhabitants, were at this period twenty times more populous than Canada, which then numbered only 80,000. At the same time their territory, more compact and infinitely less extended than that of Canada, was more easy of defense. Besides, it was backed by the sea, and in direct communication with the metropolis; while after the loss of Acadia, Canada had no other avenue than the St. Lawrence. To these advantages of situation and number add another, the British colonies were more rich and flourishing.—*De Bonnechose*, "*Montcalm et le Canada Français*."

of high command in its provinces; and it was from his reputation not only for courage and military skill, but for general intellectual capacity and energy, that Montcalm now received the appointment of Commander-in-chief of the French armies in Canada.

CHAPTER II.

MONTCALM IN AMERICA.

At Quebec—The chief strongholds—The Indians as allies—Montcalm greatly loved by the dusky chiefs and warriors—At Fort Frontenac—The storming of Oswego—The capture of Fort William Henry—Famine—The battle of Ticonderoga—Great foresight of Montcalm—The battle of the Plains of Abraham at Quebec—Wolfe's victory—Montcalm mortally wounded—His last hours—His death—His personal appearance.

The Marquis de Montcalm took with him to America five veteran regiments of the French army, some of which had already been under his command, and all of which he brought to Canada in the highest possible state of equipment and efficiency. He arrived at Quebec in the summer of 1756, and remained there only a few days to refresh his troops, and make himself master of the state of affairs in Canada, and of the position and probable plans of the enemy's forces.

At this time the English held Oswego with about fourteen hundred regular troops. Lord Loudon and General Abercromby were at Albany, on the Hudson, with the main force, of more than ten thousand soldiers, partly British and partly provincial. From that point the English army could move either upon Oswego, or upon Lake Champlain. An English force under General Winslow was already in the vicinity of this lake, and threatened the French stronghold of Crown Point and Ticonderoga.

Montcalm resolved to strike an effective blow upon the English power at one of its two advanced points before support could be given from Lord Loudon's central but more remote

army. Oswego¹ was Montcalm's mark; but he first made a rapid journey to Ticonderoga, improved its defenses, and assured it as far as possible from capture, while he concentrated the chief part of the French force upon Oswego. Returning rapidly from Ticonderoga, he collected at Montreal the veteran regiments that he had brought from France, and a considerable force of the Canadian militia. With these he marched to Fort Frontenac (now Kingston), near the northeastern extremity of Lake Ontario, and on the 5th of August mustered his European and Canadian troops, and also a large force of confederate Indian warriors.

The co-operation of the native tribes was eagerly sought both by the French and the English in their struggles for ascendancy in America. The Indians were nearly useless against regular troops in an encounter in a fair field, as it was found impossible to bring them under effective discipline, or to check their ferocious cruelty. But they were formidable combatants in the irregular warfare which necessarily formed a main part of a contest carried on amid the primeval wildernesses and forests of North America. The French far surpassed the English in the skill with which they ingratiated themselves with the Red Men of the New World; and Montcalm was peculiarly eminent for the ascendancy which he acquired over the native warriors.

The personal description which is given of Montcalm might at first lead us to suppose that he was less fitted to become popular among the dignified chiefs and warriors of the Indian tribes than among the ranks of his brave and courteous countrymen. He is described as "small in stature, rapid in conversation, and of restless mobility." But his courage, his remarkable power of enduring privations and fatigue, the cheerful readiness with which he set the example of facing every necessary danger and bearing every hardship, the skill which he showed in concealing his plans

¹ In New York.

from the enemy, the energetic celerity with which he dealt his blows, and the adroitness with which he withdrew from the counter-blows that were aimed at him, soon raised him high in the estimation of his native allies; and no other European general ever was so well aided by the Indians as was Montcalm, not only during the successes of the first years of his command, but also during the reverses and difficulties of the latter portion of his American career.

On the 5th of August, 1756, Montcalm reviewed at Fort Frontenac the force with which he designed to capture Oswego; on the 9th he had placed a division of his army within a mile and a half of the British position without his approach having been discovered; and on the 12th he had his whole force assembled, and opened his lines against a small fort which the British had raised near Oswego, as an advanced work for its defense. On the 13th the small fort was captured, and on the evening of the 14th Montcalm had battered down part of the walls of Oswego itself. The English commander and many of his men had fallen beneath the superior fire of the besiegers, and the remainder of the garrison surrendered. Two English regiments thus became Montcalm's prisoners; one hundred and twenty cannons, six vessels of war, a large flotilla of barks, which had been collected on the river close to the fort, three chests of gold, and an immense quantity of provisions and military stores, were also the fruits of this enterprise.¹

Immediately after his victory, Montcalm paid due homage to the God of victories. In the middle of the enclosure of the fort he planted a large Cross, with this inscription: *In hoc signo vincunt*, "by this sign we have conquered." The Abbé Piquot blessed the pious monument. Near this Cross he raised a post which bore the arms of France and an other inscription, worthy alike of a polished and great commander—*Manibus date lilia plenis*.

¹ The offensive works of Oswego were quite formidable for the time and country. They consisted of three detached forts, named respectively Ontario, Chouaguen (the ancient name of Oswego), and George. The plan of these works can be seen in "Montcalm en Canada," p. 35. The English garrison numbered nearly 2,000. Montcalm's force consisted, according to his own account, of 1,800 regular troops, 1,500 Canadians, and 250 Indians, or a total of 3,550.

The Iroquois had looked on the existence of a European fort at Oswego with peculiar jealousy and ill-will ; and in order to secure their friendship, Montcalm had the sagacity to forego the immediate advantage of placing a French garrison at the spot, and caused the remains of the defenses to be leveled with the ground.

This splendid success raised high the military reputation of France in the New World ; and Montcalm signalized the following year by an equally bold and brilliant achievement. Lord Loudon, the English commander in America, resolved to make the siege of Louisburg, in Cape Breton, the great operation of the campaign of 1757. Montcalm watched in grim expectation, until Loudon, by drawing away the flower of the British forces to this distant enterprise, gave him the opportunity of striking a blow on the advanced posts of English power near Lake George, like that which he had dealt them near Lake Ontario.

Colonel Monro held Fort William Henry with a garrison of two thousand men, and General Webb had a force of four thousand more at Fort Edward. Montcalm determined to surprise and capture Fort William Henry. He suddenly collected the warriors of thirty-three Indian tribes and his French veterans, with heavy ordnance and stores for a siege, at Ticonderoga, and thence moved rapidly southward on his intended prey. It had been a season of scarcity in Canada. But small stores were collected for the army. They must conquer speedily or disband. "On such an expedition," said Montcalm to his officers, "a blanket and a bearskin are the warrior's couch. Do like me with cheerful good-will. The soldier's allowance is enough for us."

Enabled by the zeal of his troops and his Indian allies to drag a flotilla of canoes and boats across the neck of land between Lake Champlain and Lake George, and to traverse unobserved the northern part of the last lake, Montcalm, on the 2d of August, brought his full force, amounting to eight thousand men, close upon Fort William Henry ; and on the 6th the trenches had been dug and the besieging bat-

teries opened. Monro and his garrison bravely resisted for two days ; but their ammunition began to fail. Webb refused to march to their assistance, and on the 9th of August they capitulated. Fort William Henry, like Fort Oswego, was leveled to the earth.

The news of its fall reached Lord Loudon, in Cape Breton, and recalled him from his inefficient operations against Louisburg to defend New York. The downfall of the British power in America was thought by many to be imminent, and though Montcalm's means were inadequate for following up his success by a regular invasion of the English colonies, he girt their whole landward frontier with flame and desolation. Numerous bands of Canadians and Indians made incessant inroads into the territory of every British settlement, from New Hampshire and Massachusetts round to the Carolinas.

But though thus triumphant in the field, the heroic Montcalm felt his strength gradually diminishing, and knew too well how inadequate were the resources of Canada, against those which the English in America still possessed against him. His enterprises and the incessant border-warfare called nearly the whole serviceable male population of Canada away from the labors of agriculture. A scarcity of corn and other provisions was the inevitable result.

In a dispatch written by Montcalm to the French ministry in February, 1758, the victorious General says, "I shudder when I think of provisions. The famine is very great. In spite of all our success, Canada needs peace, or sooner or later it must fall ; such are the numbers of the English, such the difficulty of our receiving supplies." He was urgent in his entreaties for reinforcements in troops, artillery, and munitions ; but the French Government gave itself no trouble about the fate of Canada ; while, on the other hand, the English Government had passed, in 1757, into the energetic hands of the elder Pitt, whose favorite project was

¹ The plan of Fort William Henry can be seen in "*Montcalm en Canada*," p. 81. See also the "*Journal of Charles Carroll of Carrollton*," p. 49, etc.

the destruction of French power in America, and who employed the vast resources of England unsparingly and pertinaciously for the complete conquest of Canada. Yet for twelve months more did the splendid genius of Montcalm delay that event; and the year 1758 was marked by the most brilliant, though it was the last, of his victories.

Three expeditions were undertaken by the British this year in America. Louisburg was attacked by a formidable armament from England. A force of fifteen thousand regular British troops and five thousand provincials was formed in Philadelphia under General Forbes, and destined to capture Fort Duquesne, and drive the French from the valley of the Ohio. The largest European army yet seen in the New World was collected at Albany, under General Abercrombie, and designed to conquer the French forts at Ticonderoga and Crown Point, and advance by Lake Champlain into Canada.

Montcalm knew this to be the most formidable of the blows leveled at his province; and he determined to meet it in person. Abercrombie set his army in motion early in July, and reached the northwestern shore of Lake George a little to the south of Ticonderoga. He had fifteen thousand men, more than six thousand of whom were regular British troops. Montcalm had not more than three thousand French soldiers, and about five hundred Canadians. But he remembered the day of Exilles, and fortified a position in front of Ticonderoga with an earthen breastwork and a thick abattis of felled trees. Abercrombie made no attempt to turn his line, but sent the British infantry forward to storm the center of Montcalm's well-chosen position.

As the regiments of Britain struggled on the 8th of July, 1758, amid the felled trees that formed the front of the French position, Montcalm's men, admirably posted behind the breastwork, shot them down by hundreds. Hour after hour did this scene of butchery continue. The obstinate courage of the English only served to increase the carnage. At last, the attacking columns in their fright, confusion,

and desperation, fired upon each other. Wild disorder followed, and, finally, Abercrombie's once splendid but now shattered army fled in utter and disgraceful rout, leaving nearly 5,000 men in killed and wounded, while Montcalm's little force only lost 390.¹

Writing to his friend Doreil, on the evening of the victory, Montcalm says, "The King's little army has whipped its enemies. What a day for France! If I had had 200 Indians to serve at the head of a detachment of 1,000 picked men, I would have given the command of them to the Chevalier de Lévis, and few of the English could have escaped. Ah! what troops are ours, my dear Doreil. I never saw anything to match them!"²

¹ The plan of this battle, termed by French writers the "bataille de Carillon," may be seen in "Montcalm en Canada," p. 128.

² The following extract is from the Journal of the famous Charles Carroll of Carrollton. It was written on his visit to Canada in 1778, as one of the Commissioners from Congress:

"22d April. I this morning took a ride with General Schuyler across the portage, or from the landing place at the bottom of Lake George to Ticonderoga. The landing place is properly on the river which runs out of Lake George into Lake Champlain, and may be a mile and a half from the place where the former may be said to terminate, i.e., where the lake is contracted into a river, as a current and shallow water. This river, computing its length from the aforesaid spot to the foot of the falls at the saw-mills, and its windings, which are inconsiderable, is not more than four or five miles long. From the foot of the saw-mill falls there is stillwater into Lake Champlain. It is at the foot of these falls that the batteaux, brought over land, are launched into the water, and the artillery and the apparatus belonging to it are embarked in them: the stores, such as provisions, ball, powder, etc., are embarked from Ticonderoga. At sixty or seventy yards below the saw-mill there is a bridge over the river. This bridge was built by the King during the last war; the road from the landing place to Ticonderoga passes over it, and you then have the river on the right; when you have passed the bridge you immediately ascend a pretty high hill, and keep ascending till you reach the famous lines made by the French in the last war, which Abercrombie was so infatuated as to attack with musketry only—his cannon was lying at the bridge, about a mile or something better from these lines.

The event of the day is too well known to be mentioned; we lost near 1,600 men! Had the cannon been brought up the French would not have waited to be attacked; it was morally impossible to succeed against these lines with small arms only, particularly in the manner they were attacked—our army passing before them, and receiving a fire from the whole extent. Whereas, had it marched lower down, or to the north-west of these lines, it would have flanked them; they were constructed of large trunks of trees, felled on each other, with earth thrown up against them. On the side next the French troops, they had, besides felling trees, lopped and sharpened their branches, and turned them to wards the enemy. The trunks of the trees remain to this day plied up as described, but are fast going to decay. As soon as you enter these lines you have a full view of Lake Champlain and Ticonderoga Fort, distant about a quarter of a mile. The land from thence gradually declines to the spot on which the fort is built. . . . Ticonderoga Fort is in a ruinous condition; it was once a tolerable fortification. The ramparts are faced with stone. I saw a few pieces of cannon mounted on one bastion, more for show I apprehend, than service. In the present state of affairs this fort is of no other use than as an *entrepôt* or magazine for stores, as from this place all supplies for our army in Canada are shipped to go down Lake Champlain. I saw four vessels, viz: three schooners and one sloop; these are to be armed

The French consecrated a whole day to the solemn work of interring their heroic dead. Though the number was comparatively small, it was an enormous loss for the struggling colony of Canada. This sad work was accompanied by military honors and the prayers of the Church.

At the very summit of the breastwork which had witnessed the slaughter of England's trained and stubborn cohorts, the pious Montcalm raised a majestic Cross to render glory to the God of victory. To it he attached this inscription:

"QUID DUX? QUID MILES? QUID STRATA INGENTIA LIGNA?
EN SIGNUM! EN VICTOR! DEUS HIC DEUS IPSE TRUMPHAT."¹

The grand victory of Ticonderoga gave Canada safety for the year 1758 along the line of the lakes, but on the other two scenes of warfare the English were successful. Louisburg and Fort Duquesne were taken: and it was known that Pitt was resolved to renew the attack on Canada in the next year with still larger forces, led by abler and bolder generals. Abandoned by the French Government, the gallant Montcalm prepared to do his duty to the last, and, in his own words, "resolved to find a grave under the ruins of the colony."

Though convinced of the hopelessness of the struggle which he was left to maintain, and certain that he must inevitably be crushed sooner or later by the enemy, Montcalm found consolation in the thought that the conquest of Canada would eventually prove a more injurious blow to England herself than to France.² He had the sagacity to foresee and foretell, that as soon as the English colonists in America were relieved from the pressure of a hostile French power, they would feel themselves independent of

to keep the mastery of the lake in case we should lose St. John's and be driven out of Canada; in the meantime they will be employed in carrying supplies to our troops in that country.—Pp. 58-60.

¹ Which may be thus translated: "What has the General done? What have the soldiers done? To what purpose have these enormous trees been overturned? Behold the true standard! Behold the Conqueror! Here, it is God, it is God Himself who has triumphed."

² See his letter to M. Molé, cited in the Appendix to Warburton, p. 507, Vol. II.

English protection, and that their revolt against England would be the speedy result of that feeling.

The illustrious French General made this remarkable prediction only a few days before his own death, and when he knew himself to be a doomed man. Like the prophecy of the dying Hector, the prediction of the falling defender of Canada was speedily and completely realized. The surrender of Cornwallis and his English regiments at Yorktown followed within twenty-two years of the victory of Wolfe at Quebec.

Of the three English armies which assailed Canada in 1759, two were so far kept in check, that, though they gained advantages, they were unable to reach Quebec and co-operate in its reduction. And had the third English army been commanded by an ordinary general, that also would have been baffled and out-generaled by the skilful tactics of Montcalm, and compelled at the approach of winter to retire from the uncaptured walls of the Canadian capital.

Even against the frowns of inevitable misfortune and the genius of Wolfe, with an army of chosen troops, the great Montcalm long maintained the advantage; and on the last day of July, he gave the British General a severe repulse in an attempt made to storm the French lines at Montmorenci.

When at length Wolfe succeeded in placing his army on the Plains of Abraham,¹ above Quebec, the Marquis de

¹ So-called because this district of country was the property of Abraham Martin, Pilot to the King on the St. Lawrence, in 1643. The name has become historic. The writer has often stood on the Plains of Abraham—to this day a vast common situated some distance west of the great military works which crown the summit of Cape Diamont, directly above the city of Quebec. A monument marks the spot where Wolfe fell. The ground where the battle was fought is not entirely level, but somewhat uneven and broken in appearance. The French, it seems, occupied the higher ground towards the city, but this was the only advantage they possessed. Montcalm's force was largely made up of militia and Indians. As regards the numbers on each side, the learned and very accurate author of "*Montcalm en Canada*" puts the English at 4,828 men; the French at 4,500. The English force, it must be remembered, consisted of picked troops—the very *élite* of the army.

It is curious to notice how authorities differ as to the number of troops on each side in this historic battle.

Bancroft gives the French 5,000; the English 5,000. Garneau, the French 4,500, the English 8,000. Beatson, the French 7,500; the English 4,828. Dussieux, the French, 4,500; the English 5,000. Hawkins, the French 5,000, the English, 4,800.

The figures given by Garneau to the English, and by Beatson to the French, are evidently exaggerated.

Montcalm led his feeble force to the desperate undertaking of dislodging the English—by which alone the city could be saved—with as much impetuous valor as he had previously shown caution and coolness. But the result of the encounter between Wolfe's carefully chosen veterans and "Montcalm's five weak French battalions mingled with disorderly peasantry" could scarcely be doubtful. The genius of no one man could have changed the tide of victory; and Canada soon became a part of the British empire.¹

Early in the action, Montcalm was struck by a musket-ball; but with dauntless courage he continued to cheer on his men that fought, and to rally those who fled, till he received a second bullet. He fell mortally wounded. As he was borne into Quebec, some women, seeing the blood flowing from his wounds, exclaimed: "The Marquis is killed!" He graciously reassured them, and told them not to feel anxious, as it was nothing serious.

On being taken to the residence of the surgeon his wound was pronounced mortal. "How long have I yet to live?" calmly demanded the dying hero. "Ten or twelve hours, at the most," replied the surgeon. "The shorter the better," returned Montcalm; and he added, "at least I shall not see the English in Quebec."

Addressing himself to De Ramezay, the next in command, he said, "To your care I commit the honor of France, and the task of seeing that my little army shall retire to-night above Cape Rouge, in order to rejoin the forces of De Bouganville. As for me, I am going to pass my time with God, and prepare for death. I leave the affairs of the King, my dear master, in good hands."

One of the very last acts of Montcalm was to write with his own trembling hand to the English General Townsend, these words, so worthy of his great heart:

¹ The French held out for about a year after the battle of the Plains of Abraham. On the 8th of September, 1760 the terms of capitulation were signed by both parties, and by this act all Canada was handed over to England. The "articles of capitulation" can be seen in the appendix of 'De Montcalm en Canada.'

“GENERAL,—

“The humanity of the English tranquilizes me, in relation to the fate both of the French prisoners and the Canadians. Have for them the sentiments which inspired myself. Let them perceive not that they have changed masters. I was their father; be you their protector.”

He now occupied himself with nothing but the interests of eternity. With the most lively sentiments of faith and piety the dying commander received the last Sacraments of the Church, and on the morning of the 14th of September, 1759, the day after the battle of the Plains of Abraham he rendered back his soul to God, at the age of forty-eight years. Montcalm was a Catholic hero whom France may proudly rank with her St. Louis and her Chevalier Bayard, a true knight, “without fear and without reproach.”

He was small in stature, but his figure was manly and elegant. A pair of extremely bright, large, and lively eyes lighted up his open, handsome, and most expressive countenance. An Indian chief, astonished that a man who had accomplished such extraordinary things was not of greater stature, exclaimed on seeing the Marquis for the first time: “Ah! you are small, but I see in your eyes the vivacity of the eagle.”

In the city of Quebec several monuments have been erected to the memory of this illustrious soldier.



John Barry
COMMODORE U. S. N.

COMMODORE JOHN BARRY,

THE "FATHER OF THE AMERICAN NAVY."¹

CHAPTER I.

BATTLING FOR FREEDOM ON THE OCEAN.

*Barry's birth-place in Ireland—His love of the ocean—
Becomes a sailor—Meets Washington—The Revolution
—Barry's bold, enterprising spirit—Equipping a fleet
—The "Stars and Stripes" hoisted—The first Capture
—Fighting on the Delaware—Lord Howe tries to bribe
Barry—Barry's noble answer—Fighting with little
boats and gaining a brilliant victory.*

One of the truest heroes of the Revolution was John Barry, the father and founder of the American Navy. He was born in the year 1745, in the seaside parish of Tacumshane, fronting on the broad Atlantic, in the county of Wexford, Ireland. His father was what was termed, "a snug farmer."

The purest principles of the Catholic faith were deeply impressed upon the mind and heart of the youthful Barry, and brightly they shone forth throughout his whole life. The home of his birth was so near the beach that "he had but to step out of his own door, to stand beside the sea." As his eye daily swept the majestic Atlantic, the mind of the ardent boy expanded, and he conceived a great fondness for a life on the ocean wave. His father, noticing the

¹ Chief authorities used : Clarke, "Memoir of Commodore John Barry, U. S. M.;" Cooper, "Naval History of the United States;" McGee, "History of Irish Settlers in America."

direction of his inclinations, placed him on board of a merchantman; and, at about fourteen years of age, John Barry began to sail regularly between Philadelphia and the British ports.

By self-culture and fidelity to duty, he rose rapidly in his chosen profession; and at the age of twenty-five he was captain of the *Black Prince*, one of the best packet vessels of that day. The owner of this ship was Mr. Meredith, of Philadelphia, at whose house Washington was an occasional visitor. Here "the Father of his Country" first met the young sailor, "and marked the future Commodore."

At the breaking out of the Revolutionary War, Captain Barry was a prosperous man, actively engaged in his favorite profession, and rapidly acquiring a fortune. But early in 1775, he espoused the cause of the oppressed American colonies and embarked his all in the struggles of his adopted country. No American Navy was then in existence. Congress possessed no ships.

Captain Barry, however, was one of those bold, enterprising spirits, suited to the exigencies of the times, and well fitted for bringing into existence an infant navy, which would travel the trackless path of glory on the high seas. He at once abandoned the lucrative pursuits in which he had been so fortunate, in order to hazard all in a very doubtful contest. He gave up, to use his own manly words, "the finest ship and the first employ in America, and entered into the service of his country."

Towards the close of the year 1775, Congress purchased several merchant ships, with the view of having them hastily fitted up as vessels of war, and committed to Captain Barry the equipment of this fleet—the first that sailed from Philadelphia. At the same time, he superintended, by the authority of the Philadelphia Committee of Safety, the building of a State ship for the public service. In the new squadron, Captain Barry received the command of the brig *Lexington*, of sixteen guns, then lying in the Delaware; and Paul Jones entered as first lieutenant on the

Alfred. When the flag of the Union was first adopted by Congress, the *Lexington* and the *Alfred* were the first ships that hoisted afloat that new ensign of freedom.

At the time, our coast was greatly infested by the enemy's small cruisers. Captain Barry received orders to proceed to sea, and clear our waters of such a serious annoyance. This commission was without any emolument, but was none the less readily accepted by the brave, patriotic, and generous-hearted Irishman; nor was he daunted by the fact that an English ship of forty-two guns and two frigates were watchfully cruising along the capes of the Delaware.

In the midst of this hostile force, Captain Barry skillfully accomplished his mission. Besides capturing several of the enemy's smaller cruisers, and forcing the rest of them to take shelter in port, the *Lexington* fell in with the *Edward*, an armed tender of the *Liverpool*. A close and spirited contest occurred. It lasted nearly an hour, and resulted in the capture of the *Edward* by the *Lexington*.

This affair is worthy of note, as the *first* capture of any vessel of war by a regular American cruiser in battle. The first naval victory was hailed with great joy by the country, as an off-set to the unfortunate contest of Commodore Hopkins' squadron with the *Glasgow*.

Captain Barry was transferred from the *Lexington* to the command of the frigate *Effingham*, then in building at Philadelphia. In the naval establishment created by the resolution of Congress, on the 10th of October, 1776, embracing twenty-six vessels of various grades, Captain Barry was placed on the list of Captains, and he still retained the command of the *Effingham*. The rigors of the winter, however, having suspended navigation, the *Effingham* was one of the vessels that was taken up the Delaware off Whitehall, in order to escape the British forces, which were in possession of Philadelphia and the forts of the river. Ice-bound, the *Effingham* could not be brought into action.

But the active, energetic spirit of Captain Barry would not permit him to be idle; and having won laurels on the

ocean, he now turned his attention to the defense of his country by land. General Cadwalader having raised several companies of Pennsylvanians to reinforce General Washington's army—then much reduced in numbers and pressed by the Hessians—Captain Barry obtained command of a company and some heavy cannon, and rendered gallant and important services to the cause in that gloomy, but finally victorious campaign. He acted as aid-de-camp to Cadwalader, and at the important operations at Trenton received praise for his tact, coolness, and courage, winning the respect and admiration of every one.

After the British army, under Lord Howe, had obtained possession of Philadelphia, Captain Barry continued in command of the *Effingham* which was still ice-bound in the Delaware, a few miles from the city, and in a position which the British General saw could be rendered of great service to the royal cause, if the vessel and her commander could only be gained over. This he had some hopes of accomplishing, since the Captain was then in a position to risk nothing personally by abandoning the patriot for the royalist cause. Accordingly an offer of 15,000¹ guineas was made to Captain Barry by Lord Howe if he would deliver up the vessel, and to this was added the offer of the command of a British ship of the line.

The English bribe was indignantly rejected by the heroic Barry, and this noble answer returned, that "he had devoted himself to the cause of his country, and not the value or command of the whole British fleet could seduce him from it." Early in 1777 the British, unhappily, succeeded in burning the American vessels in the Delaware; and thus the *Effingham* perished with the rest.

Among other bold enterprises undertaken by Captain Barry during the winter that his ship lay ice-bound up the Delaware was the daring plan of annoying the enemy by means of small boats properly manned, which, being stationed down the river and bay, might intercept supplies,

¹ Equal to about \$80,000.

and, in case of danger, take refuge in the creeks, into which the vessels of the enemy could not pursue them. He planned and coolly executed several such attacks; and they resulted in great damage to the enemy, and in the seizure of supplies of invaluable service to the American army.

On one occasion, in particular, he fitted out from Burlington four row-boats, and proceeded with muffled oars down the Delaware, which was filled with the shipping and smaller craft of the enemy. Some alarm was given at one point of the passage; but dashing onward, two of the tiny boats passed on uninjured, and with sudden and daring intrepidity the little force, under Captain Barry, attacked the enemy's two ships and a schooner loaded with valuable provisions for the British land forces..

The two English ships mounted six four-pounders, with fourteen men each; and the schooner, which was attached to the engineering department, mounted eight double-fortified four-pounders and twelve four-pound howitzers, and was manned with thirty-three hands. Captain Barry had only twenty-eight men. The hostile force, however, was thrown into dismay by so sudden and daring an attack, and the two ships and schooner soon capitulated to the Americans. The sudden appearance of a fleet of the enemy's craft compelled Captain Barry to burn the ships, but not until he had secured their valuable cargoes. To General Washington he wrote that he was determined to hold on to the schooner at all hazards.

The cool and happy courage that inspired the small and heroic band is not alone sufficient to account for Barry's wonderful success, but it must be ascribed to a combination of daring bravery and consummate skill, by which the diminutive power under his command was directed with unerring rapidity and irresistible force. The trophies of his valor, productive of no personal benefit to himself, nor calculated for mere display, consisted of articles eminently serviceable to the American army, which was then in great want of them.

The following highly complimentary public testimonial

of thanks was received by Captain Barry from the Commander-in-chief himself :

“HEAD QUARTERS, 12 *March*, 1778.

“To Captain JOHN BARRY :

“SIR,—I have received your favor of the ninth inst., and congratulate you on the success which has crowned your gallantry and address in the late attack upon the enemy's ships. Although circumstances have prevented you from reaping the full benefits of your conquest, yet there is ample consolation in the degree of glory which you have acquired. You will be pleased to accept of my thanks for the good things which you were so polite as to send me, with my own wishes that a suitable recompense may always attend your bravery.

“I am, sir, etc.,

“GO. WASHINGTON.”

CHAPTER II.

STILL WARRING ON THE OCEAN.

Barry receives command of the "Raleigh"—A contest with two British ships—Takes command of the frigate "Alliance"—Another sharp contest—The Commodore badly wounded—Encounter with a British squadron—Barry's memorable reply, when hailed by the squadron.

In September, 1778, Captain Barry received the command of the *Raleigh*, of thirty-two guns, and on the 25th of that month he put to sea from Boston, having a brig and sloop under convoy. It was not long before his courage and skill were brought into active exercise. The wind being fresh at N. W., the *Raleigh* ran off at N. E. About noon two strange sails were discovered to leeward, about fifteen miles distant. The strangers giving chase, Captain Barry ordered the convoy to haul nearer to the wind, and to crowd all sail. Afterwards the strange ships were discovered to belong to the enemy, being the *Experiment*, fifty, Captain Wallace, and the *Unicorn*, rating twenty-two and mounting twenty-eight guns.

After dark, the *Raleigh* lost sight of them, the wind being light and variable. Having tacked towards the land, the *Raleigh* cleared for action, and kept the crew at quarters all night. In the morning, the weather being hazy, the enemy's ships were not in sight, and the *Raleigh* soon made the land ahead, quite near. At noon it became clear, and the enemy were discovered in the southern board and to windward, crowding sail in pursuit. Again the weather became hazy, the pursuers were no longer visible, and the *Raleigh* hauled off to the eastward. At daylight Captain Barry took in all sail, in order to conceal the position of

his ship, which now drifted under bare poles. Nothing being visible at 6 A. M., the *Raleigh* crowded sail again and ran S. E. by E., but at half-past nine the enemy were again discovered astern in pursuit. The *Raleigh* now hauled close upon a-wind, heading at W., with the larboard tacks aboard. The enemy came to wind, all three vessels carrying hard, with a staggering breeze. Barry's ship outsailed her pursuers, making eleven knots two fathoms on a dragged bow line.

The wind moderated at noon, when the *Unicorn* overhauled the *Raleigh* quite fast, even the *Experiment* also holding way with her. At 4 P. M. the *Raleigh* tacked to the westward, in order to discover the *Unicorn's* force, making in this movement several small islands whose names were unknown. To his great grief and mortification, Captain Barry found that not one of his crew was acquainted with the coast, so that before he could reach a place of security, about 5 P. M., the *Unicorn* nearly closed. The *Raleigh*, however, edged away and crossed her fore foot, brailing her mizzen and taking in her stay-sails. The *Unicorn* showed a battery of fourteen guns of a side, including both decks, and now displayed St. George's Ensign. The two ships exchanged broadsides, as they crossed each other; the *Unicorn* came up under the quarter of the *Raleigh*, when a warm, steady, and general action ensued, which lasted seven hours. At the second fire, the *Raleigh*, having been obliged to crowd on all her sails in order to keep clear of the larger ship, the *Experiment*, unfortunately lost her fore-topmast, mizzen top-gallantmast, jib and forestay, which rendered four of her guns useless, and greatly encumbered her with the wreck, giving the enemy great advantage in maneuvering throughout the engagement.

Finding the broadside of the *Raleigh* getting too hot, the enemy soon shot ahead, and for a short time, while the crew of the *Raleigh* were clearing the wreck, she engaged to windward and at a distance. Not long afterwards, however, the English vessel edged away and attempted to rake her antagonist, when Captain Barry bore up, and, bringing the

ships alongside each other, endeavored to board; but this move the *Unicorn*, favored by all her canvas and by her superior sailing in a light wind, readily prevented. By this time the other hostile ship had got so near as to render it certain she would very soon close, and finding it impossible to escape, Captain Barry called a council of his officers. It was determined to make an effort to run the brig ashore, the land being within a few miles. The American vessel accordingly wore round and stood for the islands already mentioned, her antagonist sticking to her in a most gallant manner, and both ships all the time maintaining the action with spirit. About midnight, however, the enemy hauled off, leaving the *Raleigh* to pursue her course towards the land.

The engagement had now lasted seven hours, both vessels having suffered materially, particularly the *Raleigh*, in her spars, rigging, and sails. His ship being soon after concealed by the darkness, Captain Barry had some hopes of getting off among the islands, and was in the act of bending on new sails for that purpose, when the enemy's vessels again came in sight, closing fast. The *Raleigh* immediately opened a heavy fire from the stern guns, and every human effort was made to force the ship towards the land. The enemy, however, easily closed again, and opened a heavy fire, which was returned by the *Raleigh* until she grounded, when the *Experiment* immediately hauled off to avoid a similar result.

Gaining a safe distance, both the enemy's vessels continued their fire from positions they had taken on the *Raleigh's* quarter. Captain Barry, finding that the island, which is called Wooden Ball, and lies about twenty miles from the mouth of the Penobscot, was rocky and might be defended, determined to land and burn the ship, the enemy having ceased firing and anchored at the distance of a mile. The greater portion of the men had got on shore, and a boat's crew went to take ashore the remainder, together with the midshipman who was left in the ship to set fire to the combustibles.

After waiting in vain till daylight, it was discovered that the midshipman had treacherously extinguished the lights, and surrendered the ship to the enemy. The *Unicorn* was much cut up after the affair, and had ten men killed, besides many wounded. Captain Barry saved eighty of his men, and had twenty-five killed and wounded. He gained great credit for his courage and perseverance on this occasion. General Washington, in his account of the affair to Congress, writes that Captain Barry made a "long and very gallant resistance." His conduct, however, was submitted to a court-martial, and his reputation only gained brighter luster by the investigation. The command of another ship was given to him at the first opportunity.

For some time after his courageous defense of the *Raleigh*, Captain Barry was actively engaged in the public service in several voyages to the West Indies. He received the title of Commodore, being the first American officer upon whom it was conferred. In 1781, the frigate *Alliance*, a great favorite in the service, was placed under his command. In February of that year he sailed from Boston for France, having on board Colonel Laurens, a brave and distinguished young officer, who was charged by Congress with an important embassy to the French Court. Commodore Barry was so careful of his reputation that he felt great regret and hesitation about going to sea with so inferior a crew as then manned the *Alliance*. It is probable, however, they soon became efficient seamen under his strict and excellent discipline.

Having captured on the outward passage a small privateer called the *Alert*, the *Alliance* landed Colonel Laurens at L'Orient, and on the 30th of March sailed on a cruise, in company with the *Marquis de la Fayette*, forty, then bound for America with provisions. On the 2d of April they fell in with and captured, with little resistance, two Guernsey privateers, the *Mars*, a heavy vessel of twenty-six guns and one hundred and twelve men, and the *Minerva*, with an armament of ten guns and fifty-five men.

Having parted company with the *Marquis de la Fayette*,

the *Alliance* continued her cruise until the 23th of May, when she descried two sails making directly for her. The strange vessels came up after dark, and hauled up on the same course with the *Alliance*, with the manifest view of postponing the engagement to the following day. A dead calm prevailed at the succeeding daylight, and when the mist disappeared the two vessels were seen not far off, with British colors flying. They proved to be the sloop-of-war *Atalanta*, Captain Edwards, rating sixteen guns and carrying a crew of one hundred and thirty men, and her consort, the brig *Trepassy*, Captain Smith, rating fourteen guns and carrying a crew of eighty men.

The sea was perfectly calm, which left the *Alliance* floating in the water like a log, without steerage way, while the enemy were enabled by means of sweeps to command their movements and select their own positions. The hostile ships could not get within hailing distance before noon, when Commodore Barry ordered them to haul down the English colors. This was of course refused, and the battle commenced. For more than an hour the *Alliance* fought at great disadvantage, the enemy being on her quarters, where only a few of the aftermost guns could bear on them. This advantage, increased by the calm, at one time seemed to promise a certain victory to the enemy, for they had the fight principally to themselves. In this unfavorable position of things, Commodore Barry received a grapeshot through the left shoulder, and after remaining on deck for some time, was obliged by loss of blood to be carried below. This misfortune greatly increased the disheartening position of the Americans, who were suffering under the close fire of two spirited and persevering antagonists.

At this crisis the ensign of the *Alliance* was shot away, in the interval of loading the guns, and at the same time her fire slackened, when the enemy, supposing she had struck her colors, and reckoning the day already theirs, permitted their crews to leave their guns and give three cheers for victory. At this gloomy juncture, one of his lieutenants went to Commodore Barry to represent the great

injury the ship had sustained and the difficulties with which she had to contend, and asked whether they should surrender. "No," replied the Commodore, "if the ship can't be fought without me, I will be carried on deck." This thrilling answer was at once reported to the crew, and inspired them with renewed ardor and perseverance. Concurrently with this, a light breeze struck the sails of the *Alliance*, and she came fairly under steerage way. A single broadside poured into the enemy changed the whole state of the combat, and the royalists had to return to their guns, discovering that the victory yet remained to be won. After a brave and noble resistance, which had lasted nearly all day, and before the dressing of the Commodore's wounds would permit him to reach the deck, the British vessels struck their flags. They were both badly injured, and sustained a joint loss of eleven men killed and thirty wounded. The *Alliance* also was much damaged in her rigging and hull, owing principally to the fire of the enemy across her quarter and stern; her loss was eleven killed and twenty-two wounded. Commodore Barry made a cartel of the *Trepassy*, and sent her into an English port with the prisoners, but the *Atalanta* was retaken while about to enter Boston Harbor, by a squadron of the enemy cruising off that place.

In the ensuing fall, Commodore Barry, in compliance with orders received, refitted the *Alliance* for the purpose of carrying the Marquis de la Fayette and Count Noailles to France on important public business. Having performed that duty, the Commodore sailed for Havana, and continued for some time cruising and rendering important service to the American cause on the West India station. The *Alliance* was kept constantly in active service, being a great favorite on account of her superior sailing qualities.

Amongst other services performed, the *Alliance* was sent to Havana for specie. In March, 1782, she sailed from the port of Havana, in company with the *Luzerne*, Captain Green, loaded with a large amount of specie, and with supplies. Shortly after leaving port, the *Alliance* and *Lu-*

zerne encountered a British squadron, which gave occasion for a brilliant trial of the Commodore's naval skill and prowess. The largest of the enemy's vessels was equal to the *Luzerne* in swiftness, whilst the English sloop surpassed her. The conquest promised to prove an easy one for the enemy. In order to facilitate their escape, the *Luzerne* was lightened by throwing her guns overboard, and the specie was transferred to the *Alliance*.

In the chase, according to a tradition in the service, the *Alliance* ran fifteen knots by the log, with the wind ahead. While thus endeavoring to save his precious freight from falling into the enemy's hands, Commodore Barry discovered a sail on the *Alliance's* weather bow, which turned out to be a French two-decker of fifty guns. Exchanging signals with the French vessel, and supposing he would be supported by her, Commodore Barry wore round and took his station on the weather quarter of the *Luzerne*. As the British sloop, the *Sibyl*, rating twenty and mounting thirty guns, endeavored to close her, he bore down and engaged the *Sibyl*, before the other ship of the enemy could come to her relief. The French vessel, however, did not enter the engagement, but kept her wind, and the *Alliance* had to sustain the whole action.

The enemy's guns had been actively engaged from the commencement, but the guns of the *Alliance* were rendered more effectual, by having been reserved until she was within a very short distance of her adversary. The action lasted about three-quarters of an hour, when the *Sibyl* retired and made signals of distress to her consort. The *Alliance* now stood for the French vessel, and having spoken her, it was determined to give chase to the enemy and endeavor to bring the two British vessels to action again. It was soon perceived, however, that the French ship was too heavy a sailer to attempt to overtake the enemy, and the pursuit was abandoned. The coolness and intrepidity, no less than the skill and fertility in expedient, which Commodore Barry displayed on this occasion, are described in naval annals as truly wonderful. Every quality of the

great naval commander was brought out with extraordinary brilliancy.

The loss of the *Alliance* was three killed and eleven wounded, while that of the *Sibyl* is said to have been thirty-seven killed and fifty wounded. When hailed by the British squadron and asked the usual questions as to the ship, the captain, etc., the hero gave this spirited and characteristic reply: "The United States ship *Alliance*, saucy Jack Barry, half Irishman, half Yankee—who are you?" It is related in the "Annals of Philadelphia," by Watson, that "the widow of Commodore Barry, remembering with what esteem her husband regarded this ship, had a tea-caddy made out of her wood, as a memento."

CHAPTER III.

FAITHFUL TO THE END.

Difficulties in creating our first navy—Achievements of the navy—Barry continues at the head of the service—The frigate United States chastising the French—Barry's devotion to his country—His death—Personal appearance and character.

The difficulties which embarrassed the formation of a navy, during the Revolutionary War, were very great. It would occupy too much space in this brief sketch to detail them. The very nature of the war, which was almost entirely confined to land, in consequence of the invasion of the country by the British land forces, was unfavorable to naval preparation. The paramount necessity and duty, on the part of Congress, to provide the means of resistance to the British armies, left little time or means for maritime defence. Besides, the enemy were in possession of the rivers and ports, especially of the most important of all the American ports for naval operations, that of New York. So that only six of the thirteen vessels laid down in the arrangement of October, 1775, could ever get to sea. The remainder either fell into the hands of the enemy's land forces, or were destroyed by the Americans to prevent that result.

The absence of system and discipline, dissensions about rank, the dangerous and injudicious but perhaps necessary expedient of raising sailors from landsmen, and even from the prisoners taken in the war, were great drawbacks upon this branch of the public service. The *Alliance* was the only frigate-built vessel that went to sea, after the first or second year of the war, with a full crew. These irregulari-

ties would have sacrificed that favorite ship of the Revolution and her precious freight in the West Indies, but for the intrepidity and skill of Commodore Barry. Notwithstanding these difficulties, the infant navy gained renown in a contest with the greatest maritime power in the world, and several naval heroes won immortality. The famous historian of the navy mentions Jones, Barry, Barney, Biddle, Manly, Nicholson, Wickes, Rathburne, Conyngham, and Hecker as "the naval names that have descended to us from this war with the greatest reputation."

After the termination of the Revolution, Commodore Barry still remained in the service, and at its head, and took an active part in all measures relating to the navy. During the misunderstanding with the French Government, which occasioned a partial naval war, he rendered eminent services in protecting the American flag and commerce from the depredations of the French privateers which infested the seas.

His experience and skill as a commander rendered his assistance and counsel of invaluable advantage to the country in laying the foundations of the present permanent navy. He succeeded in getting the Government to adopt a superior model for ships, and it is considered that the new arrangements then introduced into the service have often since supplied the want of numerical strength. Under the administration of the elder Adams he superintended at Philadelphia the building of the fine frigate *United States*, forty-four, of which he retained the command until she was laid up in ordinary, under Jefferson's administration.

The law of March 27th, 1794, provided for six frigates, and Commodore Barry's name was placed at the head of the list of commanders. The *United States* was launched at Philadelphia on the 10th day of July, 1794, and was the first vessel that got afloat under the organization of 1794. Early in July the next year the ship was ready for sea, and Commodore Barry proceeded to cruise in her to the eastward. He was remarkably fond of aiding young officers in their profession, a trait of character strongly indicative of true greatness of soul. He carried out with him, in his first

cruise in the *United States*, many young gentlemen, who afterwards did honor to themselves, their preceptor, and their country. Among these we may mention such names as Ross, Murray, James Barron, and Charles Stewart, who were the lieutenants of the *United States*, and Decatur, Somers, Caldwell, Jones, and Crane, who were her midshipmen. His "boys," as they were called, were made of noble stuff, and their names are amongst the brightest ornaments on the pages of our naval history.

The Government now resolved to send a stronger force to the West Indies. Commodore Barry hoisted a broad pennant on board the *United States*, proceeded to the neighborhood of Cape Cod, and then sailed directly for the West Indies. In addition to the flag-ship, the squadron consisted of the *Delaware*, Captain Decatur, and the *Herald*, Captain Sever. In this cruise they captured the privateers *Sans Pareil*, sixteen, and *Jaloux*, fourteen, and sent them in in the fall of the year.

In the latter part of the year 1798, the West India force was divided into four squadrons, the principal of which was confided to Commodore Barry. In addition to the *United States*, which was the flag-ship, the squadron consisted of the *Constitution*, Captain Nicholson; *George Washington*, Captain Fletcher; *Merrimack*, Captain Brown; *Portsmouth*, Captain McNeill; *Herald*, Master Com. Russell; *Pickering*, Lieut. Com. Preble; *Eagle*, Lieut. Com. Campbell; *Scammel*, Lieut. Com. Adams; and *Diligence*, Lieut. Com. Brown. These vessels were kept constantly and actively cruising during the year 1799, passing from point to point, and making a general rendezvous at Prince Rupert's Bay.

Among numerous other captures made by the squadron, Commodore Barry, with the *United States*, captured the French privateers *L'Amour de la Patrie* and *Le Tartuffe*. Towards the close of the year 1799, the French Government had become persuaded, by the active and determined measures of the United States Government, to consent to enter into negotiations, and assurances were given that new min-

isters would now be received with more respect than those previously sent, who had encountered only insult and neglect. On the 3d of November, Commodore Barry sailed from Newport, R. I., with the *United States*, having on board the American envoys to the French Government, whom he conveyed to their destination. He then returned to the West India Station, where he cruised during the year 1800.

Commodore Barry continued at the head of the navy till the day of his death. He was always ready for any duty, and rendered important services to the country, no less by his exertions when afloat—notwithstanding an asthmatic affection with which he was suffering for many years—than by his counsel when ashore, in shaping the naval policy of the Government. No man could be more devoted to his adopted country than Commodore Barry, as a long life of public services will testify; yet he never ceased to love the beautiful but oppressed isle of his birth, which he visited after the Peace of Paris. It is related that the people of his native parish of Tacumshane remembered his visit for years after with unabated gratitude. After a useful and brilliant career of glory, this good and brave man was carried off by his old complaint, the asthma. He died at Philadelphia on the 13th of September, 1803, and was buried in the cemetery of old St. Mary's Church.

Throughout his whole life Commodore Barry was a good, sincere, practical Catholic. As he died without children, he left the Catholic orphan asylum of Philadelphia his chief legatee.

Many noble and generous qualities combined to render his heroic character one of singular symmetry and beauty. By all he was loved and honored; and to-day his memory is held in veneration from the Great Lakes to the Gulf of Mexico.

Barry was above the ordinary stature. His person was graceful and commanding; and his whole deportment was marked by dignity, untinged with ostentation. He had a

strongly marked countenance, which expressed the qualities of his mind and the virtues of his heart.

His private life was as amiable as his public career was brilliant. In his domestic relations he was frank, open, and affectionate; and his kind courtesy to all made him a host of friends. Deeply impressed with religion, he exacted an observance of his holy duties and ceremonies on board of his ship, as well as in the retirement of private life. His lofty feelings of honor secured the confidence of the most illustrious men of the nation, and gave the famous commander an extensive influence in the various spheres in which his active life required him to move. He possessed in an eminent degree the regard and admiration of Washington. His public services were far from being limited to any customary rule of professional duty; and without regard to labor, danger, or expense, his devotion to his country kept him constantly engaged in disinterested acts of public utility.

“ There are gallant hearts whose glory
Columbia loves to name,
Whose deeds shall live in story
And everlasting fame.
But never yet one braver,
Our starry banner bore,
Than saucy old Jack Barry,
The Irish Commodore.”



MOST REV. JOHN CARROLL, D. D.

FIRST ARCHBISHOP OF BALTIMORE.

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CHAPTER I.

FIRST YEARS OF OUR FIRST ARCHBISHOP.

Birth—Parents—Ancestors—Education and the Penal Laws—Bohemia Manor—Young Carroll sent to Europe—Enters the Society of Jesus—Is ordained—Suppression of the Society—Sketch in a note—Father Carroll goes to England.

The name of Archbishop Carroll sparkles like a gem of purest ray on the most brilliant pages of American biography. He was identified with the stirring events of the Revolution, and was the friend of Washington, Franklin, and other illustrious men whose services gave the rich inheritance of freedom to our country, and the brightest examples of patriotism to the world. Selected by God to be the first Bishop of His Holy Church in this Republic, he proved how good and happy was the choice by the wisdom of his acts, the purity of his life, and the unsullied splendor of his reputation.

John Carroll, the third son of Daniel Carroll and Eleanor Darnall, was born at Upper Marlboro, Maryland, on January 8th, 1735. His father was a native of Ireland, and belonged to a Catholic family that nobly preferred the

¹ Chief authorities used: Brent, "Biography of Archbishop Carroll;" Campbell, "Memoirs of the Life and Times of the Most Rev. John Carroll;" Clarke, "Memoir of Archbishop Carroll;" Clarke, "Lives of the Deceased Bishops of the Catholic Church in the United States;" "A Popula: History o' the Catholic Church in the United States;" Lossing, "Lives of Celebrated Americans."

loss of their property to the abandonment of their Faith. In company with his parents he came to Maryland while yet a youth.

It happened thus. The Archbishop's grandfather was secretary to Lord Powis, a leading minister in the cabinet of the unfortunate James II. It is related that Mr. Carroll remarked one day to his lordship that he was happy to find that public affairs and his Majesty's service were progressing so prosperously.

"You are quite wrong," replied Lord Powis; "affairs are going on very badly; the King is very ill advised." And after pausing a few moments, he thus addressed his secretary: "Young man, I have a regard for you, and would be glad to do you a service. Take my advice—great changes are at hand—go out to Maryland. I will speak to Lord Baltimore in your favor."

Mr. Carroll followed the advice of his noble friend. He obtained government employment in Maryland, with liberal grants of land. He also engaged in commercial pursuits at Upper Marlboro, and died in 1765, leaving his family quite independent.

Eleanor Darnall, the mother of the Archbishop, was a native of Maryland, and daughter of a wealthy Catholic gentleman. She was educated with much care in a select school at Paris, and was greatly admired for her piety, amiability, mental culture, and varied accomplishments. The graces and virtues of the mother did not fail to impress the character of her son.

The penal laws were then in full force. Catholics were prohibited from teaching, and Catholic youth were deprived not only of that wise education which unites religious with literary and scientific knowledge, but were also exposed to the danger and mortification of seeking learning in schools where their faith was misrepresented, the very name of their religion scorned, and they themselves treated as a degraded portion of the community.

The zeal, however, of the Maryland Jesuits had managed to counteract, to some small extent, the brutal intolerance

of the English code, by establishing a boarding-school in a secluded spot on the eastern shore of Maryland, upon an estate belonging to themselves. It was known as Bohemia Manor. Here the good Fathers conducted an institution which was intended to prepare Catholic youth for the colleges of Europe. It was about the year 1747 that John Carroll was placed at Bohema. One of his companions was his cousin, Charles Carroll of Carrollton. Here the young Carrolls spent a year in assiduous study.

John Carroll, in company with his cousin Charles, was sent to the Jesuit College at St. Omers, in French Flanders. During the six years that he passed in the this institution he was distinguished for his piety, good example, close application to study, ready and brilliant talents, and for his gentle and amiable deportment.

The happy influences of the home of his childhood, the exalted examples of the Jesuit Fathers, and the pure and peaceful aspirations of his own soul, led him at an early date to dedicate his life to God. It was this inspiring thought which cast a glow of holiness around young John Carroll during these years of hard, earnest study.

In 1753 he entered the novitiate of the Society of Jesus, and two years later he was removed to Liège, to make his course of philosophy and theology. He exhibited more than his usual zeal and application in preparing for the sacred ministry. In 1759, being then in his twenty-fifth year, after having spent eleven years in storing his mind with learning, he was raised to the holy dignity of the priesthood.

Following the suggestions of the Gospel, Father Carroll cheerfully gave up his patrimony and all his worldly possessions to his brother and sisters in America, and took poverty and the Cross as his companions on the way of life.

After serving as professor at St. Omers and at Liège, where he filled the chair of philosophy, he was received in 1771 as a professed Father in the Society of Jesus.

Father Carroll was fulfilling the duties of prefect at Bruges, when the great Society of Jesus, of which he was

so devoted a member, was suppressed, by the brief *Dominus ac Redemptor* of Pope Clement XIV., dated July 21st, 1773.¹ It was a severe blow. In a letter to his

¹ St. Ignatius, founder of the Society of Jesus, was born in 1491, at the Castle of Loyola, situated in the north of Spain. His father was head of one of the most ancient and noble families of that country. Ignatius grew up to manhood, a proud and aspiring soldier. He possessed military talents of a high order, and became known as an accomplished commander. In the storming of Pampeluna, which he defended against the French, the young Spanish nobleman received a severe wound that confined him to his sick-room. In this quiet seclusion he read—accidentally read—the lives of the saints. Grace touched his heart. New light flashed on his mind. The invincible soldier at once began to walk the way of the saints. This was just at the period when Luther, the apostate monk of Germany, finally threw off the mask, and bade defiance to the Holy See.

Ignatius of Loyola was now thirty years of age. His knowledge of books was limited. He could barely read and write. But with unequalled courage he entered on the pursuit of learning and virtue. Taking the degree of Master of Arts, the valiant defender of Pampeluna completed his divinity course, was ordained priest, gathered around him ten choice and learned young men, animated by his own master-spirit, and formed them into a religious order. The services of this company of youthful Christian heroes he placed at the disposal of the Pope. Among them were Francis Xavier, James Laynez, and Peter Faber. Pope Paul III. approved the new Order, in 1540, under the title of *The Society of Jesus*—the name given it by St. Ignatius himself.

Such, in brief, was the origin of that wonderful religious institute, which from its first years assumed the stature of a colossus, which has peopled heaven with saints, and filled the world with the renown of its name and its deeds.

The society of Jesus at once became the vanguard of the Church in Europe, and carried the Faith to the ends of the earth. "It was an evil day for new born Protestantism," writes Francis Parkman, "when a French artilleryman struck down Ignatius Loyola in the breach of Pampeluna." "The Jesuits," says the Abbé Balme, "were a wall of brass against the assaults upon the Catholic Faith."

Sixteen Jesuit Fathers bedewed the soil of the United States with their martyr blood. Rale and Du The were murdered for the Faith in Maine. Jogues shed his blood in New York. Segura and his eight Jesuit companions laid down their lives in Maryland. The aged Mesnard famished in the wilderness of Michigan. Dupoleson and Souel suffered death on the Lower Mississippi. In short, the footsteps of the Jesuit can be traced from the Atlantic to the Pacific—from the Great Lakes to the Gulf of Mexico. The sons of Loyola stand at the very gate of American history. We cannot enter without paying them our respects.

In Europe, the Jesuit Fathers were the foremost champions of the Faith, the guardians of Christian education, and the vigorous defenders of the rights of God and man. They came into the world during a great convulsion of Christianity—an age of social storms and religious revolutions. Catholicity was assailed. The authority of the Holy See was scoffed at. Men fell away from the Faith of their fathers. The flag of heresy waved in triumph over England, Germany, and other lands. But the sons of Loyola, trained to virtue, and masters of all knowledge, arose in their might. They met Heresy more than half way; and Heresy and its professors have never forgiven them. But the Catholic Church honored them—ranked them among her noblest, best, and bravest sons. Nineteen Popes gave their warm sanction to the Society. The Council of Trent eulogized their constitutions and showed so much deference to the Order, that when Father Laynez was taken sick, the sittings of that celebrated body were suspended, and resumed when he was able to be present.

Two centuries rolled by, and Infidelity, the offspring of Heresy, began to plot the destruction of the Church. Irreligious governments, writers, and kings leagued together for this unholy purpose. The Jesuits had the distinguished honor of being the earliest victims immolated to the hatred of these powerful wretches. The sentinels of Catholicity, they were the first to feel the rage of its enemies. All their houses in Portugal and its colonies were suppressed in 1758; the French Parliament suppressed the Society in 1762; Spain and Naples continued the work of sac-

brother Daniel, Father Carroll terms the Society "the first of all ecclesiastical bodies," but exclaims, with pious and generous heroism: "God's holy will be done, and may His holy name be blessed forever and ever!"

The institutions of the Jesuit Fathers were given up by the most of the governments of Europe to plunder, desecration, and every kind of vandalism. Bruges was pillaged by the Austrian Government. Liège was deprived of its income, and its inmates were expelled from the home which they had made the seat of learning and religion.

The English-speaking Jesuits of Flanders returned to England, whither Father Carroll accompanied them, acted as the secretary in their meetings, and, in fact, conducted the important correspondence with the French Government in relation to the property of the suppressed Society in France.

While thus engaged in England, he received the appointment of chaplain to Lord Arundel, and took up his residence at Wardour Castle. But the charms of this splendid abode did not withdraw the attention of the devoted priest from the grand and self-sacrificing duties of his sacred calling, which he continued zealously to perform, whenever an opportunity for doing good was within his reach. He had, however, for some time cherished the intention of returning to Maryland; and circumstances of an exciting and important nature now hastened its execution.

rilegious destruction in 1767; and Austria soon afterwards followed their example! Even this slaughter did not satisfy the wolves. They demanded nothing less than the utter annihilation of the Society of Jesus. The situation of Europe was truly fearful. Clement XIV. was pressed on all sides. Threats of schism from the so-called, "Catholic" courts were heard, in case he did not comply. Thus painfully placed between two evils the Holy Father accepted what he considered the lesser—he suppressed the Society of Jesus by the brief *Dominus ac Redemptor*, dated July 21st, 1773. If infidelity raised a howl of triumph, the Catholic world soon felt its loss.

With the permission of Pius VII., the Society was revived in Russia in 1801, and six years later in the United States. In August, 1814, the same holy pontiff by the bull, *Sollicitudo*, officially restored the Society of Jesus throughout the whole Christian world, and the decree was hailed with joy by all true friends of the Church, of religion, and of education.—See "*History of the Catholic Church in the United States*," pp. 357-637.

CHAPTER II.

DURING THE REVOLUTION.

England and her colonies—Father Carroll sails for America—"Home, sweet home"—Changes—Resides with his mother at Rock Creek—Congress invites Father Carroll to go to Canada—The journey—Result of the mission—Franklin and Father Carroll—Homeward—Praying for the cause of freedom—Controversy with Wharton.

The warm controversy between England and her American colonies was daily hastening to a crisis. Father Carroll, though surrounded by English society and its influences, at once espoused the cause of his own country; and bidding adieu to his beloved companions of the late Society of Jesus, and to his noble and generous friends at Wardour Castle, he sailed from England, and reached his native land in the summer of 1774.

The patriotic priest soon enjoyed the happiness of again beholding his venerable mother, his dear sisters, and many of the friends of his youthful days—

"The shining days when life was new,
And all was bright as morning dew."

He had left home a bright boy of fourteen, and returned a care-worn man of forty, destitute of fortune, and disappointed in the hopes he had formed for the triumphs of religion, to be achieved by the illustrious Society to which he had pledged his faith forever. Its banner had, indeed, been struck down; but the glorious motto, *Ad maiorem Dei gloriam*, was inscribed upon his heart.

He had left Maryland in a state of vassalage to Great Britain; but he returned to find her preparing to assert her inde-

pendence of tyranny and royal authority. In the days of his youth Catholics were a proscribed class, ground down by penal laws in the very land which they had colonized; but he now found his countrymen engaged in discussing great questions of civil liberty, and he looked forward, with a clear vision, to emancipation from all the bondage of bigotry, as a consequence of their successful battles for freedom.

The future Archbishop took up his residence with his mother at Rock Creek. Here, at first, a room in the family dwelling, and subsequently, a wooden chapel, were the scenes of the holy priest's ministerial offices. The wooden chapel has since been superseded by a neat brick church, which is now well known under the revered name of "Carroll's Chapel."

At the time of Father Carroll's arrival in America there was not one Catholic church open in Maryland. Under the family roof only could the holy sacrifice be offered up to the Almighty. This explains why the old Catholic chapels of Maryland contain large hearths and fireplaces within them, and massive brick chimneys projecting through the roofs. In the once beautifully-named "Land of the Sanctuary" there were then only nineteen Catholic clergymen—all ex-Jesuits.¹

Father Carroll continued to reside at Rock Creek. He did not wish to leave his aged mother, to whose declining years he was anxious to minister. His missionary labors were chiefly performed in the neighboring country. He always traveled on horseback, making long and frequent journeys to distant Catholic families and settlements, riding frequently thirty miles or more to sick calls, and paying monthly visits to a small congregation of Catholics in Stafford County, Virginia, which was distant fifty or sixty miles from his home.²

¹ Col. B. U. Campbell, in his "Life and Times of Archbishop Carroll," gives the names and residences of these Maryland priests. As to nationality, it appears that fifteen of them were natives of Maryland, three Englishmen, and one a Belgian.

² There was only one little spot in Virginia where the *penal code* did not rule. Forming, as it

After about eighteen months thus spent in the active duties of the holy ministry, the call of his country summoned Father Carroll to her service. Open war raged between England and the thirteen colonies. The hopes of a settlement had vanished, and for the first time was heard the magic sound of the word *Independence*. To gain the active assistance of the Canadians, or at least to secure their neutrality, was a matter of the highest importance. Congress appointed three commissioners to repair to Canada. They were Dr. Benjamin Franklin, Samuel Chase, and Charles Carroll of Carrollton, and by a special resolution the last-named gentleman was desired "to prevail on Mr. John Carroll to accompany the committee to Canada, to assist them in such matters as they shall think useful."

Father Carroll acceded to the request of Congress. After four weeks of toil, exposure, and unusual difficulties, which, however, did not dampen the cheerful spirits of the patriotic travelers, nor check the ever-ready and entertaining wit of Dr. Franklin, they reached Montreal on the night of the 29th of April, 1776.¹

While the commissioners were negotiating with the au-

did, a remarkable exception, it deserves a word of notice. This little spot, consecrated to religious freedom, was in Stafford County, and was called Woodstock. The inhabitants were vested with the right of freely exercising their religion, by a special grant under the royal signet of James II. Captain George Brent was the leader of this band of Catholic pilgrims in Virginia. In 1686, two of whose descendants were married to Anne and Eleanor Carroll, sisters of Rev. Mr. Carroll, at the time of his missionary visits to Stafford, in 1775-6.

The original document by which James II. conferred this singular privilege—singular at that time—on Woodstock is given by Dr. Clark in his "Memoir of Archbishop Carroll," *The Metropolitan*, Vol. IV. Also, in his "Lives of the Deceased Bishops," Vol. I.

For a hundred years, in the midst of perils, this brave little band of Catholics rigidly adhered to their religion. They were occasionally visited by priests from Maryland, who always crossed the Potomac for that purpose in disguise. The good Father Framback, who frequently attended them, had to exercise the greatest caution to avoid discovery, sleeping generally in the stable beside his horse, in order to be prepared for sudden flight. On one occasion he barely escaped with his life. His faithful horse carried him safely through the water of the Potomac; but he was fired upon before he had reached the Maryland side of the river.

¹ To the request of Congress, Mr. Carroll acceded, with the view, so far as he was to have an agency, to induce the inhabitants of that country who professed the same religion with himself, to remain neutral and to refrain from taking up arms on the side of Great Britain: further than this, he deemed it incompatible with his character as a minister of religion to interfere.—*Brent*.

See "Journal of Charles Carroll of Carrollton during his visit to Canada in 1776."

Father Carroll addressed a letter to his mother dated at Montreal, May 1st, which also gives an interesting account of the journey to Canada. It can be found in the "American Archives," Vol. V. p. 1168.

thorities, regulating the affairs of the American forces then in Canada, and carrying out the instructions of Congress, Father Carroll was visiting the Canadian clergy, explaining the nature and principles of the revolutionary struggle, pointing out the identity of destiny and interest which ought to unite Canada to the English Colonies, and in answering objections, removing prejudices of race, and appealing to their love of liberty. He was treated with respect and listened to with polite attention.

But both the commissioners and Father Carroll received the same answer from the Canadians—that for themselves they had no cause of complaint against the home government of Great Britain, which had guaranteed to them the free and full exercise of their religion, liberty, and property, and that in return the duty of allegiance and fidelity was due from the Canadians to the government.¹

The mission was fruitless. Charles Carroll of Carrollton and Samuel Chase remained in Canada to attend to the affairs of the army.² But Dr. Franklin's health became so poor that he was forced to leave the country without delay, and Father Carroll became his companion on the homeward journey. The priest and the philosopher contracted a sincere friendship, as we learn from the grateful letters of Franklin. On reaching New York he wrote: "As to myself, I grow daily more feeble, and I should hardly have got along so far but for Mr. Carroll's friendly assistance and tender care of me."

On his return home to Rock Creek, Father Carroll resumed the duties of the sacred ministry, which he continued to perform without interruption during the whole Revolutionary War. Throughout the long and great struggle he ardently sympathized in the cause of Independence. In his correspondence with his late brethren in Eng-

¹ There were, of course, other reasons why the Canadians did not care to join hands with the English colonies in the great struggle. We have not space here to give them in detail: it must suffice to say, however, that the bigoted language used by the Provincial Congress at Boston in 1773, and the public expressions of insult to the Catholic Faith, used at other places about the same time, were now recalled by the Canadians, and who can justly blame them?

² See sketch of Charles Carroll of Carrollton in the present volume.

³ See Campbell's "Memoirs."

land he explained and defended its principles, and offered up constant and fervent prayers for its success. And no citizen of the Republic saw with greater joy the consummation of the glorious result of the contest, enhanced as this patriotic joy was on the cessation of strife and carnage, and the blessed return of peace and happiness.

Father Carroll's powers as a controversialist were summoned into service in 1784. The Rev. Mr. Wharton, his former friend and fellow-member of the Society of Jesus, had apostatized from the Catholic Faith, and written a public letter attacking its principles. The reply is worthy of our first Archbishop, and is noted for its strength, elegance, and triumphant logic.

Wharton, among other charges, had asserted that, "neither transubstantiation, nor the infallibility of the Roman Church, are taught more explicitly as articles of faith than the impossibility of being saved out of the communion of this Church."

Father Carroll replies thus to this point: "I begin with observing that to be in the communion of the Catholic Church, and to be a member of the Catholic Church, are two very distinct things. They are in *the communion of the Church*, who are united in the profession of her faith, and participation of her sacraments, through the ministry and government of her lawful pastors. But *the members of the Catholic Church* are all those who, with a sincere heart, seek true religion, and are in an unfeigned disposition to embrace the truth whenever they find it.

"Now it never was our doctrine that salvation can be obtained only by the former, and this would have manifestly appeared, if the chaplain,¹ instead of citing Pope Pius's creed from his memory, or some unfair copy, had taken the pains to examine a faithful transcript of it. These are the words of the obnoxious creed, and not those wrongfully quoted by him, which are not to be found in it. After enu-

¹ Wharton.

merating the several articles of our belief, it goes on thus: '*This true Catholic Faith, without which no one can be saved, I do at this present firmly profess and sincerely hold.*'

"Here is nothing of the *necessity of communion* with our Church for salvation; and nothing, I presume, but what is taught in every Christian society on earth, viz., that Catholic Faith is necessary to salvation. The distinction between being a member of *the Catholic Church*, and of *the communion* of the Church, is no modern distinction, but a doctrine uniformly taught by ancient as well as later divines. *What is said*, says Bellarmine, *of none being saved out of the Church, must be understood of those who belong not to it either in fact or desire.*"

Father Carroll, after dwelling at considerable length on the charity and kindness of the Catholic Church, refers again to the question of exclusive salvation, deeming it, as he says, "of the utmost importance to charity and mutual forbearance to render our doctrine on this head as perspicuous as I am able."

"First, then," he continues, "it has been always and uniformly asserted by our divines, that Baptism, actual Baptism, is essentially requisite to initiate us into the communion of the Church; this notwithstanding, their doctrine is not less uniform, and the Council of Trent (Sess. 6. chap. 4.) has expressly established it, that salvation may be obtained without actual Baptism. Thus, then, it appears that we not only *may*, but *are obliged* to believe that *out of our communion* salvation may be obtained.

"Secondly, with the same unanimity, our divines define heresy to be, not merely a mistaken opinion in matters of Faith, but an obstinate adherence to that opinion; not barely an error of judgment, but an error arising from a perverse affection of the will. Hence they infer that he is no heretic who, though he hold false opinions in matters of faith, yet remains in a habitual disposition to renounce

those opinions, whenever he discovers them to be contrary to the doctrines of Jesus Christ.''¹

¹ "I call him only a heretic, who, when the doctrine of Catholic Faith is manifested to him, prefers resistance."—*St. Augustine*.

"Heresy in a Christian, or baptized person, is a willful and obstinate error of the understanding, in opposition to some truth of Faith."—*Reuter*.

CHAPTER III.

FATHER CARROLL AND OUR EARLY CHURCH.

*State of ecclesiastical jurisdiction before the Revolution—
What the clergy of Maryland and Pennsylvania did—
Father Carroll appointed Prefect Apostolic—Dr.
Franklin—Washington at Mass—Dr. Carroll's labors
—Appointed first Bishop of Baltimore—Statistics of
Catholicity.*

Before the War of the Revolution, the Catholic Clergy of Maryland and Pennsylvania were subject to the ecclesiastical jurisdiction of the Vicar-Apostolic or Bishop of London, England, who was represented in these provinces by his Vicar-General, the Rev. Father Lewis, Superior of the Society of Jesus here, at the date of its suppression.

Soon after the termination of the war, however, the clergy of Maryland and Pennsylvania, being sensible that, to derive all advantage from the new state of things in America, it would be proper to have an ecclesiastical superior in the country itself; and knowing the jealousy prevailing in the American governments against the right of jurisdiction being vested in a person residing in Great Britain, addressed themselves to the Holy See, praying that a superior might be allowed, and that he might be chosen by the clergy, subject to the approbation and confirmation of his Holiness.

The American clergy believed the time and the circumstances of the new nation as premature for the presence of a Bishop. They simply desired a superior with some of the episcopal powers. The Holy See, in its wisdom, came to the same conclusion, and resolved to give Maryland a provisional ecclesiastical organization. The learned and

patriotic Rev. Dr. Carroll received the appointment. He was empowered, among other things, to bless the holy oils, and to administer the sacrament of confirmation. This holy sacrament, which strengthens faith in man, had never yet been conferred in the United States.

But we must not omit to mention a fact as interesting as it is singular. The venerable statesman and philosopher, Dr. Franklin—then the American minister at Paris—had an honorable share in the nomination of the future Patriarch of the Catholic Church in the United States. "When the Nuncio at Paris," writes Father Thorpe, in a letter to Rev. Dr. Carroll, from Rome, dated June 9th, 1784, "applied to Mr. Franklin, the old gentleman remembered you; he had his memory refreshed before, though you had modestly put your own name in the last place of the list." Franklin's *Diary* records this memorable event thus:

"1784, *July 1st.*—The Pope's Nuncio called and acquainted me that the Pope had, on my recommendation, appointed Mr. John Carroll Superior of the Catholic clergy in America, with many of the powers of a Bishop, and that, probably, he would be made a Bishop *in partibus* before the end of the year."

In consulting Dr. Franklin, the Holy See simply wished to pay an act of courtesy to the young Republic. The Constitution of the United States, which places religion beyond the sphere of the civil power, was not yet drafted. And it need excite no astonishment that even educated Europe was not familiar with the principles which underlie the American Government.

The Very Rev. Dr. Carroll, as Prefect Apostolic, at once began his visits. His long journeys were chiefly through Maryland, Pennsylvania, and New York. The first, as the seat of the old Catholic colony, had still a respectable number of Catholics; and in Pennsylvania, Dr. Carroll found a population of about seven thousand faithful.

Some time before the arrival of the Prefect Apostolic, Philadelphia was the scene of a notable religious ceremony.

At the close of the Revolutionary War a solemn *Te Deum* was chanted in St. Joseph's church, at the request of the Marquis de la Luzerne, the French ambassador. He invited the members of the United States Congress, as well as the principal generals and distinguished citizens, to attend. Washington and Lafayette were present. The Abbé Bandale delivered a most eloquent discourse. "Who but He," exclaimed the eloquent priest, "He in whose hands are the hearts of men, could inspire the allied troops with the friendship, the confidence, the tenderness of brothers? Ah! the combination of so many fortunate circumstances is an emanation of the all-perfect Mind. That courage, that skill, that activity bear the sacred impression of Him who is divine. . . . Let us with one voice pour forth to the Lord that hymn of praise by which Christians celebrate their gratitude and His glory—*Te Deum Laudamus.*"

For five years, Very Rev. Dr. Carroll, as Prefect Apostolic, toiled on with the amiability and zeal of an apostle, daily encountering obstacles from the nature of his duties, from insubordinate priests and laity, that would have discouraged any but the bravest spirit.

"Every day," he writes, "furnishes me with new reflections, and almost every day produces new events to alarm my conscience, and excite fresh solicitude at the prospect before me. You cannot conceive the trouble I suffer already, and still greater which I foresee, from the medley of clerical characters coming from different quarters and various educations, and seeking employment here. I cannot avoid employing some of them, and they begin soon to create disturbances."

This state of things was almost to be expected, on account of the heterogeneous character of both people and clergy. As many of the clergy were entirely ignorant of the English language, and others in no very good repute at home, it was soon found that ampler powers than those possessed by the Prefect Apostolic were needed to hold the tangled reins of authority with proper firmness.

The principal members of the American clergy who had the good of religion at heart assembled, and petitioned Rome for a bishop. The request was granted, with the privilege of selecting the candidate and of locating the new see. They fixed upon Baltimore, "this being," writes Dr. Carroll to a clerical friend in Europe, "the principal town in Maryland, and that State being the oldest, and still the most numerous residence of true religion in America. So far all was right. We then proceeded to the election, the event of which was such as deprives me of all expectation of rest or pleasure henceforward, and fills me with terror with respect to eternity. I am so stunned with the issue of this business, that I truly hate the hearing or the mention of it; and, therefore, will say only, that since my brethren—whom in this case I consider as the interpreters of the Divine Will—say I must obey, I will do it; but by obeying shall sacrifice henceforward every moment of peace and satisfaction." One of Dr. Carroll's conspicuous qualities, a quality that shed a luster over his whole character, was his modest humility—

‘ Humility, that low sweet root
From which all heavenly virtues shoot ! ”

By the Holy See he was nominated first Bishop of Baltimore. On the reception of the official documents the new prelate at once proceeded to England for consecration. The solemn ceremony took place in Lulworth Castle, the lordly residence of the pious Thomas Weld, on Sunday, August 15th, 1796. The consecrator was Rt. Rev. Dr. Walmsley, senior Catholic bishop of Great Britain.

Late in the same year Bishop Carroll reached the shores of America, was joyfully welcomed by his people, and installed in his episcopal see. On the Sunday of installation he addressed them a discourse which shall ever remain a masterpiece of sacred eloquence.

“ This day, my dear brethren,” began the venerable man, “ impresses deeply on my mind a lively sense of the new re-

lation in which I stand before you. The shade of retirement and solitude must no longer be my hope and prospect of consolation. Often have I flattered myself that my declining years would be indulged in such a state of rest from labor and solicitude for others, as would leave me the best opportunity of attending to the great concern of my own salvation, and of confining myself to remember my past years in the bitterness of compunction. But it has pleased God to order otherwise; and though my duty commands submission, it cannot allay my fears—those fears which I feel for you and for myself. . . . In God alone can I find any consolation. He knows by what steps I have been conducted to this important station, and how much I have always dreaded it. He will not abandon me unless I first draw down His malediction by my unfaithfulness to my charge. Pray, dear brethren, pray incessantly that I may not incur so dreadful a punishment. Alas! the punishment would fall on you as well as myself—my unfaithfulness would redound on you, and deprive you of some of the means of salvation.” What modest grandeur and simple sublimity mark these first utterances of the Patriarch of the American Church!

At this point it may be proper to examine into the number of Bishop Carroll’s spiritual children in 1790. Religious statistics in our country have been at all times in a misty, unsatisfactory condition. This early date was no exception. All figures, therefore, in that connection, are to be received as approximations—guesses at truth. The first national census was taken in 1790, and gave us a total white population of nearly 3,200,000. Of these about 30,000 were Catholics.¹ According to this estimate, *one* in every *one hundred and ten* of the white population was a Catholic. Bishop Carroll’s diocese was the United States. His priests were between thirty and forty in number; while his small but wide-spread flock was distributed somewhat as follows:

¹ Many writers consider this too small. Some mention 50,000, and even higher, as being nearer the exact number. The above is Bishop Carroll’s estimate.

16,000 in Maryland; 7,000 in Pennsylvania; 3,000 at Detroit and Vincennes; 2,500 in Illinois, and in all the other States together there were not perhaps more than 1,500—in all about 30,000. Such was the American Church at the date the Holy Father firmly planted the corner-stone by erecting the first episcopal see of Baltimore.

CHAPTER IV.

PLANTING THE CROSS.

The Church of the United States and its early troubles—Bishop Carroll directing the pioneers of the Faith—Georgetown College founded—The first Synod of Baltimore—Visiting Boston—Priests from France—"Exiles of Erin"—Baltimore becomes a metropolitan see—Four new Bishops—The death of Archbishop Carroll.

As an organized body the Catholic Church of America now fairly began its heavenly mission. The field was vast, the laborers few. If the dark times had passed, and the beautiful star of hope shone brightly, still obstacles, almost numberless, appeared on every side. The majority of the Catholics were poor. Most of them were faithful Irish who had fled from English tyranny and spoliation; numbers of them were exiled French and Germans, who had gladly escaped from the ruin and desolation that threatened European society.

In many States the very name of Catholic was held in contempt. The battle-ground was changed. It was no longer a struggle for existence with odious penal enactments, but a ceaseless conflict with ignorance and fanaticism—remains of an unhappy past.

At all hazards, however, the Faith was to be preserved and extended. To many Catholics the very sight of a priest was something dimly remembered. They had not beheld one for years! The practice of their religion was like a happy dream of youthful days—almost forgotten, yet the sweet memory of which lingered in the mind. The Sunday of first communion, with its celestial peace of soul—who can forget it? In the life of the true Catholic, it is

that bright day—that day of beauty which is a joy forever!

Bishop Carroll, arming himself with zeal, courage, and patience, calmly surveyed the immense field; and like an able commander, laid down his plans, and at once began operations. With Baltimore as a base and center of action, he soon made his power felt and respected even to the extremities of Georgia, Maine, and Michigan. A spiritual Hannibal, the wise prelate skillfully maneuvered his small band of a few dozen priests. He gave each pastor his benediction, cheered him on in his difficulties, reminding him of his high mission as a member of the vanguard for the conquest of souls. Weak points were strengthened; enemies awed into neutrals, or changed into fast friends; and the outposts of the Faith gradually extended. This is no imaginary picture. The prudence and lofty zeal of Dr. Carroll challenge unqualified admiration.

While yet Prefect Apostolic, Dr. Carroll had begun the foundation of Georgetown College. His plan embraced a theological seminary to conduct the studies of candidates for the priesthood, and an academy for the education of youth. The site selected by its venerable founder for this first and oldest of our colleges could not have been more judiciously chosen, either for health, advantages of location, or beauty and grandeur of scenery.¹

¹ Georgetown College, D. C., is the oldest and most venerable Catholic seat of learning in the United States. It was founded by Bishop Carroll in 1789, and two years after opened its halls to students. At first it was simply a preparatory school. The first student was the famous William Castin, of North Carolina. No poet, painter, or philosopher could have selected a place more picturesque and in other respects better adapted for a college, than the suburbs of Georgetown.

Tradition has preserved the details of Washington's visit to Georgetown. The little college was yet surrounded by a white-washed paling fence, when the Father of his Country arrived on horseback, without suite and unattended. He led his horse to the simple enclosure, and was first received by the late Rev. William Matthews, then a young professor. The Fathers gave him a most cordial welcome. On visiting the whole establishment, Washington expressed his admiration at the magnificent view which the heights of Georgetown enjoy; but as it was winter, and an icy breeze made the party shiver, the great General observed that they had to purchase the beauties of nature in summer by the winter's storm.

In the fall of 1801, the standard of studies was raised and Georgetown became a college. In May, 1815, James Madison being President of the United States, the college was elevated by act of Congress to the rank of a university. Shortly after this date, the Jesuit Fathers took formal control of the institution, for up to this they were often assisted by other clergymen. Its pros-

In November, 1791, the Bishop convened his first synod in Baltimore. It numbered twenty-two clergymen. The salutary measures adopted by that body remain to this day a monument of its wisdom.

About this time Dr. Carroll paid his first episcopal visit to the capital of New England. "It is wonderful," he writes, "to tell what great civilities have been done to me in Boston, where a few years ago, a 'Popish' priest was thought to be the greatest monster in creation. Many here, even of their principal people, have acknowledged to me that they would have crossed to the opposite side of the street rather than meet a Roman Catholic some time ago. The horror which was associated with the idea of a 'papist' is incredible; and the scandalous misrepresentation by their ministers increased the horror every Sunday."

On the other side of the Atlantic, affairs had reached a terrible crisis. While Divine Providence was preparing on this Western Continent a new and grateful field for the seed of truth, it was disposing events in Europe and other countries for supplying that field with zealous and active laborers who would bring forth fruit in good season. The French Revolution, with all its irreligious horrors, burst upon the world, deluging unhappy France in the blood of her best and bravest sons. It was a fearful upheaval of society—a social volcano.

But what was a misfortune for the land of St. Louis, proved a blessing to the United States. Between 1791 and 1799, twenty-three French priests sought a refuge on our shores. In learning, virtue, and polished manners, they were worthy representatives of their Divine Master. Each

perity dates from this point. In 1843, the astronomical observatory was erected. The medical department was opened in May, 1851, and the law department in October, 1870.

The college contains a splendid library of 80,000 volumes; a botanical conservatory; a well-filled and tastefully arranged cabinet of mineralogy and geology. The total number of graduates is 786. Of these 354 belong to the arts, 571 to the medical, and 61 to the law departments. The present number of students is 230; professors, 40. Georgetown University has had twenty-two presidents. Among these were Bishop Dubourg, Bishop Fenwick, and Archbishop Neale. Among the distinguished professors of Georgetown may be named Fathers Wallace, Kohlman, Secchi, Ward, Fulton, and Sumner. The present president is Rev. Patrick F. Healy, S. J.—"A Popular History of the Catholic Church in the United States."

one was a valuable acquisition for our young and struggling Church. Each was a host in himself. Six of them, Flaget, Cheverus, Dubois, David, Dubourg, and Maréchal, afterwards became bishops. The names of Matignon, Badin, Richards, Ciquard, Nagot, Nerinckx,¹ and others will be held in benediction to the latest ages.

The arrival of these soldiers of the Cross enabled Bishop Carroll to extend and partly consolidate his vast diocese. "The Catholic Church of the United States," says Archbishop Spalding, "is deeply indebted to the zeal of the exiled French clergy. No portion of the American Church owes more to them than that of Kentucky. They supplied our infant missions with most of their earlier and most zealous laborers, and they likewise gave to us our first bishops. There is something in the elasticity and buoyancy of the character of the French which adapts them in a peculiar manner to foreign missions. They have always been the best missionaries among the North American Indians; they can mold their character to suit every circumstance and emergency; they can be at home and cheerful everywhere. The French clergy who landed on our shores, though many of them had been trained up amid all the refinements of polished France, could yet submit without a murmur to all the hardships and privations of a mission on the frontiers of civilization, or in the very heart of the wilderness. They could adapt themselves to the climate, mold themselves to the feelings and habits of a people opposite to them in temperament and character."

Scarcely had the nineteenth century dawned, when the great tide of immigration began to set in for the shores of the New World. If the French Revolution caused many distinguished men, both clerical and lay, to cast their lot in our land, the Irish Rebellion of 1798, and its fatal termination, likewise forced thousands of "Exiles of Erin" to seek their fortunes in some clime more favored than their own unhappy Isle. For them the United States

¹ Father Nerinckx was a native of Belgium—a man of singularly austere and saintly life.

had a mysterious attraction, and the star of destiny guided their course westward.

It was chiefly on account of this vast stream of immigration that our Church grew rapidly in numbers. In 1807 the Catholics of New York City numbered about 14,000. Seventeen years before they were set down at less than *one hundred!* It was regarded as something marvelous, when, in 1808, six priests were ordained in one day, which, writes the venerable Dr. Carroll, was "a happy day for the diocese." In view of this increase, the Sovereign Pontiff deemed it expedient to raise Baltimore to the rank of a Metropolitan See, with four suffragan bishoprics—New York, Philadelphia, Boston, and Bardstown, Kentucky.

The Rev. Michael Egan, O. S. F., was appointed to Philadelphia; Rev. John Cheverus, to Boston; and Rev. Benedict Flaget, S. S. S., to Bardstown. They were all consecrated by Archbishop Carroll, at Baltimore, in the autumn of 1810. The Rev. Luke Concanen, O. S. D., appointed for New York, was consecrated at Rome, but he died at Naples on the eve of embarking for his diocese. At this time there were about seventy priests and eighty churches in the United States, with a Catholic population of probably one hundred and fifty thousand. Of the five prelates, one was an American, two were French, and two Irish.

Archbishop Carroll gathered around him the newly-consecrated bishops in council. It was a simple but venerable assembly. Rules of discipline were drawn up for the future government of the American Church; and throwing themselves in spirit at the feet of the Sovereign Pontiff, these pioneer prelates of the New World addressed him a beautiful letter of submission, asking his sanction, instruction, and assistance in the government of their churches. They also addressed a brief but admirable pastoral letter to the Catholics of the United States.

The venerable Archbishop now devoted the remainder of his days, strength, and energy to the great work of building up the Church and strengthening the outpost of religion in his own archdiocese. Nothing escaped his gen-

tle, watchful care until the light of this world faded from his eyes.

A quarter of a century had rolled by since he was created Bishop, and appointed ecclesiastical ruler of this Republic. God had blessed his labors. The Catholic Church of the United States had reached a point in numbers and prosperity as unexpected as it was encouraging. When his episcopate began, the country was without religious orders or educational establishments. Now there was a great change. Chiefly by his exertions, the Jesuits, Sulpitians, Augustinians, Dominicans, Carmelites, Visitation Nuns, Sisters of Charity, and others had planted themselves in the soil, and were growing up like beautiful vines about the tree of the Church. The United States was an ecclesiastical province, with its bishops, an increasing body of clergy, and a Catholic population numbering over two hundred thousand. In the midst of these happy circumstances God called away his faithful servant. At the ripe old age of eighty-one, on December 3d, 1815, departed the venerable Dr. Carroll, equally illustrious as a man, as a Catholic, as a patriot, as a Jesuit Father, as a Bishop, as an Archbishop, and as the Father and Founder of the American Church.



•MRS. E. A. SETON,

FOUNDRESS AND FIRST SUPERIOR OF THE SISTERS OF CHARITY

IN THE UNITED STATES.

MOTHER ELIZABETH ANN SETON,

FOUNDRESS OF THE SISTERS OF CHARITY IN THE UNITED STATES.¹

CHAPTER I.

EARLY YEARS OF OUR HEROINE.

Birth—Parents—Education—Religion—Personal appearance—Marriage—Spirit of piety—As a mother—Death of Dr. Bayley.

Elizabeth Ann Bayley was born in New York City on the 28th of August, 1774. She was the younger daughter² of Dr. Richard Bayley, a distinguished American physician. In her third year death deprived the child of the affectionate care of her mother; but she found a tender and most excellent guardian in her accomplished father.

Dr. Bayley watched over the education of his little daughter with the most loving and ceaseless solicitude; and as she advanced in life all her affections became centered in her father. Elizabeth manifested this unbounded attachment in various ways. Often, when at school, she would learn her task quickly, repeat it, and then watch a favorable opportunity of eluding the vigilance of her mistress, in order to run down the street to meet her father, who passed that way, embrace him, and then hasten back before the old lady could notice her absence!

Miss Bayley was brought up in the doctrines and practices of the Protestant Episcopal Church, to which her

¹ Chief authorities used: Rev. Dr. White, "Life of Mrs. E. A. Seton;" "Heroines of Charity;" "A Popular History of the Catholic Church in the United States."

² Dr. Bayley had only two children—daughters.

parents and all her friends belonged. Her mind, however, was free from any tinge of bigotry, and she even admired some Catholic practises of piety. She wore on her person a small crucifix—the emblem of man's redemption—and was often heard to express her astonishment that this custom was not more prevalent among persons of her own communion.

In the growth of Miss Bayley we notice an admirable harmony—body, mind, character, all grew and ripened together. An excellent character, molded by nature and education, ruled her every act. In person she was of low stature, but her figure was well proportioned, and her movements graceful. There was a charm in her vivacity and cheerfulness. A perfect symmetry was displayed in her features, which, with the sparkling yet mild expression of her eye, rendered her countenance the very mirror of a noble and intelligent soul.

Such was Miss Bayley, when, in her twentieth year, she became the wife of Mr. William Seton, a highly respectable merchant of New York City, part of whose early life had been spent in a mercantile house in Leghorn; a circumstance upon which, as the sequel of our narrative will show, was mysteriously dependent her conversion to the Catholic faith, and all its consequent blessings to countless souls. Endeared to a large circle of admiring friends by her lively disposition and numerous virtues, and married to an estimable and prosperous man, every worldly happiness seemed now to be opened around her; but instead of forgetting in these gifts their transitory nature, she kept strictly before her mind that every dispensation of life came from God; and was thus not unprepared for those trials and adversities which it was His will should be her portion.

Within the first year of her marriage, writing to her husband, who was necessarily absent from her, and exposed to some danger of the yellow fever, she calms her natural anxiety by the reflection that “patience and submission are the only ways to gain the blessings of Heaven.” And to another person she writes, “We are not always to have

what we like best in this world, thank Heaven! for if we had, how soon we should forget the other, the place of endless peace; where they who were united by virtue and affection here will surely enjoy that union so often interrupted while on their journey home." Nor are these remarks mere matters of course from Mrs. Seton they meant all that is said. Naturally amiable though she was, it was in constant prayer and meditation that she sought for strength and wisdom to meet the exigencies of her daily intercourse with the world. Much of her time was always spent in this manner; and it was not in words only, but in heart and soul, that she referred every event and hope to God.

About the beginning of the year 1800, Mr. Seton's affairs became much embarrassed from the consequences of the war, and other vicissitudes always incident to trade. Mrs. Seton's well-disciplined mind rose in proportion to the necessities of the occasion; and she not only cheered him by her unfailing courage and fortitude, but aided him efficiently in the arrangement of his papers. "It would not do," she said, "for hearts and fortunes to sink together."

For her own part, she turned her strength and consolation to the only source of both; and the following prayer will show very vividly the true state of her mind at this period of her life: "The cup that our Father has given us, shall we not drink it? O blessed Saviour! by the bitterness of Thy pains we may estimate the power of Thy love; we are sure of Thy kindness and compassion. Thou wouldest not willingly call on us to suffer; Thou hast declared unto us that all things shall work together for our good, if we are faithful to Thee; and therefore, if Thou so ordainest it, welcome disappointment and poverty, welcome sickness and pain, welcome even shame and contempt and calumny. If this be a rough and thorny path, it is one which Thou hast gone before us. Where we see Thy footsteps, we cannot repine. Meanwhile, Thou wilt support us with the consolations of Thy grace; and even here Thou canst more than compensate us for any temporal sufferings, by the posses-

sion of that peace which the world can neither give nor take away."

In the course of years Mrs. Seton became the mother of five children, Anna-Maria, William, Richard, Catherine-Josephine, and Rebecca. She was the fondest and most tender of mothers; but her love was purified and strengthened by the continual reflection that she had received these children from God to train them for His kingdom. She watched over their spiritual welfare even more anxiously than over their temporal; and was not restrained by any human weakness from guiding them inflexibly in what she believed to be the right way. Still, her reproofs were mingled with sweetness; and with the sure tact of a mother's heart, she won them to the knowledge and love of virtue. She would write short notes to them on particular occasions, which impressed their minds with contrition for their little faults, and inspired desires to form and persevere in the happiest resolutions; nor was any opportunity suffered to pass away unimproved, that could lead their infant hearts to God.

The following note, addressed to her eldest daughter when a very little girl, may be taken as a specimen of the simple but earnest tone of unaffected goodness which pervades these compositions: "My dearest Anna must remember that our Blessed Lord gave us the parable of the wise and foolish virgins to make us careful to choose our part with the wise ones, and to keep us in readiness for His coming, which will be in an hour that we know not of; and should He find us, dear child, out of the road of our duty, like sheep gone astray from their shepherd, where shall we hide from His presence, who can see through the darkest shades, and bring us from the furthest ends of the world? If we would please Him, and be found amongst His children, we must learn what our duty is, pray to Him for grace to do it, and then set our whole heart and soul to perform it. And what is your duty, my dear child? You know it, and I pray God to keep you in it; that in that blessed day when He shall come to call us to our heavenly

home, we may see our dear Anna in the number of those blessed children to whom He will say, 'Come, ye blessed of my Father.'

YOUR OWN DEAR MOTHER."

Nor was it to her own children alone that Mrs. Seton's influence was confined. She sought, wherever it was possible, to draw the hearts of others to the consideration of their true welfare; and that in a strain of such affectionate solicitude, that her efforts were seldom altogether without effect. And not content with giving good advice, she also set a most edifying example of active charity towards the poor and suffering. So zealous was she in this respect, that she and another relative who frequently accompanied her were commonly called Protestant Sisters of Charity. One who knew her well at this time says of her, "She considered no sacrifice too great to promote the glory of her heavenly Master, and add to the felicity of her fellow-creatures."

It is worthy of remark also, with what singular fervor and devotion Mrs. Seton was in the habit of receiving the Lord's Supper, as it is called, in the Episcopalian Church. Her whole soul was bent on reaching our Saviour's presence; and she would often after the service obtain some of the remaining elements, and even go from one church to another to renew her participation in this rite, which appears to have been administered, at certain fixed but rare intervals, simultaneously in all the churches of the city.

In 1801 she lost her venerated and beloved father, Dr. Bayley. The close attachment subsisting between parent and child had been only more firmly cemented by the lapse of years; and although her father had married a second time, and she herself was surrounded by all the engrossments of a young family, Mrs. Seton never failed to devote a portion of every day to visiting him in the midst of his arduous and benevolent labors.

Health physician to the port of New York during the last three or four years of his life, he found full scope for

his unbounded philanthropy among the vessels detained in quarantine on account of the yellow fever, which was then raging. The scenes of distress all around him were past description; yet there his energetic and generous spirit seemed to find its true element. He was everywhere amongst the sick and the dying; always cheerful, and never wearying. Gladly would his daughter have been at his side, to share his noble efforts for the poor suffering emigrants, who were dying by hundreds; indeed, so strongly was her sympathy excited on their behalf, that nothing but her father's positive prohibition kept her from weaning her own infant, that she might become a nurse to some of those unfortunate babes who were perishing, simply from want of nourishment, beside their dead or dying mothers. She was also much struck at this time by the religious devotion which she witnessed among the poor faithful Irish emigrants, whose first act on landing at Staten Island was to assemble under the open canopy of heaven, and kneeling down, to adore God for His mercy.

It was in the discharge of his duty amongst the emigrants that Dr. Bayley was at last seized with the illness which within a week carried him to the grave. Mrs. Seton's anguish can scarcely be described; she watched day and night beside his bed, soothing him and praying for him: but her special subject of anxiety was the prospect of his soul for all eternity. It is true that he was much respected and beloved for his generous benevolence and many other excellent qualities; but he had imbibed what were then called "philosophical principles"; so that the loving and devout heart of his daughter was tortured by uncertainty as to the condition of his soul in the sight of God. Under these circumstances no sacrifice seemed too great, if only she could wring therefrom some confidence as to his acceptance with God. Leaving his dying bed for an instant, she took from the cradle her sleeping infant; and going out into the open air, she raised it to heaven, and thus appealed to Infinite Love: "O Jesus, my merciful Father and God, take this little innocent offering; I give it

to Thee with all my heart ; take it, my Lord, but save my father's soul!" The child was, however, spared, to become with its mother a member of the true Church ; and Dr. Bayley expired on the 16th of August, 1801.¹

Under this heavy trial, Mrs. Seton's determination to love and to serve God was only the more strengthened ; and she thus records her firm resolve to use every means in her power to "work out her salvation" : "Sol-
emnly, in the presence of my Judge, I resolve through His grace to remember my infirmity and my sin ; to keep the door of my lips ; to consider the cause of sorrow for sin in myself, and those whose souls are as dear to me as my own ; to check and restrain all useless words ; to deny myself and exercise that severity that I know is due to my sin ; to judge myself, thereby trusting through mercy that I shall not be severely judged by my Lord."

¹ This portraiture is to be found among Mrs. Seton's papers, in her own hand-writing, and most probably refers to her father:

"His voice is peculiarly adapted to cheer the desponding and encourage the trembling sufferer, who shrinks with fastidious delicacy from any of the remedies of the healing art. Nor is its influence less salutary to the being who, shaken by the tempests of the world, yet struggles to brave them, and support a claim to reason and fortitude. Nature has endowed him with that quick sensibility by which, without any previous study, he enters into every character; and the tender interest he takes in the mind's pains, as well as the body's, soon unlocks its inmost recesses to his view, and fits it to receive the species of consolation best adapted to its wants. It may be said of him, as of the celebrated and unfortunate Zimmerman, that he never visited a patient without making a friend."

This outline of character, drawn by the pen of Mrs Seton, is not less creditable to her as an elegant writer, than honorable to her father as a distinguished ornament of the medical profession in America.—*Rev. Dr. White.*

CHAPTER II.

THE VOYAGE TO ITALY.

Mr. Seton's health declines—A sea voyage proposed—The voyage—At Leghorn—Pen-pictures—"Poor William"—Death of Mr. Seton—How she was most kindly treated by the Messrs. Filicchi—At Mass—Scraps from letters.

In the spring of 1803 Mr. Seton's health, always delicate, sensibly declined; and a sea voyage was recommended by his physicians. He resolved upon visiting Italy, and renewing personally an intimacy formed in youth, and continued by commercial intercourse, with the Messrs. Filicchi, distinguished merchants of Leghorn. Mrs. Seton could not allow him to travel in his weak state without her watchful care, and taking her eldest daughter, then eight years old, for her little companion, she committed her other children to the care of her relations during her absence. Little at the time did she contemplate the momentous results that journey was to bring forth. Her mind was absorbed in anxious uncertainty about her husband's health; but her confidence in God still kept her calm and resigned.

"Not one struggle nor desponding thought to contend with," she writes to a friend when about midway on her passage to Italy; "confiding hope and consoling peace have attended my way through storms and dangers that must have terrified a soul whose rock is not Christ."

Her child caught the whooping-cough on the voyage; and she was thus constantly occupied in nursing both her sick husband and suffering child. Neither her courage, however, nor her patience seem ever to have failed her; not even when, on their arrival at Leghorn, they were prevented from landing, or at least were obliged to remain for

some time in the lazaretto, "an immense prison," Mrs Seton writes, "with a high window, double-grated with iron; through which, if I should want anything, I am to call a sentinel with a cocked hat and long rifled gun." This mournful introduction to Leghorn is thus touchingly described in her journal by the affectionate wife who had so fondly hoped that her husband might find renewed life in Italy. It being "explained that our ship was the first to bring the news of the yellow fever in New York, she must go out into the roads; and my poor William, being sick, must go with his baggage to the lazaretto."

"At this moment the band of music that always welcomes strangers came under our cabin-window, playing 'Hail Columbia,' and those little tunes that set the darlings dancing and singing at home. Mrs. O'Brien, the captain's wife, and the rest were almost wild with joy; while I was glad to hide in my berth the full heart of sorrow which seemed as if it must break. You cannot have an idea of the looks of my poor William, who seemed as if he could not live over the day."

Landed at length, "we were directed to go opposite to the window of the capitano's house, in which sat Mrs. Philip Filicchi—compliments and kind looks without number. A fence was between us, but I fear did not hide my fatigues, both of soul and body. First we had cherries handed, or rather placed for us; for after we had touched them they could not go back to the house. At length we were shown the door we were to enter—No. 6, up twenty stone steps—a room with high arched ceilings, brick floor, and naked walls. The capitano sent three warm eggs, a bottle of wine, and some slices of bread.

"William's mattress was soon spread, and he upon it; he could not touch wine or eggs. Our little syrups, currant-jelley, drinks, etc., which he must have every half-hour on board ship—where were they? I had heard the lazaretto was the very place for comfort for the sick, and brought nothing; soon found there was a little closet, in which my knees found rest; and after emptying my heart and wash-

ing the bricks with my tears, returned to my poor William, and found him and Anna both in want of a preacher. Dear girl, she soon found a rope that had tied her box, and began jumping away to warm herself; for the coldness of the walls and bricks made us shiver. At sunset, dinner came from the kind Filicchis, and other necessities; we went to the grate again to see them.

“And now, on the ship mattresses spread on this cool floor, William and Anna are sound asleep; and I trust that God, who has given him strength to go through a day of such exertion, will carry us on. He is our all indeed. My eyes smart so much with crying, wind, and fatigue, that I must close them and lift up my heart; sleep won’t come very easily. If you had seen little Anna’s arms clasped around my neck at her prayers, while the tears rolled a stream, how you would love her! I read her to sleep with pieces of trust in God; she said, ‘Mamma, if papa should die here—but God will be with us.’ God is with us; and if sufferings abound in us, His consolations also greatly abound, and far exceed our utterance. If the wind (for it is said there never were such storms at this season) that now almost puts out my light, and blows on my William through every crevice, and over our chimney like loud thunder, could come from any but His command; or if the circumstances that have placed us in so forlorn a situation were not guided by His hand, miserable indeed would be our case. Within this hour William has had a violent fit of coughing, so as to bring up blood; which agitates and distresses him through all his endeavors to hide it. What shall we say? This is the hour of trial; the Lord support and strengthen us in it. Retrospections bring anguish; ‘press forwards towards the mark and prize.’”

“20th, *Sunday morning.* The matin-bells awakened my soul to its most painful regrets, and filled it with an agony of sorrow, which could not at first find relief even in prayer. In the little closet, whence there is a view of the open sea, and the beatings of the waves against the high rocks at the entrance of this prison, which throws them

violently back, and raises the white foam as high as its walls, I first came to my senses, and reflected that I was offending my only Friend and Resource in my misery, and voluntarily shutting from my soul the only consolation it could receive. Pleading for mercy and strength brought peace, and with a cheerful countenance I asked William what we should do for breakfast; the doors were unbarred, and a bottle of milk let down in the entrance of the room—poor Philip fearing to come too near. Little Anna and William ate it with bread, and I walked the floor with a crust and a glass of wine.

“William could not sit up; his ague came on, and with it my soul’s agony; my husband on the cold bricks without fire, shivering and groaning, lifting his dim and sorrowful eyes with a fixed gaze in my face, while his tears ran on his pillow, without one word. Anna rubbed one hand; I the other, till his fever came on. The capitano brought us news that our time was lessened five days; told me to be satisfied with the dispensations of God, etc.; and was answered by such a succession of sobs, that he soon departed. Mr. Filicchi now came to comfort my William, and when he went away, we said as much of our Church service as William could go through. I then was obliged to lay my head down. . . . After prayers, read my little book of sermons, and became far more happy than I had been wretched.

“*Monday.* Awoke with the same rest and comfort with which I had lain down, gave my William his warm milk, and began to consider our situation—though so unfavorable to his complaint—as one of the steps in the dispensations of that Almighty will which could alone choose right for us; and therefore set Anna to work, and myself to the dear Scriptures as usual; lying close behind the poor shiverer, to keep him from the ague. Our capitano came with his guards, and put up a very neat bed and curtains sent by Filicchi; and fixed the benches on which Anna and I were to lie.”

From the Messieurs Filicchi Mrs. Seton received every possible alleviation in her desolate and sorrowful imprison-

ment; for such the time of quarantine literally was. The notices in her journal at this time are most deeply interesting. She saw her husband, "who left his all to seek a milder climate, confined in this place of high and damp walls; exposed to cold and wind, which penetrates to the very bones; without fire, except the kitchen charcoal, which oppresses his breast so much as nearly to convulse him;" and yet her confidence in God was so unshaken, her resignation to His will so complete, that, far from murmuring, most of her expressions are those of praise and thanksgiving. "Little billets of paper pasted on the doors mark how many days different persons have stayed; and the shutter is all over notched 10, 20, 30, 40 days. I do not mark ours, trusting they are marked above. He only knows best."

"A day of bodily pain, but peace with God."

"Anna and I sung Advent hymns with a low voice. After all were asleep, I said our Church service alone. William had not been able in the day. Found heavenly consolations, forgot prisons, bolts, and sorrows; and would have rejoiced to have sung with St. Paul and Silas."

"I find my present opportunity a treasure; and my confinement of body a liberty of soul, which I may never again enjoy whilst they are united."

"So you see, as you know, with God for our portion, there is no prison in high walls and bolts; no sorrow in the soul that waits on Him, though beset with present pains and gloomy prospects. For this freedom I can never be sufficiently thankful, as in my William's case it keeps alive what in his weak state of body would naturally fail; and often when he hears me repeat the psalms of triumph in God, and read of St. Paul's faith in Christ, with my whole soul, it so enlivens his spirit that he makes them also his own, and all his sorrows are turned into joy. Oh, well may I love God, well may my whole soul strive to please Him; for what but the pen of an angel can ever express what He has done, and is ever doing for me! While I live, while I have my being, in time and through eternity, let me sing praises to my God."

"Alone! alone? recall the word—my Bible, commentaries, Kempis—visible and continual enjoyment—when I cannot get hours, I take minutes. Invisible! Oh, the company is numberless. Sometimes I feel so assured that the guardian-angel is immediately present, that I look from my book, and can hardly be persuaded I was not touched. 'Poor soul!' John Henry Hobart¹ would say, 'she will lose her reason in that prison.' But the enjoyments only come when all is quiet, and I have passed an hour or two with King David or the prophet Isaiah. These hours, I often think, I shall hereafter esteem the most precious of my life."

In this blessed state of union with God's will Mrs. Seton steadfastly persevered; and was able to nurse her dying husband day and night with the most heroic fortitude and patience. She little expected he could linger through the period of quarantine, and sometimes even "kissed his pale face to see if it was cold;" but her faith never failed. "The dampness about us," she writes within six days of leaving the lazaretto, "would be thought dangerous for a person in health; and my William's sufferings—oh! well I know that God is above.

"Capitano, you need not always point your silent look and finger there. If I thought our condition the providence of *men*, instead of the weeping Magadalen, as you so graciously call me, you would find me a lioness, willing to burn your lazaretto about your ears, if it was possible, that I might carry off my poor prisoner to breathe the air of heaven in some more reasonable place. To keep a poor soul, who comes to your country for his life, thirty days shut up in damp walls, with smoke and wind from all quarters, blowing even the curtains round his bed (and his bones almost through); and he the shadow of death, trembling if he only stands a few minutes! He is to go to Pisa for his health; this day his prospects are very far from Pisa; but,

¹ Mr. Hobart, then a minister of the Episcopalian Church, and afterwards Bishop of New York, was a man of singular talent and influence, and the friend and spiritual adviser of Mrs. Seton at that time.

ah, my heavenly Father! I learn that these contradictory events are permitted and guided by Thy wisdom, which only is light! We are in darkness, and must be thankful that our knowledge is not wanted to perfect Thy work, and also keep in mind that infinite mercy, which, in permitting the sufferings of the perishing body, has provided for our souls so large an opportunity of comfort and nourishment for an eternal life; where we shall assuredly find that all things have worked together for our good, for our sure trust is in Thee."

After a few more "melancholy days of combat with nature's weakness, and the courage of hope which pictured our removal from the lazaretto to Pisa," Mrs. Seton was at length permitted to leave the inhospitable walls which had sheltered her since her arrival in Italy, and with her husband and little girl was conveyed in Mr. Filicchi's carriage to Pisa; though it seemed doubtful whether Mr. Seton would reach the end of his journey alive. In fact, he only lingered a week more, during which time his sufferings were so great that his constant prayer was for "pardon and release"; and on the 27th of December, 1803, Mrs. Seton became a widow amongst strangers and in a foreign land.

Yet, so far from being overwhelmed by her situation, it seemed as if her strength and courage rose with the trial. She writes, after herself performing the last duties to her deceased husband, "I felt that I had done all—all that tenderest love and duty could do. My head had not rested for a week; three days and nights the fatigue had been incessant, and one meal in twenty-four hours; still I must work, dress, pack up, and in one hour be in Mr. Filicchi's carriage, and ride fifteen miles to Leghorn. Carlton and our old Louis stayed to watch, and my William was brought in the afternoon and deposited in the house appointed, in the Protestant burial-ground. Oh, what a day! close his eyes, lay him out, ride a journey, be obliged to see a dozen people in my room till night, and at night crowded with the whole sense of my situation. Oh, my Father and my God! . . . In all this it is not necessary to

dwell on the mercy and consoling presence of my dear Lord; for no mortal strength could support what I experienced."

After the knowledge of Mrs. Seton's character which we derive from these passages of her private journal and letters, it can scarcely be necessary to add, that from the very first she had made a most favorable impression upon all who saw her attending her dying husband, and enduring the peculiar trials of those first few weeks in the lazaretto; but when, from the fear of contagion in others, she herself undertook to lay out the corpse, those around her cried out with admiration, "If she were not a heretic, she would be a saint."

The widow and her daughter were now received like dear relations into the house of the *Messieurs Filicchi*, whose names have been already mentioned as early friends of her husband. These men were merchants of the highest standing, and besides being devout and fervent Christians, were men of enlightened and talented minds. The elder brother, Mr. Philip Filicchi, was honored by the special confidence of the Grand Duke of Tuscany

Everything was done by these generous friends to divert and restore Mrs. Seton's suffering spirit; and a visit was made to Florence, that she might have an opportunity of seeing some of the charms of Italy before returning to her family in America. The churches and the sacred paintings seem alone to have impressed her during this visit. Of the picture of the Descent from the Cross in the Pitti Palace, she says, "It engaged my whole soul; Mary at the foot of it expressed well that the iron had entered into hers; and the shades of death over her agonized countenance so strongly contrasted with the heavenly peace of the dear Redeemer, that it seemed as if His pains had fallen on her."

It will be easily conceived, from the character of Mrs. Seton's friends, and from her own lively and impressionable mind, that some pains were taken during her short stay amongst them to enlighten her on the subject of the Catholic Faith. Mr. Filicchi once remarking that there was

but one true religion, and without a right faith no one could be acceptable to God, Mrs. Seton replied, "Oh, sir! if there is but one faith and nobody pleases God without it, where are all the good people who die out of it?" "I don't know," answered her friend; "that depends on what light of faith they have received; but I know where people go *who can know the right faith, if they pray and inquire for it, and yet do neither*" "That is to say sir you want me to pray and inquire, and be of your faith. said Mrs. Seton, laughing. "Pray and inquire," he added. "that is all I ask of you."

Mr. Anthony Filicchi also wrote to her whilst at Florence, urging this important subject upon her in the following terms: "Your dear William was the early friend of my youth; you are now come in his room, your soul is even dearer to Antonio, and will be so forever. May the good Almighty God enlighten your mind and strengthen your heart, to see and follow in religion the sweet, true way to the eternal blessings. I shall call for you. I must meet you in Paradise, if it is decreed that the vast plains of the ocean shall soon be betwixt us. Don't discontinue in the meanwhile to pray—to knock at the door"

They also put books in her hands, and introduced to her a learned priest. For awhile Mrs. Seton had no misgivings respecting the soundness of the Protestant faith and writes as follows to a friend at home: "I am hard pushed by these charitable Romans, who wish that so much goodness should be improved by a conversion, which to effect, they have now taken the trouble to bring me their best informed priest, Abbé Plunkett, who is an Irishman; but they find me so willing to hear their enlightened conversation, that consequently, as learned people like to hear themselves best, I have but little to say, and as yet keep friends with all, as the best comment on my profession"

But it was impossible that, with such edifying examples before her eyes, and such able arguments addressed to her understanding, she should not at last begin to doubt her perfect security; and with the first misgiving arose a fer-

vent prayer to God that, if not yet in the right way, she might be graciously led into it. This became her daily petition; nor need it be told how surely, in answer to this heartfelt and humble prayer, she was gradually impressed by the truths of Catholicity, and yielded up her soul to this Divine influence long before she was conscious that she had swerved from Protestant belief.

Having once accompanied her friends to hear Mass in the church of Montenero, a young Englishman who was present observed to her at the very moment of the elevation, "This is what they call their Real Presence!" "My very heart," says Mrs. Seton, "trembled with pain and sorrow for his unfeeling interruption of their sacred adoration; for all around was dead silence, and many were prostrated. Involuntarily I bent from him to the pavement, and thought secretly on the words of St. Paul with starting tears, 'They discern not the Lord's Body;' and the next thought was, how should they eat and drink their own damnation for not discerning It, if indeed It is not there?"

Mrs. Seton, however, was not yet convinced of the claims of the Catholic Church upon her obedience; and on the 3d of February, 1804, she re-embarked with her daughter Anna for their native country; but a storm driving back the vessel, and the child being suddenly attacked by scarlet fever they were once more welcomed to the hospitable house of Mr Anthony Filicchi, and pressed to remain there until they should again be able to take their departure. After Anna had recovered, her mother was seized by the same illness; and during all this time the most affectionate care was lavished upon them by their Italian friends. "Oh the patience," exclaims Mrs. Seton, "and more than human kindness of these dear Filicchis for us! you would say it was our Saviour Himself they received in His poor and sick strangers."

Thus brought again within the influence of Catholic piety and charity, Mrs. Seton availed herself of every opportunity of becoming better acquainted with the doctrines of that faith which brought forth such pleasant

fruits; and every day felt herself more powerfully drawn towards it. "How happy we should be," she writes to a friend, "if we believed what these dear souls believe—that they possess God in the Sacrament, and that He remains in their churches, and is carried to them when they are sick! When they carry the Blessed Sacrament under my window, while I feel the full loneliness and sadness of my case, I cannot stop my tears at the thought. My God, how happy I should be, now so far away from all so dear, if I could find You in the church, as they do (for there is a chapel in the very house of Mr. Filicchi). How many things I would say to You of the sorrows of my heart, and the sins of my life! The other day, in a moment of excessive distress, I fell on my knees, without thinking, when the Blessed Sacrament passed by, and cried in an agony to God to bless me, if He was there; that my whole soul desired only Him.

"A little prayer-book of Mr. Filicchi's was on the table, and I opened a little prayer of St. Bernard to the Blessed Virgin, begging her to be our Mother; and I said it to her with such a certainty that God would refuse nothing to His Mother, and that she could not help pitying and loving the poor souls He died for, that I felt really I had a mother; which you know my foolish heart so often lamented in early days. From the first remembrance of infancy, I have always looked, in all the plays of childhood and wildness of youth, to the clouds for my mother; and at that moment it seemed as if I had found more than her, even in tenderness and pity of a mother. So I cried myself to sleep on her heart."

At another time, writing to the same relation, she thus shows the gradual advance of her mind to a knowledge of the truth: "This evening, standing by the window, the moon shining full on Filicchi's countenance, he raised his eyes to Heaven, and showed me how to make the sign of the cross. Dearest Rebecca, I was cold with the awful impression the first making of it gave me. The sign of the Cross of Christ on me! Deeper thoughts came with

it of I know not what earnest desires to be closely united with Him who died on it—of that last day when He is to bear it in triumph.

“All the Catholic religion is full of these meanings, which interest me so. Why, Rebecca, they believe all we do and suffer, if we offer it for our sins, serves to expiate them. You may remember, when I asked Mr. Hobart what was meant by fasting in our prayer-book, as I found myself on Ash-Wednesday morning saying so foolishly to God, ‘I turn to you in fasting, weeping, and mourning,’ and I had come to church with a hearty breakfast of buckwheat cakes and coffee, and full of life and spirits, with little thought of my sins; you may remember what he said about its being old customs, etc. Well, the dear Mrs. Filicchi I am with never eats, this season of Lent, till after the clock strikes three. Then the family assemble, and she says she offers her weakness and pain of fasting for her sins, united with her Saviour’s sufferings. I like that very much; but what I like better, dearest Rebecca—only think what a comfort—they go to Mass here every morning.

“Ah! how often you and I used to give the sigh, and you would press your arm in mine of a Sunday morning, and say, ‘No more until next Sunday,’ as we turned from the church-door, which closed upon us (unless a prayer-day was given out in the week). Well, here they go to church at four every morning if they please. And you know how we were laughed at for running from one church to another on Sacrament Sundays, that we might receive as often as we could; well, here people that love God, and lead a regular life, can go (though many do not do it, yet they *can* go) every day. Oh, I don’t know how any one can have any trouble in this world, who believes all these dear souls believe. If I don’t believe it, it shall not be for want of praying. Why, they must be as happy as angels, almost.”

Such was the lofty and just appreciation which Mrs. Seton formed of Catholic truth; and would that all Catholics set so high a value upon these blessed privileges of their

inheritance as did this good soul, to whom as yet they had not been given!

During the latter part of her stay in Leghorn, Mrs. Seton frequently visited the sacred places, and, joining with devotion in the services of the Church, would pour forth her soul in prayer. Indeed, had not her return to America been hastened as much as possible through her anxiety to rejoin her bereaved family at home, she would probably have renounced Protestantism before leaving Italy. However, the delay, although it entailed severe mental conflict and suffering for nearly a year afterwards, served only to prove still more triumphantly the power of the faith she had received, and her own fidelity to the graces bestowed.

CHAPTER III.

SEEKING THE TRUTH.

Mrs. Seton returns to America—Mr. A. Filicchi—Rev. J. H. Hobart—Mental Agony—Father de Cheverus—Light at last—Mrs. Seton enters the Church of Ages—Is baptized in old St. Peter's—Her first confession and Communion.

Leaving with tears the grave of her beloved husband, Mrs. Seton set forth, at length, on the 8th of April, with a heart yearning with desire after her children at home. Mr. Anthony Filicchi, who had long been wishing for matters of business to visit America, was decided by her lonely situation to accompany her on the voyage. This was the greatest comfort to her; for the friendship between them was of no common order.

"The 8th of April," she writes in her journal, "at half-past four in the morning, my dearest brother came to my room to awaken my soul to all its dearest hopes and expectations. The heaven was bright with stars, the wind fair, and the *Pianingo's* signal expected to call us on board; meanwhile the tolling of the bell called us to Mass, and in a few minutes we were prostrate in the presence of God. Oh, my soul, how solemn was that offering—for a blessing on our voyage—for my dear ones, my sisters, and all so dear to me—and more than all, for the souls of my dear husband and father; earnestly our desires ascended with the blessed Sacrifice, that they might find acceptance through Him who gave Himself for us; earnestly we desired to be united with Him, and would gladly encounter all the sorrows before us to be partakers of that Blessed Body and Blood! Oh my God, pity and spare me! . . .

"Filicchi's last blessing to me was as his whole conduct had been—that of the truest friend. Oh, Filicchi, you shall not *witness against me*. May God bless you forever; and may you shine as the 'stars in glory,' for what you have done for me. . . . Most dear Seton, where are you now? I lose sight of the shore that contains your dear ashes, and your soul is in that region of immensity where I cannot find you. My Father and my God! And yet I must always love to retrospect Thy wonderful dispensations: to be sent so many thousand miles on so hopeless an errand: to be constantly supported and accompanied by Thy consoling mercy through scenes of trial which nature alone must have sunk under; to be brought to the light of Thy truth, notwithstanding every affection of my heart and power of my will was opposed to it; to be succored and cherished by the tenderest friendship, while separated and far from those that I loved. My Father and my God, while I live let me praise, while I have my being let me serve and adore Thee."

During the voyage, which lasted fifty-six days, Mrs. Seton employed her time in uniting as far as possible with Mr. A. Filicchi in the observances of the Church, in reading the lives of the Saints, and in acquainting herself still further with Catholic doctrine by frequent conversation with her friend. She had need of strength for the storm of opposition that awaited her; and her heart sank, even in the midst of its joyful anticipations at returning home, at the separation that her religious convictions would bring about between her and her hitherto deeply revered pastor, the Rev. J. H. Hobart. She says in her journal, looking forward to this, "Still if you will not be my brother, if your dear friendship and esteem must be the price of my fidelity to what I believe to be the truth, I cannot doubt the mercy of God, who, by depriving me of my dearest tie on earth, will certainly draw me nearer to Him; and this I feel confidently from the experience of the past, and the truth of His promise, which can never fail."

Mrs. Seton had the happiness of finding all her little

ones in perfect health; but a severe trial awaited her in the death of Miss Rebecca Seton, her sister-in-law and most dear companion and friend, who only survived a few weeks after their re-union. In losing her, Mrs. Seton seemed to lose the last tie that bound her to her religious life as a Protestant. Father, husband, friend, and worldly prosperity had now shifted from her one by one; but the death of this friend, the cherished companion of all her visits of charity and devotion, of her prayers and readings, and the sympathizing recipient of her heart's most inward aspirations after God, must have broken the bond that was most likely to have held her soul ensnared to all its old associations and prejudices.

Mrs. Seton thus speaks of her sister-in-law: "She who had been the dear companion of all the pains and all the comforts, of songs of praise and notes of sorrow, the dear, faithful, tender friend of my soul through every varied scene of many years of trial, gone; only the shadow remaining, and that in a few days must pass away! The hour of plenty and comfort, the society of sisters united by prayers and Divine affections, the evening hymns, the daily readings, the sweet contemplations, the service of holydays together, the kiss of peace, the widows' visits—all, all gone forever! And is poverty and sorrow the only exchange? My husband, my sister, my home, my comforts—poverty and sorrow. Well, with God's blessing, you too shall be changed into dearest friends. To the world you show your outward garments; but through them you discover to my soul the palm of victory, the triumph of faith, and the sweet footsteps of my Redeemer, leading direct to His kingdom; then let me gently meet you, be received in your bosom, and be daily conducted by your counsels through the remainder of my destined journey. I know that many Divine graces accompany your faith, and change the stings of penance for ease of conscience, and the solitude of the desert for the society of angels."

Mrs. Seton being thus fully engaged with her dying sister immediately on her return from Italy, could not help

contrasting painfully the difference between the death-bed of a Protestant and one who is fortified by all the Sacraments of the Church. Yet, after the trial was over, her mind became unutterably harassed by doubts and temptations respecting her future religious profession. On leaving Leghorn, she had been furnished by Mr. Filicchi with a letter of introduction to the Right Rev. Dr. Carroll, Bishop of Baltimore; but unfortunately, this letter was not at once delivered; and, following the well-meant advice of Mr. Filicchi to acquaint her pastor and friends with her change of principles, such a storm of opposition came down upon her, that for a long time her mind was divided and bewildered, and tempted to stray back altogether from the newly-found path of truth.

Mr. Hobart, in particular, whose talents and religious zeal were very great, and for whom her own great partiality pleaded strongly, left no argument untried that could be brought to bear upon the subject. And though constant personal communication with Mr. Anthony Filicchi at New York, and epistolary correspondence with his brother at Leghorn, kept up the warfare on the other side, yet for many months she could not see her way clearly to renounce forever the creed in which she had been brought up. But, accustomed as she was almost incessantly to lay every trouble before God and implore His Divine guidance, the germ of faith could not be stifled within her; and perhaps it became only more firmly rooted during this time of suffering. The brothers Filicchi were unwearied in teaching, counseling, and confirming her wavering mind. The letters of Philip, in particular, are models of wisdom, piety, and charity; and as the letters of a layman engaged in active mercantile pursuits, they bear the marks of no common attainments. He much regretted that Mrs. Seton had not entered the Catholic Church whilst in Italy, and under the full force of convictions.

Though unable to act decidedly, Mrs. Seton's mind seemed still more unable to let go the truths it had already embraced. She thus describes her own singular state: "On ar-

living at home (from Italy) I was assailed on the subject of religion by the clergy, who talked of Anti-Christ, idolatry, and urged objections in torrents; which, though not capable of changing the opinions I had adopted, have terrified me enough to keep me in a state of hesitation; and I am thus in the hands of God, praying night and day for His Divine light, which can alone direct me aright. I instruct my children in the Catholic religion, without taking any decided step; my heart is in that faith, and it is my greatest comfort to station myself in imagination in a Catholic church."

The coldness of many, indeed most of her Protestant friends, who were scandalized at her venturing to entertain any doubts on the subject of religion, was a great trial to her warm and still bleeding heart; but perhaps a still greater temptation for her lay in the affectionate appeals continually made to her by Mr. Hobart.

The very fact of being in a state of doubt, of course, made Mrs. Seton a sort of common prey for proselytizers of all denominations, which she herself describes in a lively manner. "I had," she says, "a most affectionate note from Mr. Hobart to-day, asking me how I could ever think of leaving the Church in which I was baptized. But, though whatever he says has the weight of my partiality for him, as well as the respect it seems to me I could scarcely have for any one else, yet that question made me smile; for it is like saying that wherever a child is born, and wherever its parents place it, there it will find the truth; and he does not hear the droll invitations made me every day since I am in my little new home, and old friends come to see me; for it has already happened that one of the most excellent women I ever knew, who is of the Church of Scotland, finding me unsettled about the great object of a true faith, said to me: 'Oh, do, dear soul, come and hear our J. Mason, and I am sure you will join us.'

"A little after came one whom I loved for the purest and most innocent manners, of the Society of Quakers (to which I have been always attached); she coaxed me too with art-

less persuasion: 'Betsey, I tell thee, thee had better come with us.' And my faithful old friend of the Anabaptist meeting, Mrs. T——, says, with tears in her eyes, 'Oh, could you be regenerated; could you know our experiences, and enjoy with us our heavenly banquet.' And my good old Mary, the Methodist, groans and contemplates, as she calls it, over my soul, so misled because I have got no convictions. But oh, my Father and my God! all that will not do for me. Your word is truth, and without contradiction, wherever it is. One faith, one hope, one baptism, I look for, wherever it is; and I often think my sins, my miseries, hide the light: yet I will cling and hold to my God to the last gasp, begging for that light, and never change until I find it."

Again she thus writes to Mrs. A. Filicchi, in September: "Your Antonio would not even have been will pleased to see me in St. Paul's (Protestant Episcopal) Church to-day; but peace and persuasion about proprieties, etc., overprevailed: yet I got in a side pew, which turned my face towards the Catholic church in the next street, and found myself twenty times speaking to the Blessed Sacrament *there*, instead of looking at the naked altar where I was, or minding the routine of prayers. Tears plenty, and sighs as silent and deep as when I first entered your blessed Church of the Annunciation in Florence—all turning to the one only desire, to see the way most pleasing to my God, whichever that way is. . . .

"I can only say, I do long and desire to worship our God in truth; and if I had never met you Catholics, and yet should have read the books Mr. Hobart has brought me, they would have in themselves brought a thousand uncertainties and doubts to my mind; and these soften my heart so much before God, in the certainty how much He must pity me, knowing as He does the whole and sole bent of my soul is to please Him only, and get close to Him in this life and in the next, that in the midnight hour, believe me, I often look up at the walls through the tears and distress that overpower me, expecting rather to see His fin-

ger writing on the wall for my relief, than that He will forsake or abandon so poor a creature."

Mrs. Seton made one final effort to find comfort in that form of worship where she had been so long accustomed to seek it. "Would you believe it, Amabilia, in a desperation of heart I went last Sunday to St. George's (Protestant Episcopal) Church; the wants and necessities of my soul were so pressing that I looked straight up to God, and I told Him, since I cannot see the way to please You, whom alone I wish to please, everything is indifferent to me; and until You do show me the way You mean me to walk in, I will trudge on in the path You suffered me to be born in, and go even to the very Sacrament where I once used to find You.

"So away I went, my old Mary happy to take care of the children for me once more until I came back; but if I left the house a Protestant, I returned to it a Catholic, I think; since I determined to go no more to the Protestants, being much more troubled than ever I thought I could be whilst I remembered God is my God. But so it was, that in the bowing of my heart before the Bishop to receive his absolution, which is given publicly and universally to all in the Church, I had not the least faith in his prayers, and looked for an apostolic loosing from my sins, which, by the books Mr. Hobart had given me to read, I find they do not claim or admit; thus trembling I went to communion, half dead with the inward struggle; when they said 'the body and blood of Christ,'—oh, Amabilia, no words can express my trial.

"I took the *Daily Exercise* of good Abbé Plunkett, to read the prayers after Communion; but finding every word addressed to our dear Saviour as really present, I became half crazy, and for the first time could not bear the sweet caresses of the darlings, nor bless their little dinner. Oh, my God, that day! but it finished calmly at last, abandoning all to God, and a renewed confidence in the Blessed Virgin; whose mild and peaceful look reproached my bold excesses, and reminded me to fix my heart above with better hopes."

So tortured was the mind of Mrs. Seton at this time, that she had even thought in despair of embracing no particular form of Christianity until the hour of death; but taking up a sermon of Bourdaloue on the Feast of the Epiphany, and meeting with the following observations, in allusion to the inquiry "Where is He who is born King of the Jews?" that when we no longer discern the star of faith, we must seek it where alone it is to be found, among the depositories of the Divine word, the pastors of the Church, she was, by the blessing of God, so deeply impressed by the suggestion, that she immediately turned again to the Catholic books which had originally so forcibly attracted her; and being unable to obtain an interview with the priest in her own neighborhood, wrote at once to solicit directions from the Rev. John Louis de Cheverus,¹ of Boston.

In vain did her Protestant friends use all the common arguments to deter her. Worldly considerations were nothing to her where her soul was concerned. "The Catholics of New York were represented to me," she tells a friend at this time, "as the offscourings of the people," and the congregation as "a public nuisance; but," she adds, "that troubles not me. The congregations of a city may be very shabby, yet very pleasing to God; or very bad people among them, yet that cannot hurt the *faith*, as I take it. And should the priest himself deserve no more respect than is here allowed him, his ministry of the Sacraments would be the same to me, if I ever shall receive them. I seek but God and His Church; and expect to find my peace in them, not in the people."

Mrs. Seton then put herself in correspondence with Father Cheverus; and this step was of the greatest service to her. His timely counsels and the wise advice of Bishop Carroll, at length, under God, dispelled the clouds from her soul, and determined her to delay no longer seeking admission to the Catholic Church. These are her own words on making this important decision, and are the last extract we

¹ Afterward: Cardinal. He died in 1836, Archbishop of Bordeaux, in France.

shall make from her pen as a Protestant: "Now, they tell me, take care; I am a mother, and my children I must answer for in judgment, whatever faith I lead them to. That being so, and I so unconscious, for I little thought, till told by Mr. Hobart, that their faith could be so full of consequence to them and me, I will go peacefully and firmly to the Catholic Church; for if faith is so important to our salvation, I will seek it where true faith first began; seek it amongst those who received it from God Himself.

"The controversies I am quite incapable of deciding; and as the strictest Protestant allows salvation to a good Catholic, to the Catholics I will go, and try to be a good one. May God accept my intentions and pity me. As to supposing the word of our Lord has failed, and that He suffered His first foundation to be built on by Anti-Christ, I cannot stop on that without stopping on every other word of our Lord, and being tempted to be no Christian at all; for if the first Church became Anti-Christ, and the second holds her rights from it, then I should be afraid both might be Anti-Christ, and I make my way to the bottomless pit by following either. Come, then, my little ones, we will go to judgment together, and present our Lord His own words; and if He says, 'You fools, I did not mean that,' we will say, 'Since You said You would be *always*, even to the end of ages, with this Church You built with Your Blood, if You ever left it, it is Your word which misled us; therefore, please to pardon Your poor fools, for Your own word's sake.'"

On Ash-Wednesday then, March 14, 1805, Mrs. Seton presented herself for acceptance in old St. Peter's Church, New York City. "How the heart," she says, "died away, as it were, in silence, before the little tabernacle and the large crucifixion over it! Ah, my God, here let me rest; and down the head on the bosom, and the knees on the bench." After Mass she was received into the Church by a venerable Irish priest, the Rev. Matthew O'Brien, in the presence of her most true friend, Mr. Anthony Filicchi.

What his feelings must have been, at this happy termination to all his anxieties on her account, can be well imagined. Less easily hers as she returned home, "light at heart, and cool of head, the first time these many long months; but not without begging our Lord to wrap my heart deep in that open Side, so well described in the beautiful crucifixion; or lock it up in his little tabernacle, where I shall now rest forever. Oh, the endearments of this day with the children, and the play of the heart with God, while keeping up their little farces with them." What a contrast to the torturing anxieties of the last twelve months; and, in particular, to the trouble and disappointment she experienced in partaking of the Lord's Supper, in the Protestant church, when, "for the first time in her life, she could not bear the sweet caresses of her darling children, nor bless their dinner!"

The following extracts from her journal of this time all breathe the same happy spirit of peace and contentment: "So delighted now to prepare for this good confession, which, bad as I am, I would be ready to make on the house-top, to insure the good absolution I hope for after it, and then to set out a new life, a new existence itself: no great difficulty for me to be ready for it; for truly my life has been well culled over in bitterness of soul, three months of sorrow past." "It is done easy enough. The kindest confessor is this Mr. O'Brien, with the compassion and yet firmness in this work of mercy which I would have expected from my Lord Himself. Our Lord Himself I saw alone in him, both in his and my part in this venerable Sacrament; for, oh! how awful those words of unloosing after a thirty years' bondage. I felt as if my chains fell, as those of St. Peter, at the touch of the Divine messenger."

"My God! what new scenes for my soul! Annunciation Day I shall be made one with Him who said, 'Unless you eat My flesh and drink My blood, you can have no part with Me.' I count the days and hours; yet a few more of hope and expectation, and then—How bright the sun, these morning walks of preparation! Deep snow or smooth ice,

all to me the same—I see nothing but the little bright cross on St. Peter's steeple."

"*25th March.*—At last, God is mine, and I am His. Now let all go its round. I have received Him. The awful impressions of the evening before, Jesus, of not having done all to prepare; and yet even the transports of confidence and hope in His goodness. My God! to the last breath of life will I not remember this night of watching for morning dawn, the fearful beating heart, so pressing to be gone; the long walk to town, but every step counted nearer that street; then nearer that tabernacle; then nearer the moment He would enter the poor, poor little dwelling so all His own. And when He did the first thought I remember was, 'Let God arise, let his enemies be scattered;' for it seemed to me my King had come to take his throne; and instead of the humble, tender welcome I had expected to give Him, it was but a triumph of joy and gladness, that the deliverer was come, and my defense, and shield, and strength, and salvation made mine for this world and the next. Now, then, all the recesses of my heart found their fling, and it danced with more fervor—no, I must not say that—but perhaps almost with as much, as the royal psalmist before his ark; for I was far richer than he, and more honored than he ever could be. Now the point is for the fruits. So far, truly, I feel all the powers of my soul held fast by Him, who came with so much majesty to take possession of His little poor kingdom."

CHAPTER IV.

ON THE WAY OF CHRISTIAN PERFECTION.

Peace—Father Cheverus—Filicchi—Mrs. Seton opens a boarding-house—Is confirmed by Bishop Carroll—Another Convert—Persecutions—Rev. W. V. Dubourg and his plans—Mrs. Seton goes to Baltimore—Liberality of the Filicchi brothers—Mr. Cooper—The “Sisters of St. Joseph”—At Emmitsburg—St. Joseph’s Valley.

Behold Mrs. Seton, then, at length safely housed within the ark towards which her soul had for so long unconsciously yearned. After all the difficulties and doubts she had been passing through, she was well prepared to rejoice in the possession of peace on which she had now entered; not peace undisturbed, but still peace that could not be removed. She was now, as she herself hastened to inform Father de Cheverus, whose advice had so materially aided her conversion, “a poor burdened creature, weighed down with sins and sorrows, receiving an immediate transition to life, liberty, and rest.”

To the close of her life Mrs. Seton maintained a correspondence with this most worthy priest; and his sympathy and counsel, with that of Bishop Carroll, the Rev. Dr. Matignon, and other distinguished clergymen, of whom it was remarked that “their appearance, their deportment, their learning, are acknowledged, almost with enthusiasm, by most of the Protestants themselves,” was a powerful support to her under the new trials she was now called upon to endure, in the coldness, or rather opposition, of many of her former friends.

At that time it was considered a degradation to embrace the Catholic Faith, and the estrangement of her family on

this account left Mrs. Seton to meet almost alone the exigencies in which the embarrassed state of her husband's affairs at the time of his death had involved her. Had she remained a Protestant, all due assistance would have been given, and a large fortune might have been hers; but now, except for the munificent aid of Mr. Filicchi, she was left dependent on her own exertions. Nothing that the most generous friendship could prompt was wanting on the part of this noble man. He would gladly have provided a house for her in Italy; and his agents in New York were constantly directed to supply her with whatever money she might call on them for; and her two sons, one nine and the other seven years old, were placed by him for education in Georgetown College. "To relieve her wants," he told her, "was the pride of his soul, and his best passport for his last journey."

Mrs. Seton, however, was very properly anxious to exert herself for the benefit of her young family; and she therefore opened a boarding-house for some of the boys who attended a school in the city. Even in this change she found the highest consolation, knowing that it was brought about by her obedience to the will of God; and, after attending Mass, she went through her round of daily duties with the greatest cheerfulness and satisfaction. She still kept up the practice of committing to paper the secrets of her heart; and it is difficult to select from this treasury of devotion one passage more worthy than another of shadowing forth this pure, and humble, and loving heart. Her constant prayer at this time is, that the love of God may be supreme within her.

"Imagining the corrupted heart in Thy hand, it begged Thee with all its strength to cut, pare, and remove from it (whatever anguish it must undergo) whatever prevented the entrance of Thy love. Again it repeats the supplication, and begs it as Thy greatest mercy; cut to the center, tear up every root, let it bleed, let it suffer anything, everything, only fit it for Thyself, place only Thy love there, and let humility keep sentinel; and what shall I

fear? What is pain, sorrow, poverty, reproach? Blessed Lord! they all were once Thy inmates, Thy chosen companions; and can I reject them as enemies, and fly from the friends You send to bring me to Your kingdom?" Even in the midst of the petty calls upon her attention, which were now incessant, this one idea was ever present within, "Who can bind the soul which God sets free? It sprung to Him fifty times an hour. Scarcely an hour without being turned to Him; while the voice and eyes were answering down below, sweet! sweet!"

On the 26th of May, 1806, Mrs. Seton was confirmed by Bishop Carroll in St Peter's Church, New York: and soon after this event she was called upon to part from her invaluable friend, Mr. A. Filicchi, who was returning to his native country. No words can express all that Mrs. Seton owed to this gentleman, who had left his own family to accompany her home in her bereavement; who had placed at her disposal his means, his time, and his unfailing sympathy; who had laboured unceasingly to bring her within the fold of the true Church, and under the bright example of whose Christian piety and charity she had first learned to seek after this saving refuge. Mrs. Seton always called him *brother*; and no brother could have been nearer and dearer to a sister's heart than he was to hers

Nor was it without deep feeling that he too could bid farewell to one to whom he had been so eminently useful. We read that he considered "the interest which he had taken in the welfare of her and her family as the secret of the many favors he had received from Heaven" When on his way home, being providentially rescued from very imminent danger "on the dreadful summit of Mount Ceniz," he thus writes to Mrs. Seton: "It was on Monday night, the 8th of December, the day of the festival of our Blessed Lady's Conception. Early in that morning, they (the other passengers in the *diligence*) had all laughed at my going to Mass, but tear drew afterwards from their lips, against their will, the awful acknowledgment of their forsaken principles of religion.

"I looked immediately to you as my principal intercessor; and you must have had certainly a great share in my deliverance. What wonder, then, in my readiness to be serviceable to you? Through your good example they find me now a better Christian than I was, and through you my mercantile concerns are blessed by God with an uninterrupted success. I shall not, therefore, be so foolish as to desert your cause. Pray only our Divine Redeemer to extend His mercy towards me for the most important welfare in our next life. If I have been happy enough to be the instrument of introducing you to the gates of the true Church of Christ here below, keep me fast by you when called up-stairs; we must enter together into heaven. Amen."

There was one amongst Mrs. Seton's near connections who by no means shared in the general feeling of hostility with which she was now regarded. This was Miss Cecilia Seton, her youngest sister-in-law. Under fourteen years of age, beautiful, devout, and most warmly attached to her proscribed relative, Mrs. Seton cherished the earnest hope that this sister might one day be partaker of the true faith, and availed herself of the frequent opportunities afforded by a severe illness to bring the subject before her young patient.

When raised from her sick-bed, Miss C. Seton devoted herself unhesitatingly to find out the truth, and finally resolved, in spite of the most furious opposition, on becoming a Catholic. It was in vain that every means were employed that bigotry and misguided zeal could suggest. She was threatened with all sorts of possible and impossible evils, and even kept in close confinement for several days; but the grace of God carried her unwavering through every opposition, and she was received into the Church, June 20th, 1806.

The immediate consequences of this step were the young lady's dismissal from home without the least provision, and a positive prohibition to enter the houses of any of her relations, or to associate with their families. The youngest

and hitherto the favorite at home, this was a severe trial to the youthful novice ; but she was welcomed as a gift from God by Mrs. Seton, who gladly offered her a home.

This, however, was the occasion of renewed persecutions towards Mrs Seton ; and many who had hitherto kept up some outward resemblance of courtesy, now forbade their children to hold the slightest intercourse with her. Even the Protestant Bishop Moore and Mr. Hobart, her former friends and pastors, took the same hostile part, and warned all who had hitherto aided her in her establishment to avoid having anything to do with so dangerous a person. In consequence of this state of things, her circumstances in a worldly point of view became most seriously compromised ; yet still her soul retained its peace, and her mind dwelt rather on the consolations received from Catholic friends than the injuries inflicted by others.

"Upon my word," she writes pleasantly to Mr. A. Filicchi, "it is very pleasant to have the name of being persecuted, and yet enjoy the sweetest favors ; to be poor and wretched, and yet be rich and happy ; neglected and forsaken, yet cherished and tenderly indulged by God's most favored servants and friends. If now your sister did not wear her most cheerful and contented countenance, she would be indeed a hypocrite. 'Rejoice in the Lord always.' Rejoice, rejoice."

Living under the same roof with her exemplary sister-in-law, Miss Cecelia Seton followed closely in her footsteps, and became day by day a brighter and purer witness of the beauty of that faith she had embraced. So remarkably was this the case, that she soon won back the affection of some who had turned from her in such blind prejudice. For, meeting with some of her relations at the deathbed of a mutual friend, they were so deeply touched by the sweetness and piety of the young convert, that they invited her to return amongst them.

Mrs. Seton, however—certainly from no deficiency on her own part, but perhaps as being considered a more dangerous character—was not permitted to regain the favor she

had lost. But, except so far as worldly circumstances were concerned—which in themselves affected her not—this was of little moment to her; for she was now increasingly occupied with her children, who had been, of course, received with her into the Church; and we are told, “nothing can surpass the admirable tact with which Mrs. Seton conciliated their warm affection, and directed her influence over them to the glory of God and their personal sanctification.” The following little letter, written to her eldest daughter, then ten years old, is a pleasing specimen of her affectionate care for the best interests of her dear children:

“MY DARLING DAUGHTER,—You must not be uneasy at not seeing me either yesterday or to-day. To-morrow I hope to hold you to my heart, which prays for you incessantly, that God may give you grace to use well the precious hours of this week. And I repeat, you have it in your power to make me the happiest of mothers, and to be my sweet comfort through every sorrow, or to occasion the heaviest affliction to my poor soul that it can meet with in this world. And as your example will have the greatest influence on your dear little sisters also, and you do not know how soon you may be in the place of their mother to them, your doing your duty faithfully is of the greatest consequence, besides what you owe to God and your own soul. Pray Him, supplicate Him, to make you His own. Remember that Mr. Hurley is now in the place of God to you. Receive his instructions as from heaven; as no doubt your dear Saviour has appointed them as the means of bringing you there.”

Besides placing her two sons in Georgetown College with the hope of their going ultimately to that of Montreal, Mr. Anthony Filicchi had encouraged Mrs. Seton to hope that she and her daughters might be admitted to a convent in the same place, where her children would be trained carefully in the principles of the faith, and she herself employ her talents as a teacher. This was a prospect, on the thoughts of which Mrs. Seton loved to indulge; but it was brought about much sooner than she expected, by her in-

troduction to the Rev. William V. Dubourg, President and Founder of St. Mary's College in Baltimore.

Even before he became acquainted with Mrs. Seton, he was struck by her unusual fervor of devotion during an accidental visit to New York, where he celebrated Mass; and afterwards, learning her wish to enter some conventual establishment with her children, he endeavored to turn her thoughts from Canada, and induce her to remain in the United States with the same intention. "Come to us, Mrs. Seton," were his words; "we will assist you in forming a plan of life which, while it will forward your views of contributing to the support of your children, will shelter them from the dangers to which they are exposed among their Protestant connections, and also afford you much more consolation in the exercise of your faith than you have yet enjoyed. We also wish to form a small school, for the promotion of religious instruction, for those children whose parents are interested in that point."

"You may be sure," says Mrs. Seton, "I objected only want of talents; to which he replied, 'We want example more than talents.' " Father Dubourg, who was a man of singular enterprise and penetration, had immediately seen that Mrs. Seton was capable of serving the cause of religion in no ordinary degree; and though her own humble estimate of herself made her wonder at the prospect opening before her, yet it was so congenial to her highest wishes, and offered so many advantages for her beloved children (for Father Dubourg had proposed receiving her two sons, free of expense, within St. Mary's College), that she did not hesitate to lay the matter at once before Bishop Carroll, Dr. Matignon, and Father Cheverus, as friends and counselors without whose advice she dared not act. They were unanimously in favor of the scheme, and Dr. Matignon said, almost in the spirit of prophecy, when alluding to her former idea of going to Canada, "*You are destined, I think, for some great good in the United States, and here you should remain in preference to any other location.*"

Other circumstances at this time contributed to determine Mrs. Seton to enter upon this new sphere of action; she could not realize enough for the maintenance of her family from the boarding-house she had undertaken, nor was the society of the boys at all beneficial to her own children. Her Protestant friends also highly approved of the Baltimore scheme, observing that it was an excellent project, because "her principles excluded her from the confidence of the inhabitants of New York." Mrs. Seton therefore resolved on leaving her native city; and her sister-in-law, Miss C. Seton, determined on accompanying her.

Father Dubourg's plan was that they should take a small house, where, with her own family and a few boarders, she might begin the work of general education "in subservience to pious instruction;" with the hope that in time, if it was God's will to prosper the undertaking and give her and her companion "a relish for their functions," it might be gradually consolidated into a permanent institution.

On the 9th of June, 1808, Mrs. Seton embarked with her three daughters for Baltimore; and her two sons being brought from Georgetown, to be under Father Dubourg's care at St. Mary's College, she had once more all her children under her own immediate superintendence. This was no slight alleviation to the feelings that must have been awakened in her heart by finding herself thrust out, as it were, and unregretted, from her native city, and the companionship of her own family and all the friends of her early life. She was going to a new scene and sphere of action, amongst strangers; and that society of which she had been for so long the cherished ornament, now triumphed over her departure.

Yet the only reflections which her unfailing confidence in God inspired, on the eve of her arrival at Baltimore, were expressed in the following words: "To-morrow do I go among strangers? No. Has an anxious thought or fear passed my mind? No. Can I be disappointed? No. Our sweet sacrifice will re-unite my soul with all who offer it. Doubt

and fear will fly from the breast inhabited by Him. There can be no disappointment, where the soul's only desire and expectation is to meet His adored will and fulfil it."

Mrs. Seton reached Baltimore on the Feast of Corpus Christi; and in the services of that day, and the affectionate greeting which followed, from a large circle of new friends already prepared to love her, she lost at once all sense of loneliness.

Colonel Howard, amongst others who soon after called to welcome her amongst them, a very wealthy man, and acquainted with her family, pressed her earnestly to take up her abode in his own spacious house and allow him to bring up her children with his own. This generous proposal was fully appreciated, but of course declined; for, as she assured Colonel Howard, she "had not left the world for the purpose of entering it again."

It is scarcely necessary to say, that Mrs. Seton had not left New York without informing the Messrs. Filicchi of her intended plans. And as soon as she was settled in her new home, and the design which Father Dubourg had in proposing her removal was a little matured, she wrote again, frankly asking what amount of aid she might hope to receive from them, in the event of its being advisable to provide by building, etc., for a permanent institution.

Her generous friend, Antonio, who was at this time contributing largely to her own support, responded gladly to this new appeal, bidding her draw at once on his agents for one thousand dollars or more if needful; adding, "your prayers had so much bettered our mercantile importance here below, that in spite of all the embargoes, political and commercial troubles, which have caused and will cause the utter ruin of many, we possess greater means now than before, thanks to God, with the same unalterable good will." This plan, however, was not destined to be carried out; at least, not in the way which was then contemplated.

Mrs. Seton's view was to begin by opening a boarding-school for young ladies, leaving to time and the will of God

that which she had already very earnestly at heart, the formation of a society specially consecrated to religion. She had no difficulty in obtaining the required number of pupils; and as they lived literally beneath the shadow of the Church, and she enjoyed at this time singular religious privileges, and the frequent society of many distinguished clergymen, particularly of Bishop Carroll, she writes in a transport of joy at the blessing of her lot: "Every morning at Communion, living in the very wounds of our dearest Lord, seeing only his representatives, and receiving their benedictions continually."

It was her only wish that her young sister-in-law, Miss Cecilia Seton, would join her. But it had been thought advisable that this lady should remain for the present in New York, with a brother upon whom she was entirely dependent. Left in the midst of those who had been so hostile to her change of religion, she had many trials to endure; but by unflinching firmness, and the strictest perseverance in attending all her religious duties, she became daily a more fervent Catholic, and cherished the hope of one day devoting herself in a special manner to the service of God.

Another sister, Harriet, who was also warmly attached to Mrs. Seton, had inexpressible longings to fly to that happy retirement which she so eloquently painted in her letters from Baltimore. This lady was "the belle of New York," living in the midst of fashionable society, engaged to a step-brother of Mrs. Seton's (of course a Protestant), and, on account of some preference she had already shown for the Catholic faith, was closely watched by her family. In a letter to her sister-in-law, she writes thus: "Where is it you could go, my beloved sister, without meeting with kindness and affection? They must, indeed, be unenviable beings, who know you without loving you. Your description is delightful. Every thought, every hope, flies towards the happy spot you have pictured. Oh, that I may one day be there, but not in my present state, to be happy! Let me enjoy the precious privilege of serving God in your blessed faith. What comfort can I have in my own, when

I know there is a better? Dearest sister, pray for me always; never forget me when in the chapel. Recollect, at sunset, I shall always meet you at the foot of the cross in the *Miserere*. What a sweet remembrance!"

Presently we shall have to return to these ladies; but first it is necessary that we should relate the circumstances which led to the removal of Mrs. Seton from Baltimore after a sojourn of only a few months, and brought about the fulfillment of her pious intentions in a manner she herself had never ventured to hope for.

In the autumn of 1808, a young lady, seeking retirement from the world, had made up her mind for this purpose to go to some foreign conventual establishment; but hearing of Mrs. Seton's plans and wishes, came gladly to Baltimore, and was there offered by her father "as a child whom he consecrated to God." She became for the present an assistant in the school; but on the arrival of this first companion, Father Babade, then her spiritual director, encouraged Mrs. Seton to discern the "announcement of an undertaking which would gradually collect round her a numerous band of spiritual daughters." The time for this was indeed already come.

One morning, after Holy Communion, she felt an extraordinary impulse to devote herself to the care of poor female children, and to found for their benefit some abiding institution. Going at once to Father Dubourg, she said, "This morning in my dear Communion, I thought, Dearest Saviour, if You would but give me the care of poor little children, no matter how poor; and Mr. Cooper being directly before me at his thanksgiving, I thought, He has money; if he would but give it for the bringing up of poor little children, to know and love You."

Mr. Cooper was a convert, a student at St. Mary's for the priesthood, and anxious to devote his property to the service of God. On hearing Mrs. Seton's words, Father Dubourg seemed lost in astonishment, and told her that Mr. Cooper had spoken to him that very morning of his thoughts being all for poor children's instruction, and that

if he could find somebody to do it, he would give his money for that purpose; and he wondered if Mrs. Seton would be willing to undertake it. Struck with the wonderful coincidence, the priest advised each to reflect for a month on the subject, and acquaint him with the result. During this time there was no communication between the parties; nevertheless, they returned at the appointed time, offering, the one his means, and the other her services, for the relief of Christ's poor.

The clergy consulted on the occasion could not but approve of an intention so plainly in the ordering of God, and the site of Emmettsburg, Maryland, was fixed upon as affording "moral and physical advantages for a religious community, being far from the city and in the midst of wild mountain scenery."

The prospect now opening before Mrs. Seton was hailed with delight by all who knew her remarkable fitness for the work. Amongst others, her esteemed friend, Father John Louis de Cheverus writes, almost in the language of prophecy: "*How admirable is Divine Providence! I see already numerous choirs of virgins following you to the altar. I see your holy order diffusing itself in the different parts of the United States, spreading everywhere the good odor of Jesus Christ, and teaching by their angelical lives and pious instructions how to serve God in purity and holiness. I have no doubt, my beloved and venerable sister, that He who has begun this work will bring it to perfection.*"

The title of Mother was already gladly given everywhere to Mrs. Seton; and one lady after another came gathering around her, in fervor and humility offering themselves as candidates for the new sisterhood. A conventual habit was adopted (which was afterwards changed to that worn by the Sisters of Charity), and under the title of "Sisters of St. Joseph," a little band was organized under temporary rules.

The humble soul of Mother Seton, as she must now be called, was filled with such an overwhelming sense of the

responsibility committed to her, that on the evening of the day she received it as a charge from her spiritual directors, she sunk weeping bitterly upon her knees; and after giving way to her emotions for some time, she confessed aloud before the sisters who were present the most frail and humiliating actions of her life, from her childhood upwards, and then exclaimed from the depths of her heart, "My gracious God! You know my unfitness for this task; I, who by my sins have so often crucified You: I blush with shame and confusion! How can I teach others, who know so little myself, and am so miserable and imperfect?"

Mrs. Seton bound herself privately at this time, in the presence of the venerable Bishop Carroll, by the usual vows, for a year; and soon afterwards she was joined by one who had long waited patiently until the will of God should permit her to follow where her heart had already gone before. Miss C. Seton, falling dangerously ill, was advised by her physician to try a sea voyage as a last remedy, and thankfully determined to visit Mother Seton. She was accompanied by her sister Harriet, two brothers, and a servant. Contrary to all expectation, her health gradually began to improve, and on reaching Baltimore her attendants left her, with the exception of her sister Harriet, who stayed to take care of her.

The illness again proving serious, change of air was once more advised, and Mother Seton then removed with the invalid to the site of her intended residence at Emmettsburg. Miss H. Seton of course accompanied them, with some of the community and Mother Seton's children. As no habitation was yet ready for the sisterhood, they were allowed by the Rev. Mr. Dubois, President of Mount St. Mary's College¹ (to which Mrs. Seton's sons had already been removed from Baltimore), to occupy a small log-house on the mountain. Here Miss C. Seton soon recovered some degree of health, and here her sister was strengthened to

¹ At Emmettsburg.

say, spite of all the persecution which she well knew such a step would entail from her own family, and although she was uncertain what effect it might have upon him to whom she was engaged, "It is done, my sister; I am a Catholic. The cross of our dearest Lord is the desire of my soul; I will never rest till He is mine."

At the end of July, Mother Seton and the whole of her community, now ten in number, besides her three daughters and her sister-in-law, removed to the little farm-house on their own land in St. Joseph's Valley, which was to be their present home. It was much too small to be considered anything but a temporary refuge, containing only three or four rooms, and "a little closet just wide enough to hold an altar," where the presence of the Blessed Sacrament made up for every privation; and a more commodious and ample building was being prepared at once, as rapidly as circumstances would admit.

Meanwhile, in accordance with the institute of the Sisters of Charity, with which this was intended to conform, instruction of youth and care of the sick occupied the greater part of the Sisters' time; and as it happened that a fever was just now breaking out in the neighborhood, they received many petitions to come and tend those who were attacked by it. Full of zeal and piety, they cheerfully lent themselves to this good work, and gave the greatest edification wherever they went.

They were very poor, circumstances not yet allowing them to open a school; but all were so anxious to devote themselves to a life of mortification that Mother Seton says, "carrot coffee, salt pork, and buttermilk seemed too good a living." The expenses of building reduced them to a still more destitute condition; their bread was of the coarsest rye, and for many months they "did not know where the next meal would come from." On Christmas Day they rejoiced to have "some smoked herrings for dinner, and a spoonful of molasses for each." Yet the most perfect cheerfulness and harmony prevailed; they were literally all of one mind.

About the end of September, Miss H. Seton was received

into the Church. As was expected, a torrent of reproaches from home followed this announcement; but nothing could now prevent the holy fervor of this young convert; and rejoicing to suffer the loss of all things, even, if need were, the love of him to whom her hand was promised, she still pleaded for an extension of her stay in St. Joseph's Valley. Here, while nursing her sick sister, she was herself seized with a violent fever; and within three months of her conversion, her remains were carried to a spot she had once playfully chosen as a last resting-place in the silent woods, and laid beneath the tree she had pointed out. Thus, although the last called, she became "the first-fruits of those who sleep in St. Joseph's Valley."

The death-bed of this pious and beautiful young lady was never forgotten by those who had the happiness to assist at it. Amidst the most intense sufferings, the names of God, Heaven, or eternity instantly fixed her attention, insensible to every other address. Her devotion to the Blessed Sacrament had been remarkable, and even in delirium the same Divine object absorbed all her mind; her last sign of life was an effort to join the hymn at Benediction. It was impossible for her best friends not to rejoice that she was thus spared the sufferings and temptations that would have assailed her had she lived to return to New York. Far different, however, was the effect of her death upon her relations there; and when after four months more her sister Cecilia was also laid in that same little enclosure, planted with wild flowers, their indignation against this "pest of society" knew no bounds, even in its public expression. But all this, as Mother Seton herself observed, was music to the spirit hoping only to be conformed to Him who was despised and rejected by men."

Two months before Miss C. Seton's death, the community were established in their new dwelling, a large log-house two stories high, with a sanctuary, sacristy, and an apartment where strangers could assist at Mass, facing one end of the sanctuary. The choir where the community heard Mass, etc., was in front of the altar. So poor was the altar,

that its chief ornaments were a framed portrait of our dear Redeemer, which Mother Seton had brought with her from New York, her own little silver candlesticks, some wild laurel, paper flowers, etc.

After placing themselves solemnly under the patronage of St. Joseph, the sisterhood commenced their labors on a much more extensive scale. They now opened a day and boarding-school, and in May, 1810, Mother Seton thus alludes to the condition of the house: "You know the enemy of all good-will of course makes his endeavors to destroy it; but it seems our Adored is determined on its full success, by the excellent subjects He has placed in it. We are now twelve and as many again are waiting for admission. I have a very, very large school to superintend every day, and the entire charge of the religious instruction of all the country round. All apply to the Sisters of Charity, who are night and day devoted to the sick and the ignorant. Our blessed Bishop intends removing a detachment of us to Baltimore, to perform the same duties there. We have a very good house, though a log building; and it will be the mother-house and retreat in all cases, as a portion of the sisterhood will always remain it, to keep the spinning, weaving, knitting, and school for country people, regularly progressing."

The income derived from the school and donations from friends now kept the house free from embarrassment, and in any case of emergency the generosity of the brothers Filicchi was unfailing. The following extract from a letter of Mother Seton's on an occasion of this kind, and the answer she received, will show the spirit of frankness and Christian confidence which prevailed between them: "Does it hurt you that I press so hard on you, and make no further application to my friends in New York? Consider, how can I apply to them for means which would go to the support only of a religion and institution they abhor; while what is taken from you is promoting your greatest happiness in this world, and bringing you nearer and nearer to the Adored in the next. But again let me repeat, if I have

gone too far, stop me short forever, if you find it necessary, without fear of the least wound to the soul you love ; which receives all from your hands as from that of our Lord, and whenever they may be closed, will know that it is He who shuts them, who uses all for His own glory as He pleases.

“ I do not write to Philip now, as this letter will serve to say all to both, except the fervency and attachment of my very soul to you both in Christ. May He be blessed and praised forever. How great that attachment is, and with how much reason, can only be known by one who once was what I have been, and can conceive what the contrast of past and present is. This is understood by Him above who gave you to me and us to you, for which, I trust, we will love, praise, and adore through eternity.” “ Chase your diffidence away,” replies Mr. A. Filicchi ; “ speak to your brother the wants of a sister, and trust in Him who knows how to clothe and feed the birds of the air, and clothes the grass of the earth with brightness.”

CHAPTER V.

THE NEW RELIGIOUS SOCIETY.

Rules adopted—Mother Seton's daughter Anna—Her many virtues—Her death—A Mother's tears—The growing community—Mother Seton as a teacher—Her eldest son—Mr. P. Filicchi's death.

In 1811, measures were taken for procuring from France a copy of the regulations in use amongst the "Daughters of Charity," founded by St. Vincent of Paul, as it was intended that Mother Seton's community should model itself upon the same basis. It became necessary, however, to introduce some modification of the rules, as it was thought expedient that, at least for the present, the sisters should be occupied in the instruction of the young; and moreover, it was feared that Mother Seton's peculiar position as the sole guardian of five young children, might prove a hindrance to her being bound permanently as the superior of a religious community.

She herself, indeed, considered that her duties as a mother were paramount to every other, especially since her children's Protestant relations were numerous and wealthy. Writing to a friend on this subject, she says, "By the law of the Church I so much love, I could never take an obligation which interfered with my duties to the children, except I had an independent provision and guardian for them, which the whole world could not supply to my judgment of a mother's duty." This and every other difficulty in the adoption of the rules was, however, at length arranged by the wisdom of Archbishop Carroll; and in January, 1812, the constitutions of the Community were confirmed by the

¹He had recently been elevated to the archiepiscopal dignity.

Archbishop and the superior of St. Mary's College, in Baltimore, and sent for observance to the Sisters.

A year was allowed to all already in the Sisterhood to try their vocation, at the end of which time they might either leave the institution or bind themselves by vows. Mother Seton was authorized, even after she had taken the vows, to watch over her children's welfare; and a conditional provision was made for securing to the community her permanent superintendence.

The general rules and object of the Sisters of Charity are so well known that little need be said on that subject. The society was to be composed of unmarried women and widows, sound of mind and body, and between sixteen and twenty-eight years of age at their entrance. It was also expected that they should desire to devote their whole lives to the service of God in His poor, and in the instruction of children; though the vows were only taken for a single year, and renewed annually.

“Though they do not belong to a religious order (such a state being incompatible with the objects of their Society), yet, as they are more exposed to the world than members of a religious order, having in most circumstances no other monastery than the houses of the sick or the school-room, no other cell than a rented apartment, no other chapel than the parish church, no cloister but the public street or hospital, no enclosure but obedience, no gate but the fear of God, no veil but that of holy modesty—they are taught to aim at the highest virtue, and to comport themselves, under all circumstances, with as much edification as if they were living in a convent. The salvation of their souls is the paramount consideration they are to have in view. The cultivation of humility, charity, and simplicity; the performance of their actions in union with the Son of God; contempt of the world; disengagement from created things; love of abjection; patient and even cheerful endurance of all earthly crosses and trials, and a great confidence in Divine Providence, are practices which the Sisters consider essential to their profession.”

During the year of probation ten more ladies were added to the community, which now consisted of thirty Sisters; and by the adoption of a settled rule of life, Mother Seton had the happiness of seeing them make daily progress both in fervor towards God and usefulness to their neighbors. There was one amongst them who was a source of far deeper joy and gratitude than the rest. This was her own eldest daughter, Anna or Annina. From early childhood she had been remarkable for her virtue and piety; and now, being both good, clever, and beautiful, she was the delight of all who knew her. When only fifteen, her hand had been sought in marriage by a young gentleman of great wealth and talent; and, with the approbation of all his friends, he journeyed to his distant home to make the necessary preparation. There, however, he found his only parent, a mother, so strongly opposed to it, that he was prevailed upon to break his faith with Miss Seton.

Happily, with the true spirit of a Christian, the young lady regarded the whole matter as ordered by God for her greater good and devoted herself more assiduously than before to all the religious practices of the Community in St. Joseph's Valley. Although still only amongst the pupils, she strictly observed the rules of the novitiate, rising at four both in winter and summer, that she might spend an hour in prayer and meditation before Mass in the chapel. She performed in secret many heroic acts of mortification, and had so little taste for the world that, when visiting a very excellent family in Baltimore, she implored her mother to recall her to St. Joseph's Valley, because "her soul wearied of the distractions of a secular life."

Her example animated the pupils to an extraordinary devotion, and some of the elder girls formed themselves into a band under her direction, governed by special rules, and habitually seeking to mortify themselves by acts of penance. At the same time she both watched tenderly over the younger pupils—especially those preparing for their first Communion—and also maintained a correspondence with those young ladies who had left the school, seeking to keep alive

in their hearts the good principles they had learned amongst the Sisters. Anxious to consecrate herself more perfectly to God, she applied, as soon as her age permitted, for admission to the Sisterhood, and was gladly received; but towards the end of September, 1811, taking a violent cold, she soon became so ill, that all hope of seeing her continue to edify the Community by her exemplary piety was sorrowfully abandoned. As for herself, she only rejoiced to believe that she was near her end; and she continued to the last both to practice perfect humility and patience in herself, and to encourage it in others.

A very painful remedy having been proposed and then postponed, she said, "Oh, no, to-day is Friday; let it be done to-day, for it is the best day, my dearest Lord." To her companions she wrote, "I am now suffering in earnest, not as we used to do on our knees, when meditating on the Passion of our dear Lord. We used to wish to suffer with Him; but when called to prove the wish, how different is the reality from the imagination! Let my weakness be a lesson to you."

When Mother Seton half reproached her for her little care of her health, "rising at the first bell, and even being on the watch to ring it the moment the clock struck; washing at the pump in the severest weather, often eating in the refectory what sickened her stomach, etc.—'Ah, dear mother,' she replied, coloring deeply, as if she was wounding humility, 'if our dear Lord called me up to meditate, was I wrong to go? If I washed at the pump, did not others more delicate do it? If I ate what I did not like, was it not proper, since it is but a common Christian act to control my appetite? Besides, what would my example have been to my class, if I had done otherwise in any of these cases? Indeed, I have given too much bad example without this. Dearest Lord, pardon me.'"

Night and day did Mother Seton watch over her suffering child; and it is said that "it would be difficult to decide which was the more worthy of admiration, the daughter pressing forward with eagerness to her heavenly home, or

the mother generously offering the sacrifice of her first-born child."

On the 30th of January, she received with great fervor the last Sacraments; but her death was yet delayed for some weeks. Her mother at this time writes to a friend: "The dear, lovely, and excellent child of my heart is on the point of departure. During the whole of the last week she has been every moment on the watch, expecting every coughing-fit would be the last; but with a peace, resignation, and contentment of soul truly consoling, not suffering a tear to be shed around her, she has something comforting to say to all. . . . When the last change took place, and cold sweat, gasping breathing, and agonizing pain indicated immediate dissolution—the pain of her eyes so great she could no longer fix them—she said, 'I can no longer look at you, my dear crucifix; but I enter my agony with my Saviour; I drink the cup with Him. Yes, adorable Lord, Your will, and Yours alone, be done. I will it, too. I leave my dearest mother, because You will it; my dearest, dearest mother.' Poor mother! you will say, and yet happy mother. You can well understand this for me, dear friend—to see her receive the last Sacraments with my sentiments of them, her precious soul stretching out towards heaven, the singular purity of her life, of which I could give you the most amiable proofs, my calculations of this world—all, dear friend, combine to silence poor nature."

On the Sunday before her death, Annina begged that the young ladies from the school might come in, to learn a lesson of human frailty from her wasted form. Being fifty in number, they were admitted, a few at a time, and she addressed them in her dying voice with the most impressive words. Allowing them to see the mortification which had already begun in her neck, she said, "See the body which I used to dress and lace up so well, what is it now? Look at these hands! the worms will have poor banquets here! What is beauty? what is life? Nothing, nothing. Oh, love and serve God faithfully, and prepare for eternity. Some of you, dear girls, may be soon as I am now; be good,

and pray for me." Annina prayed very earnestly to die a professed Sister of Charity; and though the time had not yet arrived for any to bind themselves by the usual vows, she was permitted to do so on the day before her death, thus becoming the *first* professed member of the Sisterhood. The following act of consecration was written by her the morning before her death, kneeling at the foot of a crucifix:

"Amiable and adorable Saviour! at the foot of Your cross I come to consecrate myself to you forever. It has pleased You, in Your infinite mercy and goodness, to unite and fasten me to it with You. O dear Jesus, I offer You all my sufferings, little as they are, and will accept with resignation (oh, by Your grace, let me say, love), whatever You will please to send in future. I offer, in union with Your blessed merits, all the sufferings I ever had; those which I endured at a time when I did not learn to unite them to Yours. Those I have experienced during this last sickness I offer more particularly to Your glory, and in expiation of the offenses and grievous sins committed during my life. Oh, my Jesus, pardon the impatience, ill-humor, and numberless other faults I now commit; I beseech Thee to forgive. I offer Thee my sufferings, in union with Your merits, in expiation of my many and daily offenses."

On the following morning she requested her two young sisters to kneel by her bed and sing:

" Though all the pains of hell surround,
No evil will I fear :
For while my Jesus is my Friend,
No danger can come near."

They tried to compose their voices, broken by sobs, that they might please their dying sister, whom their mother, sitting at her pillow, was supporting in her arms. But their voices refused to sing at such a moment; and soon the struggles of the departing soul became so severe, that Mother Seton was obliged to retire from her now insensible child to the chapel, where she remained before the Blessed Sacrament till all was over.

On the following day the body was committed to the ground, and Mother Seton, more like a statue than a living being, followed her sweet child to the grave. But one tear was seen upon her cheek as she returned; and raising her eyes to heaven, she uttered slowly, as if yielding to the full force of the sublime sentiment: "Father, Thy will be done!" Thus died Sister Annina, on March 12th, 1812, in the seventeenth year of her age.

She was cherished warmly in the memory of all who had ever known her; and the village children, whom she had especially chosen for her pupils, kept her grave always green and fragrant with moss and lilies of the valley. The loss of this dear child was very acutely felt by Mother Seton, and she writes from the fullness of her heart to a friend, "The separation from my angel has left so new and deep an impression on my mind, that if I was not obliged to live in these dear ones (her children), I should unconsciously die in her: unconsciously, for never, by a free act of the mind, would I now reject *His will*." Who can tell the silent solitude of the mother's soul, its peace and rest in God. "Eternity was Anna's darling word. I find it written in everything that belonged to her; music, books, copies, the walls of her little chamber—everywhere that word."

In September, 1812, the Rev. Simon Gabriel Bruté¹ was appointed to assist the Rev. Mr. Dubois;² and his friendship and services were of the greatest possible value to Mother Seton and the community, for whom he now celebrated Mass four times a week. Father Bruté was a man of rare gifts, rare learning, and great physical activity, singularly blessed with energy and power of expression; and from the first he and Mother Seton heartily sympathized.

In the following July, the Community, now eighteen in number, bound themselves by the vows of poverty, charity, and obedience, ten young ladies being at the same time admitted into the novitiate.

¹ Afterwards first Bishop of Vincennes, Ind.

² Afterwards Bishop of New York.

The war with Great Britain at this time made many things so expensive that a more rigid economy was necessary, to which, however, the Sisters cheerfully lent themselves. Sugar was dispensed with, and coarser clothing introduced. In 1814, a detachment of Sisters were sent to Philadelphia, to take charge of the children whose parents had died of the yellow fever; and in 1817 a colony was established in New York City from the mother-house at Emmettsburg. The instructions and affectionate exhortations given by Mother Seton to those Sisters who were leaving her for another mission were beautifully characteristic of her idea of what the life of a Christian, and, above all, a Sister of Charity, should be.

She herself most strictly observed the Rules of the house, though her health was now becoming feeble; "was incessantly occupied in the duties of her situation, yet always calm, self-possessed, even-tempered, and her soul apparently collected in God. She was remarkable for her love of poverty and mortification of the senses." At first she had taken charge of the highest class amongst the pupils, but now this was no longer necessary. Yet she still visited the school-room constantly, encouraging, counseling, and edifying by her presence no less than by her words. She considered the young ladies as a sacred trust from God, and was accustomed to say to the Sisters under whose particular care they were, "Be to them as our guardian angels are to us."

Twice a week she gave familiar instructions to the elder pupils, in which she displayed her singular aptitude for education. Yet her manner was rather that of the intelligent and affectionate parent than of the pedantic teacher; and her sweetness won so readily the confidence of her pupils, that they opened their hearts to her as their dearest friend.

"Your little mother, my darlings," she would say, "does not come to teach you to be good nuns or Sisters of Charity; but rather, I would wish to fit you for that world in which you were destined to live; to teach you how to be good mistresses and mothers of families. Yet, if the dear

Master selects one among you to be closer to Him, happy are you ; He will teach you Himself."

In 1814 Mrs. Seton's eldest son completed his eighteenth year. He was anxious to enter the navy, whilst his mother wished him to go into some mercantile house ; but this was rendered somewhat difficult, in consequence of the disturbed state of commercial affairs during the war. However, the Rev. Mr. Bruté being anxious to visit Europe, she resolved to send her son under his guardianship to the Messrs. Filicchi, at least for a time. Two years later her second son was placed in the house of a merchant at Baltimore, and went afterwards to Leghorn when his brother left to carry out his own purpose of entering the navy.

About this time Mr. Philip Filicchi died ; and deeply was his loss deplored, not only by Mother Seton and his most immediate friends, but by all. His death was said to be almost a public calamity, sorrowed over by "hundreds of poor fed at his hands, orphans depending on his support, and prisoners relieved by his charity."

CHAPTER VI.

CROSS AND CROWN.

Death of Mother Seton's youngest daughter—Father Bruté—"Luther is Luther"—Mother Seton's health becomes feeble—Her patience—Her last moments—Her holy death—Her character—The results of her toil.

Two months after this time Mother Seton was called upon to render back to God another of her children, her youngest daughter, whose intelligent and amiable disposition had endeared her to all who knew her. She had been ailing now since 1812, when she was injured by a fall on the ice; and that she might have the best medical advice, she was removed for some time to Baltimore. Whilst there, her mother used the most affectionate endeavors, by frequent little notes, to turn the mind of her suffering child to the end for which she was afflicted. The following is one of them:

"MY SOUL'S LITTLE DARLING,—Mother's eyes fill with tears ever when she thinks of you; but loving tears of joy, that my dear one may suffer and bear pain, and resign herself to the will of our Dearest, and be the child of His cross. You know, mother has often told you that the one who suffers most is the dearest to me; and so our Dearest loves the child He afflicts with a double love. Remember, my dear one, what mother told you about love and obedience to our so kind and tender friend;¹ and our Dearest, not to forget Him for a moment. You know He never forgets you; and do not mind kneeling, but speak your heart to Him anywhere. May His dear, dearest blessing be on you. . . . Jesus, Mary, and Joseph, bless and love you!"

¹ The lady with whom she was staying.

By the pious example of this amiable child, many practices of devotion were introduced amongst the boarders; and as she was a general favorite at St. Joseph's, her influence had the happiest effect. The orphans educated there had been formed into a class distinct from the boarders, and were disposed to resent this separation as a humiliating position; Miss Rebecca Seton, however, voluntarily ranked herself amongst them, and immediately all bitterness of feeling was changed into grateful affection. Though only thirteen years of age, she was devout and fervent in approaching the Sacraments; and, indeed, she needed all the strength and consolation which these alone can bestow; for during the last six months of her life she was scarcely ever free from the most excruciating pain. Nevertheless, she was always patient, resigned, and even cheerful in manner, fulfilling the anxious wishes of her mother, that she might look on her sufferings only as a transitory means to a glorious and eternal end.

"Death, death, my mother," she would say in her agony; "it seems so strange that I shall be no more here. You will come back (from the graveyard), dearest mother, alone. No little Rebecca behind the curtain. But that is only one side; when I look at the other, I forget all;—you will be comforted. If Dr. C. were to say now, Rebecca, you will get well, I could not wish it,—no, my dearest Saviour! I am convinced of the happiness of an early death. And *to sin no more*;—that is the point, my mother;" throwing her arms around her, and repeating "to sin no more."

A few extracts from the journal of her dear child's last days, made by Mother Seton for Father Bruté, who was still absent in Europe, will describe more touchingly than any words of our own the admirable fortitude with which the little sufferer "endured to the end."

"It seemed to me this morning," said she, "that I could not bear it; but one look at our Saviour changed it all. What were the dislocations of his bones, my mother! Oh, how can I mind mine! Not a change now from continued sitting, but to kneel a little on one knee; obliged to give

up her bed entirely. We tried to-day. 'I know,' said she, 'I cannot; but we must take it quietly, my dear mother, and offer up the pains,'—trying to get in and out of bed—'and let it take its way.' Finding it impossible, she said, 'I must lie down no more until—but never mind, my mother, come sit by me.' Softly now she sings the little words, after resting on one knee awhile, for our evening prayer:

"Now another day is gone,
So much pain and sorrow o'er,
So much nearer our dear home:
There we'll praise Him,
There we'll bless Him evermore."

Then leans so peaceably her dear head on my lap, and offers up, as she says, 'the poor mass of corruption, covered with the blood of our Jesus.'

"The little beloved now sits up in a chair night and day, leaning on my arm, the bones so rubbed she cannot rest on one knee as before; but says so cheerfully, 'Our Lord makes me pay for past misdemeanors.'

"What a morning with our little one! her perspective! Straining forward, with rolling, rapid tears, she said, putting her arms around me, 'Mother, the worst is, I shall have to give an account of all the Masses I have heard so carelessly; O my carelessness!' the tears redoubled. 'My first communion! yet surely I tried not to make it badly; and if, dearest mother, I shall have the blessings of the last Sacraments,'—then she looked so earnestly at the crucifix, and wiped her eyes. Again spoke of Extreme Unction; but after all the comfort another burst of tears. 'Yet the last struggles, mother!—there is something in death—I cannot tell. How lazy I am, my mother; and how sweet and bright is Nina's carpet!' Oh, how I will beg our Lord to let me come to you, when you will be here so lonely! You know, mother, I never enjoyed any little pleasure in this world, unless you shared it, or I told you of it. How I will beg of Him to let me come and comfort you! You

¹ Her sister Annina; *carpet*, the blue sky, seen from the window.

know, too, I could guess your pains, even when you did not speak.' But oh, the thousand little endearments of her manner, while saying these words, so dear to a mother's heart! Every waking through the night speaking of what they were doing in heaven! Her poor leg burst—pain in the side excessive—but the little cheerful laugh and pain go together. 'How good it is, oh, how good! since it shows our Lord will not let it last long.'

"'Last night,' said she, 'in the midst of my misery, I seemed somewhere gone out of my body, and summoning all the saints and angels to pray for me; but the Blessed Virgin, St. Joseph, and my guardian angel, St. Augustine, and St. Xavier, whom I love so much (St. Augustine's burning heart for our Lord, you know, mother), these I claimed and insisted on defending me in judgment.—Oh, my mother! that judgment;' then again her eyes fastened on the crucifix as long as pain would permit. 'O mother, how I suffer, every bone, every joint, every limb; do mother, pray for my faith. You see, dearest, every day something of warning is added that I soon must go; yet I remember only twice to have thought my sufferings too hard since I was hurt;—so our dear Lord pity me, and give me a short purgatory: yet in this *His will* be done; at least, then I shall be safe, and sin no more.'

"Always wishing to be employed, she cut some leaves of artificial flowers, and seemed very earnestly employed in sewing on a small garment for a poor child, with trembling hands and panting breath, two days before her agony.

"The Superior came," Rev. Mr. Dubois, "and seeing the pitiful state of the poor darling, kindly offered to remain with her. Her gratitude was inexpressible. The presence of a priest seemed to arm her against every power of the enemy. He told her, about midnight, that as she had not slept nor ate anything for the last twenty-four hours, it would be well to take a little paregoric. 'Well,' said she very gently to him, 'if I go to sleep I shall not come back; so good-by to you all. Do give my love to everybody; good-by, dear Kit,' (her sister Josephine, kissing her most

tenderly), 'and you, my dearest mother.' But here her little heart failed her, and she hid herself in my bosom. Again, trying to compose herself, she said, 'I will give your love to everybody I meet with on the way.' But no sleep or rest for her." So dawned for child and mother All Souls' Day. "It passed as yesterday; only increased pains. Our God, our God! to wait one hour for an object every moment expected! but poor Bec's hours and agonies are known to You alone!—her meek, submissive looks, artless appeals of sorrow, and unutterable distress.

"The hundred little acts of piety that All Souls' Day, so sad and sorrowful; the fears of the poor mother's heart; her bleeding heart for patience and perseverance in so weak a child, the silent long looks at each other; fears of interfering in any way with the designs of infinite love! Oh, that day and night and following day! The Rev. Superior told her he would not wish her sufferings shortened. She quietly gave up, felt her pulse no more, inquired no more about going, or what time it was; but with her heart of sorrow pictured on her countenance, looking now at the crucifix, again at mother, seemed to mind nothing else. Once she said, 'My love is so weak—so imperfect—my mother; I have been so unfaithful, I have proved so little my love.' Her poor little heart seemed sinking, yet eyes steadfastly fixed on the crucifix. 'My mother; kiss that Blessed Side for me.' Her small crucifix round her neck was often pressed to her lips—those cold, dying lips; and then she would press it to her heart. 'Hangs my helpless soul on Thee,' she would say. Night came again. She often bowed her head, in which all her pain seemed centred, to the holy water presented by the Rev. Superior. We said some short prayers, and she repeated, 'In the hour of death defend me; call me to come to Thee; receive me.' Near four in the morning, she said, 'Let me sit once more on the bed; it will be the last struggle.' Cecilia's arms and mother's supporting her, she sank between us; the darling head fell on the well-known heart it loved so well, and all was over. My God! my God! That morning she had said, 'Be not sorrowful,

my mother! I shall not go far from you; I am sure our dear Lord will let me come and console you.' Josephine's tears hurt her. 'I do not look,' she said, 'to being left in the grave, and you all turning home without me; I look high up.'"

In 1818, Father Bruté again came to reside at St. Mary's College, and became confessor to the Community of St. Joseph. This was a great consolation for Mother Seton, who had the highest regard for this excellent priest. Her health was now very feeble; but she exerted herself to fulfill with diligence the onerous duties of her responsible office. "I cannot die one way," she writes to a friend, "so I try to die the other, and keep the straight path to God alone." She maintained the tenderest watchfulness over those Sisters absent on any mission; and thus writes to one, who was lamenting her inability, through illness, to fulfill the charge she had undertaken: "My own dear sister, I take a laugh and a cry at your flannels and plasters. Never mind; God is God in it all. If you are to do His work, the strength will be given you; if not, my precious child, some one else will do it, and you come back to your home. No great affair where His dear atom is, if only His will is done. Peace, dearest soul, from our Jesus. I took a long look at our dear crucifix for you. All are here nearly as you left; our faithful God the same!—Ever your little mother."

During the years we have so rapidly passed over, many Sisters were summoned from the little Community to their eternal home. And if it were possible to relate of their pious souls the different acts of humility, charity, and devotion by which they edified all who knew them, and embalmed their names in the memory of the Sisterhood, some idea might be formed of the holy, happy retreat over which Mother Seton presided in St. Joseph's Valley. Many were converts. Amongst others, we are told of one who had been a Methodist, but was ever seeking after the true Church until she found it.

"Luther is Luther," she used to say to those on whom

she urged, her anxiety before her conversion, "Calvin is Calvin, Wesley is Wesley; but where is the Church of the Apostles?" By God's good grace she was guided at last to St. Joseph's Valley, where she happily found what she sought.

It has been already mentioned more than once, that Mother Seton's health had become very feeble; and in 1820 her lungs were so seriously affected, that her medical attendants gave no hope of her ultimate recovery. For her this world had long ceased to be anything but "a dark passage leading to eternity. I see nothing," she says, "but the blue sky and our altars; all the the rest is so plainly not to be looked at. We talk now all day of my death, and how it will be, just like the rest of the housework. What is it else? What are we come into the world for? Why is it so long, but this last, great, eternal end? It seems to me so simple when I look up to the crucifix."

The year before her death she thus writes to a priest: "O my father, friend, could I hear my last stage of cough, and feel my last stage of pain, in the tearing away my prison-walls, how could I bear my joy! The thought of going *home*, and called by His will! What a transport! But, they say, don't you fear to die? Such a sinner must fear; but I fear much more to live, and know as I do that every morning finds my account but lengthened and enlarged. I don't fear death half so much as my hateful, vile self."

Twelve years she had now spent in her retirement. During the last four months she was confined to her room, and her sufferings at times were very great; but only under obedience to her director would she submit to any effort for their alleviation. Not a complaint was to be heard; and if through extreme pain there escaped her an involuntary sign of impatience, she was uneasy until she had received absolution. Her humility was as great as her resignation. One of the Sisters saying something which implied a hope of going to heaven immediately after death, Mother Seton exclaimed fervently, "My blessed God! how far from that thought am I, of going straight to heaven! such a miserable

creature as I am !” Father Bruté was constantly with her, and his ministry was a source of the most abundant graces to her soul.

In these last days she was not left without singular consolations. She said, “It seems as if our Lord and His Blessed Mother stood continually by me, in a corporeal form, to comfort, cheer, and encourage me in the different weary and tedious hours of pain.” More than ever did Mother Seton now appreciate the grace of her conversion. Being asked by her director what she considered the greatest blessing ever bestowed upon her by God, she answered, “That of being brought into the Catholic Church.” And speaking with holy transport of the happiness of dying in the arms of this tender Mother, she added, “How few know the value of such a blessing !”

Being about to receive the last Sacraments, she begged that all her spiritual daughters might assemble in her room, where they were addressed in her name by the Rev. Mr. Dubois as follows: “Mother Seton being too weak, charges me to recommend to you at this sacred moment, in her place: first, to be united together as true Sisters of Charity; secondly, to stand most faithfully by your Rules; thirdly, that I ask pardon for all the scandals she may have given you, that is, for indulgences prescribed during sickness by me or the physicians.” Mother Seton’s voice added, “I am thankful, Sisters, for your kindness in being present at this trial. Be children of the Church, be children of the Church.”

When the last awful moment was at hand, the Sisters pressed in anguish around the bed of their cherished and saintly Mother. Her only daughter was fainting beside her from intense emotion; but on Mother Seton’s countenance was no shadow of grief, or doubt, or disturbance—all was peace there. She rested immovably in the hands of God, repeating, “May the most just, the most high, and the most holy will of God be accomplished forever !”

A Sister whom she requested to repeat her favorite prayer, “Soul of Jesus, sanctify me ; Blood of Jesus wash

me," etc., being unable through her sobs to proceed, the dying lady finished it herself. "Jesus, Mary, Joseph!" were her last words. And thus passed away from this world, in faith and hope and love, Mother Elizabeth Ann Seton, on the 4th of January, 1821, in the forty-seventh year of her age.

Amidst the tears and lamentations of the whole Community, her remains were carried to their last resting-place on the following day. A cross and a rose-tree were planted on her grave, and from innumerable grateful hearts went up to heaven with the Adorable Sacrifice the most pure and fervent prayers that her soul may rest in peace. Since that time a marble monument has been raised over her remains, on the four sides of which are inscribed: "To the memory of E. A. Seton, Foundress." "Precious in the sight of the Lord is the death of His saints." "The just shall live in everlasting remembrance." "The just shall shine as the sun in the kingdom of their Father." And on the wall of the humble chamber in which she breathed her last may be read the following inscription: "Here, near this door, by this fire-place, on a poor, lowly couch, died our cherished and saintly Mother Seton, on the 4th of January, 1821. She died in poverty, but rich in faith and good works; may we, her children, walk in her footsteps, and share one day in her happiness. Amen."

But little remains to be said of the character of Mother Seton. It was best expressed by her singular and sanctifying influence over others. The impression she produced by her look, her manner, and her words, was extraordinary; and many instances are recorded which prove the effect to have been as lasting as it was powerful. We are told of a gentleman whose two daughters were brought up in her school, but who from his early childhood had neglected all religious duties. The children had naturally followed his example; but were not long inhabitants of St. Joseph's Valley, before they not only learned the value of religious privileges themselves, but earnestly desired that their beloved father might share the same blessings.

Prevailing upon him to visit Mother Seton, they had the great consolation of finding that her magical influence won his heart to the immediate consideration of his soul's salvation. He declared that he would willingly travel six hundred miles to enjoy a view of Mother Seton's eyes, even if she did not open her lips; and returning home, he instantly, in accordance with a promise he had made her, prepared to receive the Sacraments of the Church, and some time after died a happy death.

All who saw her acknowledged the same charm. Her power of language was remarkably fascinating; and with a gifted and accomplished mind, and singularly refined manner, she was fitted to adorn any circle. Her pupils could scarcely have had a more beautiful model before them, of a lady, a mother, or a Christian. Charitable and considerate for all around her, she was rigidly severe with herself. In dress, food, and observance of the rules, she unsparingly mortified her natural inclination. This was a cross she felt it imperative to hold closely to her heart; for it was often a severe effort to bring her will into submission to the directions of her superiors, and she was tried with an almost continual sense of dryness in her spiritual duties. But her faith triumphed over all. "In the hour of manifestation," she writes to her former director, "when all this cross-working shall be explained, we shall find that in this period of our poor life we are most ripe for the business for which we were sent. While the ploughers go over us, then we are safe. No fears of pleasing ourselves; no danger of mistaking God's will. No; if I thought that by investigation and an appeal to superior authority, I should be to-morrow released from this cloud of darkness, yet I would not take one step. And you, my dear master and captain in the way of the cross, you know that my only safe way (I speak for salvation) is to remain quite still with Magdalen. You well know that He who works my fate has no need of any other help from me but a good will to do His will, and an entire abandonment to His good providence. Let them plough, let them grind, so much the better—the grain will

be the sooner prepared for its owner ; whereas, should I step forward and take my own cause in hand, the Father of the widow and orphan would say that I distrust Him. Shall we make schemes and plans of human happiness, which must be so uncertain in obtaining, and if obtained—trash death ! eternity ? Oh, my father, *sursum corda* ; we know better than to be cheated by such attractions. No ; we will offer the hourly sacrifice, and drink our cup to the last drop ; and we, when least expecting it, shall enter into our rest.” She had the highest veneration for the character of a priest ; and it was remarked by a saintly prelate, whose own name is honored throughout the Church in America, that no one ever impressed his mind so forcibly as Mother Seton did, with the idea of what a true priest ought to be.

Much of Mother Seton’s time was devoted to writing ; and the Rev. Superior employed her able pen in preparing, from the French ascetic literature, instructions and meditations for her spiritual children. Correspondence with the clergy, laity, and the parents of her pupils, also occupied all the leisure she could spare from more important duties.

The following is one of the very few specimens of her poetical effusions that yet remain. It is entitled “Jerusalem, my happy home,” and had the gifted and saintly lady left no other writing of this description, it would still be sufficient to win her the praise of considerable merit as a poet :

Jerusalem, my happy home,
How do I sigh for thee !
When shall my exile have an end,
Thy joys when shall I see ?

“ No sun or moon in borrowed light,
Revolves thine hours away ;
The lamb on Calvary’s mountain slain
Is thy eternal day.

“ From every eye He wipes the tear ;
All sighs and sorrows cease ;
No more alternate hope and fear ,
But everlasting peace.

"The thought of Thee to us is given,
Our sorrows to beguile,
T' anticipate the bliss of Heaven,
In his eternal smile." ¹

¹ The work begun by the illustrious Mother Seton has gone on increasing to our own day. The establishment at Emmettsburg is one of the noblest and most beautiful in the United States. Some changes, however, have occurred. In 1850 the mother house at Emmettsburg, with all its branch establishments, assumed the habit worn by the French Sisters of Charity, and the members renewed their vows according to the formulæ adopted in the Society of St. Vincent de Paul. The Emmettsburg Community now forms a province of that great Society ; and, at present conducts 102 houses, 1 academy, 50 schools, 38 asylums, and 30 hospitals. The Sisters number about 1,200.

The New York Sisters of Charity of St. Vincent de Paul form a separate, independent body, and now represent the Society as founded by Mother Seton. They direct 16 academies, 48 schools, 13 orphan asylums, and 2 hospitals. Standing at the head of their institutions of education is the famous academy of Mount Saint Vincent-on-the-Hudson. The Sisters number 600 members.—See "*Popular History of the Catholic Church in the United States.*" pp. 401-4.



Charles Carroll of Carrollton

CHARLES CARROLL OF CARROLLTON,

"THE LAST OF THE SIGNERS."¹

CHAPTER I.

A GREAT MAN'S EARLY YEARS.

The Carroll family—Birth and education of Charles Carroll of Carrollton—His active opposition to English tyranny—Marriage—As a popular advocate—His keen foresight in regard to the Revolution—Repeal of the laws against Catholics.

When a youth, Charles Carroll of Carrollton endeavored to trace his ancestry back to that noble Irish Carroll "who was chief of the name, and was defeated at the battle of Knock-Lee by Gerald, Earl of Kildare, in the year 1516." Later in life, it is said, he was content to begin at Daniel Carroll, of Littamourna, King's county, Ireland.

His grandfather, Charles Carroll, a son of Daniel, came to America in 1680, and settled at Annapolis in Maryland. He was an accomplished lawyer, and became the agent of Lord Baltimore in 1689. It was a time full of political and religious troubles. Catholics were cruelly persecuted, and assumed to have few or no rights which the English Government was bound to respect. We may justly credit Charles Carroll with personal qualities of a high order, since he held the agency for the absent Proprietary—a Catholic nobleman

¹ Chief authorities used • Clarke, "Memoir of Charles Carroll of Carrollton;" Lossing, "Lives of the Signers of the Declaration of Independence;" Lossing, "Lives of Celebrated Americans;" Latrobe, "Biography of Charles Carroll of Carrollton;" McSherry, "History of Maryland;" *The Magazine of American History*, Vol. II.; "Journal of Charles Carroll."

—for over thirty years, with honesty, firmness, and manly fearlessness.

In 1700 Lord Baltimore granted to this Charles Carroll 10,000 acres of land in Anne Arundel county, Maryland, the same running from a branch of the Patuxent river to Thomas Brown's plantation, and thence to landmarks which would, we fear, be found rather indefinite at the present time, being "four Indian cabbains." These broad acres, with the manor house, descended through four generations of only sons, the third of whom was the famous subject of this sketch, Charles Carroll of Carrollton—the prefix "Carrollton" having been adopted long before the Revolution from a tract of land in Frederick county.

Charles Carroll of Carrollton was born at Annapolis, Maryland, on the 20th of September, 1737.¹ At the date of his birth, the Catholics were severely oppressed by those odious enactments known as penal laws. They were even forbidden to have schools. The Jesuit Fathers, however, succeeded, without attracting the attention of the authorities, in quietly opening a grammar school at Bohemia, on the eastern shore of Maryland. Here "the Last of the Signers" received the first rudiments of knowledge.

When about eleven years of age, Charles was sent, with his first cousin, John Carroll, afterwards Archbishop of Baltimore, to the College of the English Jesuits at St. Omers, France, where he pursued the study of the classics for six years. He then spent a year at the College of the French Jesuits, Rheims, and two years at the College of Louis le Grand, Paris. At Bourges, he passed another year in the study of civil law; and in 1757 proceeded to London to the Inner Temple, and earnestly pursued the study of common law for about seven years. An accomplished gentleman, with a cultivated and mature mind, Charles Carroll returned to Maryland in 1764. But, in the very land of his birth, he found himself almost a helot on account of his faith.

As became him, he was most earnest and active in all

¹ Elizabeth Brooks was his mother's maiden name.

measures which were taken in opposition to the encroachments of Great Britain. Writing to his friend Graves in 1765, Mr. Carroll says: "Nothing can overcome the aversion of the people to the Stamp act, and their love of liberty, but an armed force. Twenty thousand men would find it difficult to enforce the law, or, more properly speaking, ram it down our throats."

At Annapolis it was Charles Carroll who boldly gave the advice to the trembling Stewart to burn his vessel, with its cargo of obnoxious tea; and the brig was towed into the harbor, and, in broad day, burned to the water's edge, amid the applauding shouts of the spectators!

In 1768, Mr. Carroll married Miss Mary Darnall, daughter of Henry Darnall, a kinsman of Lord Baltimore. The young people had been engaged for many years before. The wedding-dress had been ordered from London, but before the ceremony the lady died. The wedding-dress thus sent over more than a century ago, was worn in 1876, at one of the Martha Washington parties, then so popular—the fabric almost untarnished by time.

Two years later we find him engaged in one of the most noted political contests of that day. Under the signature of the "First Citizen,"¹ he boldly upheld the rights of the people in opposition to the arbitrary action of Governor Eden, of Maryland. One of the ablest and most fiery lawyers in the Province became his antagonist. The result was an exciting newspaper controversy. Unusual learning and ability were displayed on both sides. But Carroll, by his close logic, his keen, bold, and fearless views, gained a triumphant victory for the popular cause. From all quarters he received congratulations. His fellow-citizens of Annapolis turned out in a body to thank him. But if his opponents were

¹ The reason of Mr. Carroll's assuming the *nom de plume* of "First Citizen" was this: Among the earliest writers who publicly discussed the question at issue between the Governor and the people was one who, taking the Governor's side, published a dialogue between two persons, styled the "First Citizen," and the "Second Citizen." The "Second Citizen" represented the Governor's side, and, of course, "First Citizen" was badly beaten—on paper. But when Mr. Carroll took up the people's cause, and assumed the name of the vanquished, he soon turned the tide of victory. His able opponent was Daniel Dulany, Esq., who wrote under the signature of *AntiMore*.

unable to meet his reasons, they could cheaply insult him. "Papist," "Romanist," "Jesuit," and other equally refined epithets were freely thrown at the advocate of the people's rights. Catholicity was yet in contempt. Hence, neither the position, wealth, nor superior education of Charles Carroll of Carrollton could save him from the vocabulary of religious fanaticism—a vocabulary as old as Luther, and as vile as the lowest of his followers.

The happy result of this controversy raised Mr. Carroll in the eyes of his countrymen. He had gained an enviable reputation as a man of much learning, sound principles, liberal views, and fearless integrity. In 1773-4-5 he performed an active and prominent part in the measures of opposition and resistance on the part of Maryland to the aggressive colonial policy of England during those years.

A Catholic by conviction as well as by education, Mr. Carroll, in common with the Catholic body of the country, had been taught to revere the great principles of liberty. They were familiar with the fact that Cardinal Langton and the Catholic Barons had forced the tyrant John to recognize and affirm the *Magna Charta*. They had been taught to respect the act of the Sovereign Pontiff, Pope Zachery, in denouncing the tyranny of *taxation without representation*, centuries before the Declaration of Independence was penned. They cherished the same great principle, because it was promulgated in that glorious charter which the Catholic Peer, Lord Baltimore, had prepared for the infant colony of Maryland. The established recognition of the great principles of the American Revolution by the highest Catholic authorities for ages will account for the historical fact, that the Catholic body of the country in 1776 *ardently* and *unanimously* espoused the cause of freedom and popular rights. In the day of trial, the Catholic Faith proved the grandeur of its principles. It produced no Tories—no traitors—no oppressors of their country!

From the very beginning Mr. Carroll grasped the principles involved in the contest, and advocated complete independence. We are told that, as early as 1771, when con-

versing, on one occasion, with Mr. Chase, the latter remarked: "Carroll, we have the better of our opponents—we have completely written them down." "Do you think," returned Mr. Carroll, "that writing will settle the question between us?" "To be sure," replied the other. "What else can we resort to?" "The bayonet," was the answer; "our arguments will only raise the feelings of the people to that pitch, when open war will be looked upon as the arbiter of dispute."

Of the Revolutionary War, his brave words written in 1773 to Mr. Graves were truly prophetic, and showed with what fine forecast he judged the American people. "The British troops, if sent here," he wrote, "will be masters but of the spot on which they encamp. They will find naught but enemies before and behind them. If we are beaten in the plains, we will retire to our mountains and defy them. Necessity will force us to exertion, until tired of combating in vain against a spirit which victory after victory cannot subdue, your armies will evacuate our soil, and your country retire an immense loser from the contest."

Mr. Carroll took an active part in the repeal of the odious laws against Catholics. Those enactments still disgraced the statute-book. In 1775 he was appointed a member of the Maryland "*Committee to prepare a declaration of rights and form of Government for this State.*" The result was that the great principle of civil and religious liberty, established by Lord Baltimore, was again restored "in the Land of the Sanctuary."

CHAPTER II.

THE VISIT TO CANADA.

Congress appoints three commissioners to visit Canada—Instructions—The commissioners leave New York on their way to Canada—Extracts from Carroll's "Journal"—Up the Hudson—At Albany—Visiting the Falls on the Mohawk—Moore's "Lines"—At Montreal—Examining the condition of affairs—On the way home—Failure of the mission.

In accordance with a resolution of Congress, early in 1776, Benjamin Franklin, Samuel Chase, and Charles Carroll of Carrollton were duly commissioned to repair to Canada in order "to promote or to form a union between the Colonies and the people of Canada." These gentlemen received their ample instructions on the 20th of March, and were accompanied by the Rev. John Carroll, afterwards first Bishop and Archbishop of Baltimore.

Among other things the commissioners were told to represent to the Canadians that the arms of the United Colonies had been carried into that province for the purpose of frustrating the designs of the English Government against our common liberties; and that we expected not only to defeat the hostile machinations of Governor Carleton against us, but that we should put it in the power of our Canadian brethren to pursue such measures for securing their own freedom and happiness as a generous love of liberty and sound policy should dictate to them.

They were directed to declare that we held sacred the rights of conscience; and should promise to the whole people of Canada, solemnly, in the name of Congress, the free and undisturbed exercise of their religion; and to the clergy

the full, perfect, and peaceable possession and enjoyment of all their estates.

They were also desired to press for a convention of the people which would bring about a union with the American colonies. The terms of the union should be similar to those of the other colonies; and, if our terms were acceded to, they were to promise our defense of the Canadians against all enemies.

Armed with their commission and instructions the famous travelers left New York City on the 2d of April, but were nearly a month in reaching Montreal.

The following brief extracts from the "Journal of Charles Carroll of Carrollton during his visit to Canada in 1776, as one of the Commissioners from Congress," a work now out of print, and very hard to find, may be of interest to the reader at this point:

"2d April, 1776. Left New York at 5 o'clock P. M.; sailed up North river, or Hudson's, that afternoon about thirteen miles. About one o'clock in the night were awaked by the firing of cannon; heard three great guns distinctly from the *Asia*; soon saw a great fire, which we presumed to be a house on Bedloe's Island, set on fire by a detachment of our troops. Intelligence had been received that the enemy were throwing up intrenchments on that island, and it had been determined by our generals to drive them off. Dr. Franklin went upon deck, and saw waving flashes of light appearing suddenly and disappearing, which he conjectured to be the fire of musquetry, although he could not hear the report.

"7th. Weighed anchor this morning about six o'clock. Wind fair; having passed over the overslaw, had a distinct view of Albany, distant about two miles. Landed at Albany at half-past seven o'clock; received at landing by *General Schuyler*,¹ who, understanding we were coming up, came from his house, about a mile out of town, to receive us and invite us to dine with him; he behaved with great

¹ General Philip Schuyler was one of the most distinguished soldiers of the Revolution. He was born at Albany in 1733, and died in 1804.

civility; lives in pretty style; has two daughters (Betsy and Peggy), lively, agreeable, black-eyed girls. Albany is situated partly on a level, and partly on the slope of a hill, or rising ground, on the west side of the river. Vessels drawing eight and nine feet water may come to Albany, and five miles even beyond it, at this season of the year, when the waters are out. The fort is in a ruinous condition, and not a single gun mounted on it. There are more houses in this town than in Annapolis,¹ and I believe it to be much more populous. The citizens chiefly speak Dutch, being mostly the descendants of Dutchmen; but the English language and manners are getting ground apace.

“9th. Left Albany early this morning, and traveled in a wagon in company with Mrs. Schuyler, her two daughters, and Generals Schuyler and Thomas. At six miles from Albany I quitted the wagon, and got on horseback to accompany the Generals to view the falls on the Mohawk river, called the Cohoes. The perpendicular fall is seventy-four feet, and the breadth of the river at this place, as measured by General Schuyler, is one thousand feet. The fall is considerably above one hundred feet, taken from the first ripple or still water above the perpendicular fall. The river was swollen with the melting snows and rains, and rolled over the frightful precipice an impetuous torrent. The foam, the irregularities in the fall, broken by projecting rocks, and the deafening noise, presented a sublime but terrifying spectacle. At fifty yards from the place the water dropped from the trees, as it does from a plentiful shower, they being as wet with the ascending vapor as they commonly are after a smart rain of some continuance.”

The great poet Moore also visited these falls, and used his charmed pen to immortalize the scene. The following are his “Lines written at the Cohos, or Falls of the Mohawk river”:

From rise of morn till set of sun
I've seen the mighty Mohawk run;
And as I mark'd the woods of pine

¹ The capital of Maryland.

Along his mirror darkly shine,
 Like tall and gloomy forms that pass
 Before the wizard's midnight glass ;
 And as I view'd the hurrying pace
 With which he ran his turbid race,
 Rushing alike, untir'd and wild,
 Through shades that frown'd and flowers that smil'd,
 Flying by every green recess
 That woo'd him to its calm caress.
 Yet, sometimes turning with the wind,
 As if to leave one look behind,—
 Oft have I thought, and thinking sigh'd,
 How like to thee, thou restless tide,
 May be the lot, the life of him
 Who roams along the water's brim ;
 Through what alternate wastes of woe
 And flowers of joy my path may go ;
 How many a shelter'd calm retreat
 May woo the while my weary feet,
 While still pursuing, still unblest,
 I wander on, nor dare to rest ;
 But urgent as the doom that calls
 Thy water to its destin'd falls,
 I feel the world's bewildering force
 Hurry my heart's devoted course,
 From lapse to lapse, till life be done,
 And the spent current cease to run.

One only prayer I dare to make,
 As onward thus my course I take ;—
 O ! be my falls as bright as thine,
 May Heaven's relenting rainbow shine
 Upon the mist that circles me,
 As soft as now it hangs o'er thee !¹

"29th. . . . From La Prairie you go slanting down the river to Montreal; this passage is computed six miles, though the river, in a direct line across from the eastern shore to the town, is not more than three miles. Ships of

¹ There is a dreary and savage character in the country immediately about these Falls, which is much more in harmony with the wildness of such a scene than the cultivated lands in the neighborhood of Niagara. See the drawing of them in Mr. Weld's book. According to him, the perpendicular height of the Cohos Fall is fifty feet ; but the Marquis de Chastellux makes it seventy-six.

The fine rainbow, which is continually forming and dissolving, as the spray rises into the light of the sun, is perhaps the most interesting beauty which these wonderful cataracts exhibit.
 —Moore's note.

three hundred tons can come up to Montreal; but they can not get up above the town, or even abreast of it.' The river where we crossed is filled with rocks and shoals, which occasion a very rapid current in several places. We were received by General Arnold, on our landing, in the most polite and friendly manner; conducted to headquarters, where a genteel company of ladies and gentlemen had assembled to welcome our arrival. As we went from the landing-place to the General's house, the cannon of the citadel fired in compliment to us as the Commissioners of Congress. We supped at the General's, and after supper were conducted by the General and other gentlemen to our lodgings—the house of Mr. Thomas Walker—the best built, and perhaps the best furnished in this town.

"13th (May). I went to St. John's to examine into the state of that garrison, and of the batteaux. There I met with General Thompson and Colonel Sinclair, with part of Thompson's brigade. That evening I went with them down the Sorel² to Chamblay.

"21st (May). This day Mr. Chase set off with me for the mouth of the Sorel; we embarked from Montreal in one of our batteaux, and went in it as far as the point of land on the north shore of the St. Lawrence, opposite to the northern extremity of the Island of Montreal; here, the wind being against us, we took post and traveled on the north side of the St. Lawrence as low down as La Nore, where we got into a canoe, and were paddled down and across the St. Lawrence to our camp at the mouth of the Sorel. It was a perfect calm. The distance is computed at nine miles. The country on each side of the St. Lawrence is level, rich, and thickly seated; indeed, so thickly seated that the houses form almost one continual row. In going from La Nore to the mouth of the Sorel, we passed by Brown's battery (as it is called), although it never had a cannon mounted on it.

¹ There has been quite a change since the above was written. Montreal is now the head of ship navigation on the St. Lawrence; and ocean steamers not only of "three hundred tons" but of three thousand tons lie alongside its splendid stone wharves.

² The Richelieu river.

To this battery without a cannon, and to a single gondola, ten or twelve vessels, under the command of Colonel Prescott, surrendered. Major Brown, when the vessels came near to his battery, sent an officer on board, requesting Prescott to send another on shore to view his works. It is difficult to determine which was the greatest, the impudence of Brown in demanding a surrender, or the cowardice of the officer, who, going back to Prescott, represented the difficulty of passing the battery as so great and hazardous that Prescott and all his officers chose to capitulate. Brown requested the officer who went on shore to wait a little until he saw the two thirty-two pounders, which were within half a mile, coming from Chamblay ; says he : "If you should chance to escape this battery, which is my small battery, I have a grand battery at the mouth of the Sorel, which will infallibly sink all your vessels." His grand battery was as badly provided with cannon as his little battery, for not a single gun was mounted in either. This Prescott treated our prisoners with great insolence and brutality. His behavior justifies the old observation, that cowards are generally cruel. We found the discipline of our camp very remiss, and everything in confusion. General Thomas had but lately resigned the command to Thompson, by whose activity things were soon put on a better footing.

"*29th (May).* We left Montreal this day at three o'clock, to go to Chamblay, to be present at a council of war of the general and field-officers, for concerting the operations of the campaign.

"*30th (May).* The council of war was held this day, and determined to maintain possession of the country between the St. Lawrence and Sorel, if possible ; in the meantime to dispose matters so as to make an orderly retreat out of Canada.

"*June 1st.* Crossed over this morning to St. John's, where General Sullivan, with fourteen hundred men, had arrived in the night of the 31st past ; saw them all under arms. It began to rain at nine o'clock, and continued raining very hard until late in the evening ; slept at Donaho's.

"3d. . . . Got to Crown Point (N.Y.) at half-past six o'clock P. M. Set off at eight, rowed all night, and arrived at one o'clock in the night at Ticonderoga, where we found General Schuyler.

"6th. Parted with General Schuyler this morning ; he returned to Fort George, on Lake George. We rode to Saratoga, where we got by seven o'clock, but did not find the amiable family at home. We were constrained to remain here all this day, waiting the arrival of our servants and baggage.

"9th. Arrived at New York at one o'clock P. M. Waited on General Washington at Motier's ; saw Generals Gates and Putnam, and my old acquaintance and friend, Mr. Moylan."

It is hardly necessary to add that the visit of Charles Carroll of Carrollton and his fellow commissioners to Canada failed in its object ; but the failure was not owing to the want of zeal, ability, or any other qualification on the part of the envoys.

CHAPTER III.

GLANCES AT AN ILLUSTRIOUS CAREER.

Patriotic labors in Maryland—Signing the immortal Declaration—Glimpses of Mr. Carroll's public life—His character as a public man—As a Catholic—"The year of Jubilee"—Receiving the united homage of the country—His death—A picture of the closing scene—His favorite books—His opinion of religion.

Having returned home, Mr. Carroll used the whole weight of his influence to induce Maryland to join the other colonies in declaring for *complete* independence. He was entirely successful.

In 1776 he had the honor of being chosen to represent his native State in the Continental Congress. As he wrote *Charles Carroll*, in a clear, bold hand, at the foot of the document containing the Declaration of Independence, a colleague remarked: "There go millions." "No," replied another, "there are several Charles Carrolls, and he cannot be identified." Mr. Carroll, on hearing this, immediately added to his signature "*of Carrollton*," the name of the

¹ Mr. Carroll was a wealthy man for those days, and shipped largely, and imported whatever was required for the supply of the manor direct from England, even down to the clothes worn by the family. The slaves wore homespun, as did many of the poorer classes, and as did Mr. Carroll also at one period of his life, when it was resolved by the colonies to wear nothing and consume nothing coming from Great Britain. An estimate of his property, made in 1764, is worth giving. It was made by his own hand:

40,000 Acres of Land, two country seats.....	£40,000
20 Houses at Annapolis.....	4,000
285 Slaves, at an average of £30 each.....	8,550
Stock on Plantations.....	1,000
Household Plate.....	600
Debts Outstanding.....	24,230

—*The Magazine of American History*, Vol. II.

£78,380

This is equal to about half a million dollars at the present time.

estate on which he resided, remarking as he did so: "*They cannot mistake me now!*"

He was elected a member of the Board of War. He also continued an active and influential member of the Continental Congress till 1778, when the treaty with France quieted all his fears for the success of American independence; and feeling that his duty as a State Senator summoned him to Annapolis, he resigned his seat in Congress, and resumed that in the Maryland Senate. In 1788, Mr. Carroll was elected United States Senator from Maryland, under the new Federal Constitution. He was again elected to the Maryland Senate in 1791, remaining a member till 1801. In that year, upon the defeat of the Federal party, to which he belonged, Mr. Carroll retired into private life, being then in his sixty-third year.

During thirty years passed in public life, embracing the most eventful period of the history of the United States, Mr. Carroll, as a politician, was quick to decide and prompt to execute. His measures were open and energetic. He was more inclined to exceed than fall below the end which he proposed. As a speaker he was concise and animated; the advantages of travel and society made him graceful; books, habits of study, and acute observation made him impressive and instructive. As a writer he was remarkably dignified; his arrangement was regular; his style was full without being diffuse, and though highly argumentative, was prevented from being dull by the vein of polite learning which was visible throughout.¹

But it was as a practical and uncompromising Catholic that we would speak of this venerable man. At his family residence he had an elegant chapel erected. Divine service was held regularly, and he was always one of the most devout worshippers. He possessed that charming faith and simplicity of the little child, so extolled by our Blessed Lord. Eye-witnesses have described it as a truly touching sight, to see the aged form of Charles Carroll of Carrollton

¹ Latrobe.

kneeling and bent in prayer before the altar in the chapel at Doughoregan Manor; and to behold the illustrious patriot and statesman, at the advanced age of eighty and upwards, serving the priest at the altar during the Holy Mass.

In 1829, the assembled Bishops of the First Council of Baltimore went to pay their respects to the grand old man. He received them with graceful dignity, and was deeply affected at the compliment paid him.

It has been beautifully remarked that "like the books of the Sybil, the living signers of the Declaration of Independence increased in value as they decreased in number." Many were the testimonials of affection which a grateful nation laid at the feet of Carroll. We cite only one such tribute:

DEPARTMENT OF STATE, }
WASHINGTON, 24th June, 1824. }

"To Charles Carroll of Carrollton:

"SIR,—In pursuance of a joint resolution of the two Houses of Congress, a copy of which is hereto annexed, and by direction of the President of the United States, I have the honor of transmitting to you two *fac-simile* copies of the original Declaration of Independence, engrossed on parchments, conformable to a secret resolution of Congress of 19th July, 1776, to be signed by every member of Congress, and accordingly signed on the 2d day of August, of the same year. Of this document, unparalleled in the annals of mankind, the original, deposited in this department, exhibits your name as one of the subscribers. The rolls herewith transmitted are copies, as exact as the art of engraving can present, of the instrument itself, as well as of the signers to it.

"While performing the duty thus assigned me, permit me to felicitate you, and the country which is reaping the reward of your labors, as well that your hand was affixed to this record of glory, as that, after the lapse of near half a century, you survive to receive this tribute of reverence and

gratitude from your children, the present fathers of the land.

"With every sentiment of veneration, I have the honor of subscribing myself your fellow-citizen,

"JOHN QUINCY ADAMS."

While the whole nation was celebrating the fiftieth anniversary of American Independence, on the 4th of July, 1826, "the year of Jubilee," there remained but three surviving signers of the Declaration of Independence—Thomas Jefferson, John Adams, and Charles Carroll of Carrollton. These three names were mingled with the songs of national joy, and saluted with peals of artillery. But two of the illustrious trio saw not another sun. Adams and Jefferson passed from the scenes of earth that same day. Charles Carroll alone remained—sole survivor of the fifty-six patriots of 1776!

The undivided homage of the United States was now reserved for the last of that glorious band. In the words of Lossing, "the good and the great made pilgrimages to his dwelling to behold with their own eyes the venerable political patriarch of America; and from the rich storehouse of his intellect he freely contributed to the deficiencies of others."¹ Six years more rolled by, and the great and good Charles Carroll of Carrollton went to receive the reward of the faithful servant. "Death softly touched him and he passed away," on the 14th day of November, 1832.

We give a picture of the closing scene of his life. It is from an eye-witness of it, who died but a year or two ago—Dr. Richard Stewart. It was towards sundown in the month of November, and very cold weather. In a large room in his town-house on Lombard street—his bedroom—a group of inmates of his household was gathered before a

¹ All the British Ministers who were sent to the National capital, the attachés, and nearly every prominent Englishman who visited this country, were guests of Mr. Carroll at Doughoregan; and Washington, Lafayette, Decatur, Jackson, Taney, and other distinguished Americans were welcomed there.—*Magazine of American History*, Vol. II.

large open fire-place. The venerable Charles Carroll was reclining in a soft, padded arm-chair. In the center of the space before him was a table, with blessed candles, an antique silver bowl of holy water, and a crucifix. By his side stood his spiritual friend, the Rev. John M. J. Chanche, afterwards first Bishop of Natchez, in his rich robes, prepared to administer the last consolations of the Catholic Church.

On each side of the chair knelt children and grandchildren, with some friends, and just in the rear, three or four old negro servants were devoutly on their knees. The venerable Carroll had, for a long time, been suffering with weak eyesight, and could not endure the proximity of the lights. He leaned back with half-closed eyes. The solemn ceremony proceeded and ended; the illustrious old man was lifted back to his bed, but he had fasted to receive the Holy Sacrament, and was too weak to rally. His last words were, "Thank you, Doctor," on being lifted into an easier position, and he died quickly, mindful to the last of others—tranquilly—a Christian gentleman. And thus died the "Last of the Signers" and one of the Catholic heroes of the American Revolution.

Charles Carroll of Carrollton had a well-selected but old-fashioned library. He cared little for modern works. Among the valued books referred to in his letters, we notice Bossuet's famous "History of the Variations of the Protestant Churches," and the Abbé McGeoghegan's "History of Ireland." Milner's "End of Controversy" was one of his favorites. In his last years he also passed considerable time with Cicero's "De Senectute," which he grew to love so much as to write to a friend, "After the Bible read Cicero."

Not long before his passage to a better world, he uttered these remarkable words: "I have lived to my ninety-sixth year; I have enjoyed continued health; I have been blessed with great wealth, prosperity, and most of the good things which the world can bestow—public approbation, esteem, applause. But what I now look back on with the greatest

satisfaction to myself is, that *I have practiced the duties of my religion.*"¹

¹Dr. R. H. Clarke states that in the copy of Sanderson's "Lives of the Signers," Vol. II., in the Baltimore Library, the following memorandum is written at the end of Carroll's Life by the author, the accomplished Mr. Latrobe : "The foregoing biographical sketch was written by me in 1836 from memoranda (autograph) furnished by Mr. Carroll, and numerous conversations. When finished I read it to him, and his remark, *verbatim*, was : 'Well, Mr. Latrobe, you have certainly made me out a much greater man than ever I found myself to be ; and, yet, really, I hardly think that the facts you have stated are otherwise than strictly true.' He was then, I think, in his ninetleth year ; cheerful, vivacious even, and carefully attentive to his business matters.

"Baltimore, April 24th, 1836.

J. H. B. LATROBE."

RIGHT REV. SIMON GABRIEL BRUTÉ.¹

CHAPTER I.

A WISE YOUTH IN WILD TIMES.

Birth and family—Death of Mr. Bruté—A good mother—Recollections of a pious Confessor—The first prayer-book—First Communion—Young Bruté as a student—His wide range of studies—The study of medicine—Graduates with the highest honors—Enters the seminary—Is raised to the priesthood—Becomes professor—Goes to America.

Just one hundred and thirty-five years after the illustrious Father Jogues, S. J., had visited Rennes, bearing on his person cruel marks of Mohawk barbarity, there was born in the same city² a child who was destined one day to make his name forever famous in the annals of the Catholic Church in the United States. It was Simon Gabriel Bruté. His birthday was the 20th of March, 1779. He belonged to an ancient and very respectable family. His father, Simon Gabriel Bruté, was Superintendent of the royal domains in Brittany; and we have every evidence that his mother, Jane Renée le Saulnier, was a lady of great piety, intelligence, and force of character.

¹ Chief authorities used: Bayley, "Memoir of Bishop Bruté;" Clarke, "Lives of the deceased Bishops of the Catholic Church in the United States;" McCaffrey, "Discourse on the Right Rev. S. G. Bruté;" White, "Life of Mrs. E. A. Seton;" Hassard, "Life of Archbishop Hughes;" and "A Popular History of the Catholic Church in the United States."

² Rennes was the capital of the province of Brittany. At the present time it has a population of about 46,000.

Simon Gabriel was but seven years of age when his father died, leaving his business affairs in an embarrassed condition. It was a great misfortune. The family prospects were blasted, and a hard, weighty responsibility fell on Mrs. Bruté. But she was not unequal to the burden. She seems to have been a wise woman, whose tact and common sense made her equal to the duties of this world, without ever leading her to forget the things of Heaven. Such was the good educator who had the first hand in moulding the tender, plastic character of the future Bishop.

Nor was he less fortunate in his first confessor. "My first confessor," he wrote, many years after, "was Mr. Carron, vicar of the Parish of St. Germain, then a very young priest, but already so remarkable for his exemplary life and most fervent piety, that he was called the *Abbé Tère*se in allusion to St. Teresa.

"This was soon after the death of my father, when I was about eight years old. I remember well that the first time I went to confession to him, he gave me—as I left his confessional, which stood in the chapel of the Blessed Virgin—a little book in French, entitled *The Death of Abel*. As I was retiring he came out of the confessional, and gave me the book. I remember his face as it appeared at that moment, with such an expression of amiability and piety upon it.

"I was his penitent for several years, until 1791, the last year of the free exercise of religion in France, during which year I had the happiness of making my First Communion. I went regular to confession, but up to that time, thanks be to God, my excellent mother, and I must add excellent teachers, I had little to confess. Although I had attended the public schools for four or five years, I was an entire stranger to all improper notions; and my chief matter of reproach, at the time of making my general confession for First Communion, was the having taken an apple from the stand of an old fruit-woman.

"During the same interval, I learned my catechism at school, though at times I attended the public catechism at

the parish church, to recite portions of the Holy Scripture, which we learned by heart. I remember that on one occasion, having repeated the history of the sacrifice of Abraham, I obtained, as a reward, quite a large print of the *Annunciation*, pasted on a board with a margin of gilt paper around it. It hung for long years by the side of my bed, and I can still call to mind the strange, vivid associations of the Blessed Virgin, and good Father Carron, in my childish impressions of piety and holiness of life.

“My first prayer-book also made a great impression on my mind. It was a *Paroissien*, bound in green morocco, with gilt edges, and was given to me on the very day of my father's funeral, February 28th, 1786. I had long desired to have one, and I presume there was not a little vanity mixed up with the devotion with which I followed the Mass and office in my beautiful prayer-book, at the college and the parish church. I had it in my possession twenty years afterwards, with its broken covers, defaced binding, and some torn leaves; but I lost it somehow or other in my many journeyings.

“I made my first Communion, as I have said, in 1791. There were about 200 of us of the first or second Communion—for it was the excellent custom of those times to make the *second* Communion with the same preparation as the first, after a short spiritual retreat. I thank Thee, O my God! for the state of innocence and piety I was in the day I performed this most important act.”

Young Bruté was a hard, earnest student. His ways were kind and winning. An astonishing memory and a lively imagination made him appear unusually bright. He pursued his studies under private teachers when the troubles and terrors of the Revolution¹ closed the College of Rennes.

“He acquired in boyhood and youth,” says the venerable

¹ France was then, by her own terrific example teaching the world a great moral and religious lesson. Her revolutionary rulers had proscribed Christianity, and made infidelity and impiety the law of the land. History has told us the horrors that ensued. While this unhappy country was deluged with the blood of her best and noblest sons, while the Cross was torn from its elevation and trampled in the dust, while churches were pillaged and desecrated, and the faithful obliged, as the primitive martyrs, to meet in silence and darkness, at the risk of their lives, for

Dr. McCaffrey, "habits of study, of close and patient mental application, which he retained through life. In spite of that modesty which prevented him from ever speaking in his own praise, I could learn from a long and intimate acquaintance with him, and from the testimony of others, that, in the public schools of his native city, he was distinguished, and eminently successful.

"His after life proved it. His mind was too rich in treasures of classic lore, too amply furnished from the armories of science, for him to have been a dull or careless student. Whether he conversed with a friend, or lectured to a class, or heralded the message of salvation from a pulpit, the evidences of profound knowledge, as well as of remarkable genius, incessantly flashed before you.

"Whatever he once read or studied he remembered. Even in the last years of his life, when his attention seemed to be absorbed in theology, and other branches of ecclesiastical learning, he recited with ease all the *Fables* of La Fontaine, entire scenes of Racine, Corneille, and the finest passages of the other French writers, or of the Latin poets. Though less familiar with the Greek classics, he had read them with advantage as well as pleasure, and turned to good account his knowledge of the language, in the study of the Greek Fathers of the Church.

"At one time he had in view to enter the French Polytechnic School, and for this reason he pursued a very extensive course of mathematical science. Subsequently he had the best opportunities, in the medical schools of Paris, of penetrating deeply into the mysteries of chemistry and natural

the celebration of the divine mysteries, while the priests who had not been exiled or guillotined were hunted as wild beasts, shot down in the fields, hung to the lamp-posts, or reserved for the slow tortures and solemn mockeries of judicial murder; the prisons were everywhere crowded with those who were too noble-minded to conceal or abjure their Faith, and these heroic sufferers were refused the consolations of religion, or could receive them only from such as were willing to stake their lives upon the charitable mission. Simon Gabriel Bruté, then but a boy of tender years, with a full knowledge of the risk he ran, and with his fond mother's hearty consent, was employed to convey the Blessed Sacrament to the prisoners in his native town of Rennes. In the disguise of a baker's boy, protected only by his innocence and premature discretion, or rather by his good angel, who fondly bore him company on such errands, he supplied the victims of persecution not only with the bread which nourishes the body, but with the Bread of Angels, the food which gives life to the soul.—*Rev. Dr. McCaffrey*.—For further details see Bruté's *Recollections of the French Revolution* in Archbishop Bayley's *Memoirs*, pp. 100—258.

philosophy. He improved them with his usual diligence.

"While he devoted himself to severer studies, he gave some share of attention to music and drawing; and in the latter of these accomplishments he attained a proficiency which in after years was a source of pleasure and advantage to himself and a means which he often happily employed for the purpose of interesting and instructing others.

"His studies were interrupted by the Revolutionary troubles, and he spent about two years in his mother's printing establishment, during which he learned and practised the business of a compositor. It would appear that he was led to this much less by inclination than by the reverses which his family had sustained, and the dangers of the times."

In the spring of 1796, the young student, at the age of seventeen, began the study of medicine under Duval, an eminent surgeon of Rennes. Two years later we find him at Paris, attending the schools of medicine, and listening to the lectures of Pinel, Bichât,¹ and other distinguished professors. It was, however, a dangerous period. Infidelity ran wild. Religion was held in scorn and contempt; but the firm, pious, well-balanced mind of Mr. Bruté received no injury. He kept the precious peril of faith unharmed. He even did his best to stem the savage tide of infidelity. In 1803 he graduated Doctor in Medicine with the highest honors. Eleven hundred students were following the course; and of these one hundred and twenty of the best were chosen to compete for the first prize. It was gained by Dr. Bruté, after a severe examination.

The young physician was offered a good position in the capital of France; but the times had changed, and he decided to dedicate his brilliant talents to the Church. It was not, however, from any feelings of dislike that he abandoned the profession of medicine. No. "He always

¹ Under the date of Sept. 25th, 1801, Bruté thus chronicles the death of his young but celebrated teacher: "Xavier Bichât died this morning at four o'clock, 31 years of age, enjoying the very highest reputation in his profession and giving the greatest promise for the future. All his pupils loved him. His father and mother were most excellent people, very pious and brought him up in the most Christian manner . . . Let us pray to God for the repose of his soul."

honored it," says the Rev. Dr. McCaffrey, "as one of the noblest to which a highly gifted and philanthropic man can devote himself. Delightful as his conversation was to all, and to men of science in particular, it was peculiarly so to the student, or to the practitioner and professor of medicine.

"They often expressed their astonishment, that after a lapse of twenty or thirty years, engrossed by pursuits of a very different order, he retained so perfect and minute a knowledge of all that he had studied in his youth, under the great masters of the French capital."

The horrors of the French Revolution had now passed, and Christianity once more took possession of her profaned and ruined temples. Zealous laborers were needed for the divine work of reconstruction. This determined young Dr. Bruté to enter the seminary of St. Sulpice, Paris. He began his new labors in 1803. With eagerness, his orderly, well-trained mind pursued the study of theology, canon law, church history, and the other sacred sciences. He was a model to all in the seminary. It need hardly be said that he was a ripe scholar and finished theologian when he was raised to the sacred dignity of the priesthood, at the age twenty-nine, in the year 1808.

Father Bruté was offered a canonicate in the cathedral of Rennes, and the Bishop of Nantes pressed him to become assistant chaplain to the Emperor Napoleon. But he refused both positions, and became a member of the Priests of St. Sulpice. He was appointed professor of theology in the Seminary of his native city, and was thus devoting his time and talents when the venerable Bishop Flagnet of Kentucky visited France. This suggested a fresh train of reflections—the New World, with its vast spiritual wants and few laborers. The apostolic Bruté decided to go to America. He bade a tender adieu to his good mother, his many friends, and his library, and sailed from Bordeaux in the summer of 1810.

¹ The only occasion on which we have heard of his attempting the practice was at Mt. St. Mary's College, when one of the students broke his arm, and the regular physician could not be had at once; Father Bruté set the arm so skillfully as to leave nothing for the doctor to do when he came.—*Dr. R. H. Clarke.*

CHAPTER II.

A GREAT TEACHER IN THE NEW WORLD.

Father Bruté at Baltimore—At Emmittsburg—Note on Mt. St. Mary's College—Trying to learn English—His zeal and labors—Mother Seton—A short trip to France—His labors and example in the seminary at the mountain—John Hughes and Father Bruté—Letters.

Father Bruté, in company with Bishop Flaget, landed at Baltimore on the 18th of August, 1810. For nearly two years after his arrival, he filled the chair of Philosophy at the Seminary of St. Sulpice. He was then appointed to aid Father Dubois in the management of Mount St. Mary's College,¹ Emmittsburg, Maryland.

It was during the vacation of 1812, while spending his time in hard missionary labors, that Father Bruté dropped

¹ In its early years, no other institution exercised such a powerful influence on the destiny of the Catholic Church in the United States as Mount St. Mary's College. It is the *Alma Mater* of some of our greatest prelates. This seat of learning, situated at the foot of the Blue Ridge Mountains, in Frederick County, Maryland, about fifty miles from Baltimore, was founded in 1809 by Rev. Father Dubois, a priest of St. Sulpice, and afterwards Bishop of New York. At first it was an ecclesiastical seminary, but it gradually assumed the scope of a general college. The early college was simply a log building. All its beauty was within its wooden walls, in its president, Dubois, its "angel guardian," Bruté and its promising students. In the summer of 1826, faculty and students took possession of the new edifice. In 1830, during the presidency of Rev. Dr. Purcell—now the venerable archbishop of Cincinnati—the college was chartered, and empowered to confer degrees. It is strictly a *Catholic* college. Since 1851, all students entering its halls must be willing to be instructed in the doctrines and practices of the Catholic Church. Among the graduates of Mount St. Mary's are ten or twelve bishops and archbishops. Archbishops Hughes and Purcell, and his Eminence Cardinal McCloskey, are among the number. It has given the country such men of letters as the late George Henry Miles, and such men of professional distinction as Roberts Bartholow, MD., LL.D., of Philadelphia. The present President of this venerable seat of learning is Rev. John A. Watterson, D.D.—*Popular History of the Catholic Church in the United States*, p. 457, with a few changes.

a note to Bishop Flaget. Archbishop Bayley considered it "one of his first attempts to write in English."

"I am trying," he says, "to learn practically my English. I have said Mass and preached—bad preaching as it may be—in six different places. This must force this dreadful English into my backward head, or I must renounce forever to know it."

For some years Mount St. Mary's now became the chief theatre of his zeal, learning, and holy influence. He taught in the College, and he was the spiritual director of the saintly Mother Seton and her sisters of Charity at St. Joseph's.

Mother Seton derived the greatest benefit from his excellent counsels. She and Father Bruté were such congenial spirits that their minds would seem to have been cast in the same mould. A vivid fancy and ardent temperament, with an entire yielding of himself to the impulses of Faith, caused this apostolic priest to feel most powerfully the truths of religion, and with a corresponding fervor to announce them in word or writing.

His ideas flowed so rapidly that at times he would not stop to give them full expression in language; but he poured forth his subjects, as it were, in flashes of word and sentiment, leaving much to be supplied and felt by those to whom he addressed himself.

He found in Mother Seton a soul who could follow him in his lofty and beautiful flights on the wings of Faith, who could catch the fire of his thoughts and commune with him in the enjoyment of that elevating power. From him, in a great measure, did this gifted lady learn the secret of how to preserve her soul in peace amid the trials of her position, and, abandoning herself to the will of God in all things, to look forward in hope and joy to the term of all earthly sorrow and suffering.¹

In 1818 Father Bruté made a visit to France for the purpose of bringing over his library² and interesting the French

¹ White.

² It was a choice and valuable collection of nearly 5,000 volumes—about the only property the apostolic priest ever possessed.

clergy in the American missions. On his arrival at Baltimore, he was appointed President of St. Mary's College, where he remained until 1818, when he again returned to Emmittsburg.

Mount St. Mary's College was now placed on a good footing. A theological school was opened, and Father Bruté became professor of theology and superior of the school. Here, for many years, he moulded the future priests, bishops, and archbishops of the country, and proved his greatness as a learned and saintly teacher.

"His duties," says Rev. Dr. McCaffrey, "were multiplied and various, and required to discharge them no ordinary share of zeal, industry, and versatility of powers. He was confessor to the Sisters of Charity, and for many years pastor of the congregation at Emmittsburg, while he frequently exercised in this congregation some of the most arduous functions of the holy ministry.

"In the ecclesiastical seminary he lectured on sacred scripture, and was professor of theology and moral philosophy. In the college he taught at different times natural philosophy and various other branches. True greatness dignifies whatever sphere it moves in. His genius and learning were conspicuous, when they expatiated through the palace-halls of the queen of sciences, Divinity; they were not less admirable when they descended to the humble task of teaching youth geography, or explaining the little catechism to children. . . .

"His cheerful piety, amiable manners, and lively interest in the welfare of his pupils, were sure to win their hearts; and his eminent holiness of life secured not only respect, but veneration. His exhortations to virtue and piety could scarcely fail of effect, because he recommended only what he practised himself. No standard of Christian or priestly excellence to which he pointed could appear too high—since he was himself a living instance of its attainment. If forgetful of this earth, he always pointed and allured to Heaven, he also led the way. . . .

"His hours of sleep were few, and long before the morn-

ing's dawn he arose to converse with God, and to give Him the first fruits of the day. During these early meditations his soul, absorbed in heavenly contemplation and intimate union with its Creator, was largely visited with the refreshing dews of divine grace, and when he approached the altar and offered up the Holy Sacrifice, his heart, already full to overflowing, was always overpowered by mingled emotions of reverential awe and gratitude and love, and often found relief in copious tears.

"He descended to the discharge of his ordinary duties; but, like Moses, he bore the marks of converse with his God, and, as words of heavenly wisdom fell from his tongue, you could readily fancy that his lips, like those of Isaias, had been touched by the seraph with living coals of fire from the altar.

"His time was all divided between prayer and labor. He loved so well the beauty of the house of the Lord, and the place where his glory dwells, that he spent whole hours kneeling before the Blessed Sacrament; and eventually he made it a rule whenever it was practicable, to recite the divine office in His holy presence. Thither he would repair on returning from a long journey during the rigors of winter, and, until he had satisfied his devotions, no persuasions could induce him to attend to his personal comfort.

"At other times, unless he was engaged in active duties, you would find him in the midst of his splendid library, surrounded by the writings of the Fathers and Doctors of the Church, and whatever besides is most rare and valuable in science and literature, pursuing his devoted studies with intense application and wonderful activity of mind, or committing to paper, for the benefit of others, the results of his profound investigations.

"His recreation was but variety of labor. When his wearied mind demanded its turn of relaxation the most arduous bodily toil succeeded, and this round of exertions, mental and corporeal, was kept up with an elasticity of spirits and activity of mind truly surprising. After a journey of

fifty miles, performed on *foot* in a single day,¹ book in hand, praying and reading by turns, and scarcely stopping to take the simple refecton that nature required, he would meet his friends in the evening with a freshness of spirits and gayety of conversation that could not be surpassed.

“As professor of theology he chiefly excelled in two things—a vast erudition, which left nothing unexplored, and a singular power of generalizing, which enabled him to grasp his whole subject and handle it with ease, by bringing all its details under a few general principles. In exhibiting and supporting these principles he put forth all his strength. After adducing all the evidence which his extensive reading readily furnished, elucidating it by his luminous explanations, and applying the logical tests with cautious judgment and impartial rigor, his excursive mind brought in a rich and almost gorgeous profusion of analogies and illustrations from every part of the wide domain of human knowledge.”

Among Father Bruté's students at this time, might be seen a bright, noble-looking young fellow, who had manfully brushed a host of difficulties aside, and pushed his way into the class-rooms of Mount St. Mary's College. Many a day he listened to his illustrious teacher, storing up the treasures of knowledge that flowed from his lips. At length he was raised to the priesthood in 1826. And who was this student? John Hughes, afterwards Archbishop of New York.

¹ Archbishop Bayley gives the following memorandum from Father Bruté's Journal. It is dated March, 1821: “On the evening of the 14th of March, Mr. Dampoux arrived at the mountain to recall Mr. Hickey to Baltimore. The next morning after I had celebrated mass at St. Joseph's, I started on foot for Baltimore, without saying a word to anybody, to speak to the Archbishop and Mr. Tessler, and endeavor to retain him. Stopped at Taneytown, at Father Zochl's, and got something to eat. At Winchester found out that I had not a penny in my pocket, and was obliged to get my dinner on credit. Arrived at Baltimore (32 miles) 10 minutes before 10 o'clock. Mr. Hickey to remain at the college. *Laus Deo*. Set out on my return the next day (18th) in the afternoon; stopped at Mr. Williamson's, 6 1-2 miles from the city, where the storm obliged me to take refuge. On Saturday, 17th (St. Patrick's Day), said mass and made a discourse to the people on the text, *Mhi sanctorum sumus?* At 7 o'clock started again, the wind and rain in my face, sometimes so severe as almost to take away my breath; arrived at the mountain at 10 1-2 o'clock at night. In going I read 383 pages in Antequil's *History of France*, the reigns of Louis XII., and Francis I.; 14 pages of Cicero *De Officiis*; 8 chapters in the *New Testament*; my office; recited the chaplet three times. On my journey back the wind blew so hard that I could only read a pamphlet of 25 pages and my office.”

Young Father Hughes began his labors in a new and thorny field; but the kind master did not forget his promising pupil. "My dear Brother," writes Rev. Professor Bruté, "may God bless such wise and prudent beginnings of your holy ministry amidst such difficult and perplexing circumstances as it has pleased Him to try them by. May He bless such worthy sentiments as expressed in your letter."

In all his perplexities the future archbishop had recourse to Father Bruté. He asks his opinion, now upon a point of theology, again upon some antiquarian subject; now he applies to him to find a passage in one of the Fathers; now consults him upon a question of philosophy, or asks from him a summary of the principles of Canon Law, which bear upon the existing church difficulties at Philadelphia. Upon all points this extraordinary man was ready to satisfy him.¹

When Father Hughes erected St. John's Church at Philadelphia, and was about to have it dedicated in 1832, he wrote to his dear old Professor: "Could you not be here on that day? It would add to the solemnity of the occasion and be a subject of joy to all your friends—who are all that know or ever heard of you."

"I have heard," replies Father Bruté, "from all quarters of the great success that God grants to your noble undertaking. The details you give me are of the most pleasing nature. The invitation you add for the day of consecration I acknowledge with all my heart; but, be sure that my good obscure corner here is my true place, and a couple of miles of radius, just to St. Joseph's, the true space of my usefulness; for the rest, *nesciri et pro nihilo reputari*."

¹ Hassard.

In a copy of the New York *Truth Teller*, before us, dated October 10th, 1829, we find a notice of the opening of Mt. St. Mary's College in which it is stated that "the Rev. Mr. Bruté and the other members of the institution assist, as usual, in their respective departments."

CHAPTER III.

TOILING IN THE WESTERN WILDERNESS.

Documents from Rome—A retreat—Is consecrated Bishop of Vincennes—Reception in his new See—Everything to create—Glance at his labors and virtues—His death and character.

One day in the month of May, 1834, while Father Bruté was giving a retreat to the Sisters of Charity, he was handed some documents which had come all the way from Rome. He went into the chapel, and on his knees opened them—the Bulls appointing him Bishop of the newly erected See of Vincennes, Indiana.

His humility was alarmed. He made a retreat to know the will of Heaven, and only after long and careful reflection would he accept the great responsibility. "I have been unusually engaged since I received the news of your elevation to the episcopacy," wrote his old pupil, Father John Hughes, in August, 1834. "My congratulations are on this account *later*, but not less sincere. The place which you have hitherto occupied seemed to me so important for the Church, that I confess it is with regret I see it vacant. But when I think of the ways by which Almighty God accomplishes His designs, especially in reference to the Church, I have no doubt but it will be found according to His will." The new prelate was consecrated in the fall of the same year, and at once set out for Vincennes. He arrived there in company with Bishop Flaget and Bishop Purcell, on the 5th of November.

"Some miles before reaching the city," writes Bishop Bruté, "we were met by a number of citizens, Catholics and Protestants, on horseback, who had accompanied the pastor, Rev. Mr. Lalumière, a native of the State, and the first priest ordained for Vincennes. He was, of course, filled with joy in seeing a Bishop granted to his Indiana, and all the inhabitants seemed to share in it.

"The ceremony of installation took place the same evening. Bishop Flaget, who forty-three years before had been the missionary priest here when it was a simple trading and military post, in the midst of the surrounding wilderness, proceeded to address the people with his usual fervor.¹ Venerated and beloved by all, himself in the seventy-fourth year of his age, he introduced to them their new Bishop, no longer young, being in his fifty-fourth year, and urged them to make good use of the privileges which God in His mercy had bestowed upon them. Other instructions were given during those days. On Sunday I officiated pontifically, and on Monday my venerable colleagues took their leave, amid the blessings of the whole population, to return to their respective dioceses.

"They literally left me alone. Father Petit was obliged soon to return to his college in Kentucky. Mr. Lalumière took charge of the missions in the vicinity of Vincennes,² but still twenty-five or thirty miles distant, and in the whole diocese there were but two other priests, one Mr. Ferneding, in charge of the German missions 150 miles distant, and Mr. St. Cyr, whom Bishop Rosati³ had permitted to assist

¹ The venerable Flaget was the first bishop of Louisville. He was born in France in 1763. He made his studies at the University of Clermont, and became a member of the Priests of St. Sulpice. He landed at Baltimore in 1792, and was appointed by Bishop Carroll to the far-away mission of Vincennes. He was a great admirer of Washington. When he was consecrated Bishop, in 1810, his diocese embraced the Mississippi Valley. He sometimes made journeys of 2,000 miles at a time. This truly heroic man died in 1850, at the ripe age of 87 years, during 57 of which he had labored in America.

² Vincennes "took its name from a French officer, M. De Vincennes, who was massacred an age ago by the Indians, together with a Jesuit Father, who had accompanied him in an expedition to protect the friendly tribes who lived upon the Wabash, where the Society had established the mission of St. Francis Xavier."—*Bishop Bruté*.

³ Bishop Rosati, a native of Italy, and a member of the Congregation of the Mission, was appointed first Bishop of St. Louis in 1827. He died in 1843.

me for one year, and who was stationed at Chicago—225 miles off.

“The Cathedral Church is a plain brick building, 115 feet long, and 60 feet broad, consisting of the four walls and the roof, unplastered, and not even white-washed—no sanctuary—not even a place for preserving the vestments and sacred vessels. It has only a simple altar of wood, with a neatly gilded tabernacle, and a cross and six beautiful candlesticks—a gift from France—which were much in contrast with the poverty and utter destitution of the place. The house built for the missionary—and now the episcopal residence—consists of a small comfortable room and closet, 25 feet by 12, without, however, a cellar under, or a garret above; a small plot in a garden lies between it and the church, on the other side of which is the Catholic cemetery. Some years since, the town had a common burying ground prepared, beyond its limits, and insisted for a while that the Catholics should bury their dead in it like the rest, but they resisted so resolutely that they were at last permitted to bury in their own cemetery. An old wooden building, a short distance from the palace, is occupied by the servant, and near it is a stable ready for the Bishop’s horse—when he is able to get one.

“The people are mostly of French descent, poor, illiterate, but of that open, lively disposition which bespeaks their origin. They retain their Faith, love their priest, but are negligent in attending to their religious duties. They are very remiss also in teaching their children their prayers and the catechism, and this causes them to forget it themselves. Many also are in the habit of using profane language. It is true, and should be mentioned, that of late years they have been much neglected, and much of their former piety seems now to be re-kindling in their hearts.

“The kind reception I met with on my arrival was followed up by generous gifts of provisions and other necessary things. Of money they have little, and consequently can give but little. A subscription list which was handed around some months after I came, with the intention of providing a yearly income for my support, did not reach two hundred

dollars, and most of this was to be paid in grain, if they had not money at the time."

It will thus be seen that when Bishop Bruté began his labors at Vincennes, nearly everything was to create—a seminary, schools, churches, and all these with an income of less than \$20 a month. He was both Bishop and parish priest, and his round of toil was ceaseless. Every Sunday he gave two instructions—one in French, another in English. He left no corner of his wild and widely scattered diocese unvisited. He wrote continually for the Catholic press. His food and clothing were of the very plainest. As to money, if he had any, he knew only how to give it away. "If he had five dollars," said one of his priests, "it went to the first person that asked him for money." He often gave away his garments, and he was known to bestow his linen and underclothes to poor negroes whom he visited and solaced.

The first Church he blessed was placed under the patronage of the Blessed Virgin, and called St. Mary's, an event which, he says, gave him "great happiness." Of his first visit to Chicago, he writes: "I gave only a few confirmations, and three instructions, one on Saturday, and two on Sunday, to encourage the rising Catholic congregation of that most important point. It is now composed of about 400 souls of all countries, French, Canadians, Americans, Irish, and a good number of Germans."

When he visited the Indians and their good missionary, Father De Seille, he was received with delight. One of the chiefs made the Bishop a present of 320 acres of land, saying that "God, when He would return from Heaven to visit our earth, would see that ground which the Indians gave, and that it would prove to Him their sincere devotion to His holy religion and the messengers He had sent to secure its blessings to them." He confirmed sixteen Indians on this occasion. "One was an old chief," writes the Bishop, "who since his Baptism had led such an innocent life that he had not been observed to commit any fault, or give way to impatience, or any other imperfection."

As he passed by the pretty, peaceful site now adorned

by the University of Notre Dame,¹ the keen eye of the apostolic man noted its advantages, and he remarked that it was "a most desirable spot, and one soon I hope to be occupied by some prosperous institution."

But we have not room to follow Dr. Bruté in his tireless labors as a missionary Bishop. Several times he crossed the ocean at the call of duty ; and it was while on his way to attend the Council of Baltimore, in 1837, that he caught a severe cold, which finally grew into consumption. His health declined, but not his activity. To the last he was up and doing. On one occasion he began a journey of four hundred miles in a state of such bodily suffering that he could not sit upright on his horse, but he manfully pushed along. Only six hours before his death he wrote with his own hand, and not without much pain and difficulty, several moving letters to persons who had unfortunately abandoned the practice of their Faith, and to whom he wished to make this dying appeal in behalf of their souls, while the portals of eternity were closing upon him. "I am going home," said this simple, saintly, and heroic man, this varied and profound scholar, as he calmly and sweetly surrendered his soul to God on the 26th of June, 1839.*

¹ This famous seat of learning was founded by the Very Rev. Edward Sorin, C.S.C., in 1812. Its growth and the sphere of its usefulness have kept pace with the progress of years. In the spring of 1879 the main buildings of the University were burned down; but through the energy of the venerable founder and his Congregation, it has arisen from its ashes brighter and more beautiful than ever. Very Rev. W. Corby, C.S.C., long identified with the institution, is the present President of Notre Dame.

² At the end of his five short years of administration, Bishop Bruté left to "the Church of Indiana, 24 priests, 23 churches, besides 6 church buildings and 28 stations occasionally visited; 2 religious communities, 1 theological seminary, 1 college for young men, 1 female academy, and 2 free schools. With such achievements the reader will be surprised to learn that he was opposed to going in debt, and would never sign a mortgage on church property."—*Dr. Clarke.*

FATHER DEMETRIUS AUGUSTINE GALLITZIN,

APOSTLE OF WESTERN PENNSYLVANIA.¹

CHAPTER I.

A PRINCE'S YOUTH.

Birth and Parents—Education—Mother and Son—Young Gallitzin becomes a Catholic—A pen-picture—Demetrius prepares to travel in America—Incidents before departing—On the bright, blue sea.

Demetrius Gallitzin was born on the 22d of December, 1770, at the Hague, his father, Prince Gallitzin, being, at the time, ambassador to Holland from the Court of Russia. In the history of Russia there are few names more illustrious than that of Gallitzin. The gifted mother of the prince-priest belonged to a noble German family. She was the daughter of Field-Marshal Count de Schmettau, one of the favorite generals of Frederick the Great.

By his worldly and ambitious father, the young Demetrius was destined for the profession of arms. His whole education was therefore of the most complete military cast. He scarcely ever heard of religion. In his boyhood, he was, in truth, more familiar with the names of Voltaire and Diderot than with the sacred names of Jesus and Mary. His father was an unbeliever; and an infidel education had darkened,

¹ Chief authorities used: S. M. Brownson, "Life of Demetrius Augustine Gallitzin, Prince and Priest;" Clarke, "Memoir of Gallitzin;" *The Catholic World*, Vol. II.; "Popular History of the Catholic Church in the United States;" White, "Sketch of the Catholic Church in the United States."

if not destroyed, the faith that lighted up his mother's early years.

The Princess Gallitzin was, in the highest sense, a lady of rare gifts, one whose personal attractions were only surpassed by her beauties of mind and heart ; and the Almighty in His own good time mercifully led her back to his Holy Church. In 1786, after a severe sickness, and years of study and examination, a light broke in upon her troubled soul—she again became a Catholic.

As this good and noble mother became more religious, her deep anxiety for the welfare of her only son increased. His lot was cast in wild times. Men laughed at religion. Infidelity was daily growing in boldness, and the rumble of the French Revolution began to be heard over Europe. On the fourteenth birthday of Demetrius, December 22, 1784, she wrote to her child:

“I am filled with alternate joy and terror on this day. My first thought on awaking this morning was one of joy and thanksgiving that God had given you to me ; given to me, perhaps, to have brought into the world a great, good man. But that *PERHAPS* ! Here a second thought comes to frighten me. ‘To-day,’ I said to myself, ‘fourteen years have passed for him, and O God ! he is still entirely without will or energy, creeping about under the influence of others !’

“This painful thought brought on another — still more terrible—the doubt if this being whom I had carried under my heart, would finally be acceptable to God, and eternally blessed, or whether he would continue to run to perdition, in spite of the excellent gifts which the Almighty had given that he might become the best and happiest of men, in spite of all my prayers, warnings, and entreaties.

“At times during the last months I have been filled with better hopes, and these, I freely admit, have not now altogether deserted me, only they are depressed and clouded by the worse times of late, and by the ever-recurring signs of the slavish submission, with which you again give yourself up to your frightful laziness and inactivity.

“Beloved Mitri, oh! would to God that to-day, being your

birthday, reading this letter you would begin anew with this—that, feeling for your slavish, effeminate, and indolent inertness, the disgust which it merits, because of its ruin of your happiness, you might be filled with dread in reviewing the past, and fall on your knees to invoke him for the coming time, with the consciousness that you have now at least resolved with your whole soul to act in future as a free being, who knows that though no man sees him, God sees him, and calls him to an eternal destiny.

“O my Mitri, in this expectation, dearest child, I throw myself with you at the feet of our Father—kneeling I write it—and cry from the depths of my heart: Have mercy on him and me!”

The grace of God and the labors of an able, pious, and earnest mother soon brought about the desired result. Three years after the foregoing letter was penned, young Demetrius Gallitzin entered the Church of ages. The Princess was more than happy. He took the name of Augustine in confirmation, to please his mother, who was especially devoted to that Great Doctor of the Church, because of the similarity of the maternal love with which she wept and prayed for her son to that of St. Monica, of which her friends delighted to remind her.

Referring to his own conversion, Father Gallitzin afterwards wrote: “I lived during fifteen years in a Catholic country, under a Catholic government. . . . During a great part of this time I was not a member of the Catholic Church. An intimacy which existed between our family and a certain celebrated French philosopher, had produced a contempt for religion. Raised in prejudice against Revelation, I felt every disposition to ridicule those very principles and practices which I have since adopted.

“During these unfortunate years of my infidelity, particular care was taken not to permit any clergymen to come near me. Thanks to the God of infinite mercy, the clouds of infidelity were dispersed, and revelation adopted in our family. I soon felt convinced of the necessity of investi-

gating the different religious systems, in order to find the true one. Although I was born a member of the Greek Church, and although all my male relatives, without any exception, were either Greeks or Protestants, yet did I resolve to embrace that religion only which upon impartial inquiry should appear to me to be the pure religion of Jesus Christ. My choice fell upon the Catholic Church, and at the age of about seventeen I became a member of that Church."

This conversion did not divert the young Demetrius from the military career which his father wished him to embrace. Through the influence of his uncle, Gen. Von Schmettau, he received an appointment in the early part of 1792 as *aide-de-camp* to the Austrian General Von Lillien, who commanded an army in Brabant. This was at the opening of the first campaign against the French.

The prince was then in his twenty-second year. In stature he was tall—about five feet ten. His frame was slender but vigorous. His hair was black, his eyes very dark and brilliant, and an air of reserve and dignity seemed to throw a charm over his handsome person. He was skilled in handling the sword, and other warlike weapons; and as for managing a charger, he could ride with Alexander the Great himself. Such was Demetrius as a young military officer.

The sudden death of the Emperor Leopold, and the assassination of the King of Sweden—acts considered as the infamous work of the Jacobins—induced Austria and Prussia to dismiss all the foreigners from their armies. The young Prince Gallitzin was thus suddenly deprived of his military position; and his father and mother advised him to travel in order to finish his education. It was decided that he should visit America, study its institutions, and make the personal acquaintance of Washington, Jefferson, and other famous men of that day.

A guide for the noble young traveller was found in the person of Rev. Felix Brosius, a young priest and professor of mathematics who had formed the resolution of going to

the United States, for which purpose he had spent two years studying English. He was to act the part of a friendly tutor. It was the wish of the Princess that Demetrius should continue his study of the sciences, and make use of them in his observations in the New World.

Letters of introduction to Washington and Bishop Carroll were at once procured. It was decided that the Prince should travel as a simple gentleman—in fact, under the name of *Mr. Augustine Schmet*. Before sailing a grand ball was given, and the young traveller it is told “danced from dark till daylight.” It was his *last* dance. The hour came to say adieu, and his boyish heart fluttered. As he stood on the edge of the pier, a misstep sent him plunging into the briny deep, in his mother’s presence. But he was a good swimmer and was soon picked up by the boat which carried him to the vessel—a sailing-vessel. Old ocean began to develop unknown powers in the soul of Demetrius Augustine Gallitzin, even as he gazed on the fading wave-beaten shores of Europe, in August, 1792.

CHAPTER II.

THE YOUNG PRINCE-PRIEST.

First days in America—New and higher thoughts—In the seminary—Ordained to the priesthood—Father Gallitzin is sent on a singular mission to Virginia—Strange events—Adam Livingston and his troubles—What followed—Father Cahill—Captain McGuire—Gallitzin founds a Catholic colony.

Two months and a half after bidding adieu to his mother on the piers of Rotterdam, young Prince Gallitzin was in Baltimore. In company with the Rev. Mr. Brosius, he presented his letter of introduction to Bishop Carroll. The prelate received him with every mark of kindness, and procured him cordial welcome in many of the most charming Baltimore homes.

The kind-hearted Bishop also offered the young traveller letters to families in Philadelphia and other cities. Demetrius remained a little while looking about Baltimore, "having," as he said himself, "nothing in view but to pursue his journey through the States, and to qualify himself for his original vocation." He met with nothing but kindness. He saw an active, energetic people full of frankness. Nor did he fail to appreciate the American character, and the circumstances of the new country. He beheld a land of peace and plenty—with a vast spiritual field, and few laborers. A new light shed its rays on his mind. It was from Heaven. He no longer thought of his travelling tour. The work of his life took form in his manly soul, and he offered his services to Bishop Carroll.

Without delay, the young Prince began his theological studies in the but recently founded *Seminary of St. Sulpice*,¹ at Baltimore; and after nearly three years of diligent study and the most exemplary conduct, the great day came around. It was the 18th of March, 1795. The candidate was in his twenty-fifth year. Bishop Carroll, with inexpressible emotion, raised him to that holy dignity in which he was to be a priest forever and forever.²

The young priest desired to remain in the quiet, happy seclusion of the Seminary, and, at his own earnest request, obtained admission as a member of the Priests of St. Sulpice.³ Bishop Carroll, however, could not dispense with his services. After laboring in Baltimore and various country places in Maryland, Father Gallitzin, in the summer of 1797, was sent on a singular mission to Virginia. Reports of mysterious events occurring there, had spread over the country, and he was deputed to hold an investigation as to their truth. He spent from September to Christmas in making a rigid examination. "No lawyer in a court of justice," he wrote to a friend, "did ever examine and cross-examine witnesses more than I did." At first, the young prince-priest placed no faith in the reports; but the more he investigated, the more he soon came to a full belief in the truth of what he saw and heard.

These singular events⁴ are full of interest and instruction, and serve to illustrate the famous saying of St. Thomas Aquinas, that, "if necessary, God would send an angel to instruct those who sincerely seek the true Faith." They occurred at Clipton, near Martinsburg, Virginia. Living

¹ The Seminary of St. Sulpice is the oldest Catholic institution of the kind in the United States. It was founded in 1791 by the Rev. Francis Charles Nagot, S.S., and three priests of the Society of St. Sulpice. In 1822 the Holy See raised it to the rank of a Catholic University, with power to grant degrees in theology and the sciences. This venerable seminary occupies a central position in Baltimore, and is one of the attractions of the "Monumental City." It has a fine library containing about 25,000 volumes. The superior is Very Rev. A. Magnien, S.S., D.D.

² Father Stephen Badin was the first priest ordained in the United States, but he was a deacon before leaving his native France. Father Gallitzin, however, was the *second* ordained, but the *first* who was *all* ours—"ours from the first page of his theology."

³ Many years after he quietly withdrew from the Society of St. Sulpice.

⁴ For a full account of them, see the "Life of Prince Gallitzin," by Sarah M. Brownson. It is a beautiful work, and by far the best biography of the Prince ever written.

there was Adam Livingston, a Protestant, and an honest, industrious farmer. All at once, he felt the frowns of misfortune. In some mysterious way, everything seemed to go against him. His barns were burned down, his cattle died, the clothing of the family was destroyed by fire or cut up into little pieces, dishes and crockery were broken, the furniture often moved about the rooms—in short, Satan appeared to be playing the most malicious tricks around the premises of Mr. Livingston.

Ministers of all persuasions were sent for, but the evil one laughed at their efforts. At length, in order to free the house from its annoyances, several men came from Winchester. They were well armed. No sooner, however, had they entered the residence than a huge stone was seen to issue from the fire-place, and whirl round upon the floor for more than fifteen minutes, when the gentlemen gladly sneaked away. Having also applied to three conjurers, they gave him some herbs, a book ("Common Prayer"), and a riddle, by way of catching the devil. The very first night, the book and herbs were found in a very ignominious piece of chamber-furniture, which was covered with the riddle!

In the midst of this misery, Mr. Livingston had a very remarkable dream. He seemed to toil up a steep mountain. At the top was a church, in which he beheld a man curiously dressed. "This is the man," said a voice, "who will bring you relief." He related his dream, and was told that Catholic priests wore a dress similar to what he had seen in dream-land. He wished to see a priest. A long, weary journey brought him to an humble church. He entered, looked at the clergyman, and exclaimed aloud: "The very man I saw in my dream!" It was Father Denis Cahill, a hardy, zealous Irish missionary.

Father Cahill—not, however, without a good deal of persuasion—went with Livingston, and beheld clear evidences of the truth of the farmer's story. He sprinkled the house with holy water, and then went his way.

It was soon after this that the disturbances recommenced, and that Father Gallitzin was sent to investigate. He deter-

mined, once for all, to exorcise the evil spirits; but no sooner had he begun to recite the prayers, than the noise that issued from every side made him nervous. He stopped, went for Father Cahill, and the Irish priest finished the affair. He said Mass in the house, and the annoyance ceased. The Livingstons became pious Catholics, and fourteen persons were converted by these supernatural occurrences.

Having concluded his Virginia investigations, the youthful Father Gallitzin once more began his zealous labors in the missions of Maryland and Pennsylvania. Full of zeal, and intensely Catholic in heart and soul, the prince-priest was shocked at the un-Catholic spirit that reigned among his congregations. If these people believed in the doctrines of the Church, they would gladly have her authority reduced to zero—if not further! A vulgar arrogance, based on ignorance, had possession of not a few minds. Almost too presumptuous to receive instruction, and too ignorant to be humble, they had lost that grand and simple Faith which enables man to yield a noble obedience to God and religion. What they lacked in solid knowledge, however, was abundantly supplied by loose fancies and religious whims, derived from their heretical neighbors. For them liberty meant license, and all law was oppression. The continual interference of such men, and their dictation in Church matters, were an abomination to the apostolic Gallitzin.

But not one of these mental curiosities and moral dwarfs was the brave Captain McGuire, a good Irish Catholic, and a distinguished officer of the Revolution. After the War of Independence, he resided in Maryland; and being a great hunter, he often penetrated into the primeval forests of western Pennsylvania. The sound of his rifle was frequently echoed by the most distant of the Alleghanies. On the very summit of this lofty range, in what is now Cambria county, he bought a large tract of country, and went there with his family to reside, in 1788. The pious Captain lost no time in providing for the Church—for which his wonderful faith alone could have given him hopes—and generously made over four hundred acres of land to Bishop Carroll, who had

just then returned to the United States, after his consecration. Here a Catholic settlement soon began to form, and its members became urgent in their requests for a resident priest.

Marvellous are the ways of Almighty God! Father Gallitzin had long cherished the idea of founding a community of Catholic settlers in some remote spot, far removed from the busy haunts of men and the contagion of warring sects; where they could live in primitive peace and simplicity; where the stream of knowledge would not be infected by the putrid waters of vice; and where Religion could reign as queen!

He had once visited McGuire's settlement on a mission of charity. The thought struck him that this would be the place to carry out his admirable design; and when the good people petitioned Bishop Carroll for a priest, they sent the letter through Father Gallitzin, begging for him to use his influence in getting them one—if possible, to come himself among them. He made their petition his own. "Your request," writes Bishop Carroll to him, "is granted. I readily consent to your proposal to take charge of the congregations detailed in your letter; and hope that you will have a house built on the land granted by Mr. McGuire, and already settled; or if more convenient, on your own, if you intend to keep it."

In the wishes of these devoted people, and the sanction of his venerable Bishop, Father Gallitzin recognized the call of God. He resolved, in the midst of this Catholic nucleus, to establish a permanent colony, which he destined in his mind as the centre of his missions. Several poor Maryland families, whose affections he had won, determined to follow him; and, in the summer of 1799, he took up his line of march. From Maryland they travelled with their faces turned to the ranges of the Alleghany Mountains. It was a rough and trying journey. The patient travellers hewed their way through the primitive forests, burdened at the same time with all their worldly goods. As soon as the small caravan had reached its new home, Gallitzin took possession of this, as it were, conquered land. Without loss of

time all the settlers addressed themselves to the work before them, and toiled so zealously that before the end of the year they had a little church erected.

Out of the clearings of these untrodden forests rose up two buildings, constructed out of the trunks of roughly-hewn trees; of these one was intended for a church—the other a presbytery for their pastor. On Christmas eve of the year of 1799, there was not a winking eye in the little colony. And well there might not be! The new church, decked with pine, and laurel, and ivy leaves, and blazing with such lights as the scant means of the faithful could afford, was awaiting its consecration to the worship of God!

There Gallitzin offered up the first Mass, to the great edification of his flock, that, although made up of Catholics, had never witnessed such a solemnity; and to the great astonishment of a few Indians, who had never in their lives dreamed of such a wonderful ceremony. Thus it was, that on a spot in which, scarcely a year previous, silence had reigned over vast solitudes, a Prince, thenceforward cut off from every other country, had opened a new one to pilgrims from all nations, and that from the wastes which echoed no sounds but the howlings of the wild beasts, there went up the divine snog, *Gloria in Excelsis Deo*. Thus began that glorious Catholic settlement in Western Pennsylvania, which was destined to grow and flourish like a beautiful mountain-flower in the midst of the wilderness!

CHAPTER III.

AN APOSTLE AT WORK.

State of Father Gallitzin's colony—The Pastor's toils—Loretto—The Prince and his sister—Laboring late and early in the vineyard of the Lord—A priest of order and discipline—As a preacher—"Everyone kneels here"—Father Gallitzin and his rebuke to a Protestant lady in church—Her conversion afterwards—Many conversions—Father Gallitzin as a writer—His hospitality—A forest scene—Death of the great missionary—Anecdotes—Devotion to the Blessed Virgin.

In the spring of 1800, Father Gallitzin's congregation consisted of about forty families, and the number was rapidly increasing. "I have now, thanks be to God," he said, "a little home of my own, for the first time since I came to this country, and God grant that I may be able to keep it."

The whole cost of his colonization—spiritual and material—was borne by the princely pastor. He lived on the farm which the generous Captain McGuire had given for the service of the Church. But in order to attract immigration around him he bought vast tracts of land, which he sold in farms at a low rate, or even gave to the poor, relying on his patrimony to meet his engagements. The wilderness soon put on a new aspect. The settlers followed the impulses of the great missionary, who kept steadfastly in view the improvement of his work. His first care was to get up a grist-mill; then arose numerous out-buildings; additional property was purchased, and in a short time the colony grew in extent and pros-

perity. A large part of his own land he laid out for a town, and named it *Loretto*; the remainder he cleared for the use of the Church, the priests who should succeed him, and such institutions as should in time arise.

In carrying out his work, the prince-priest received material assistance from Europe. At first, sums of money were regularly remitted to him by his mother. With her he kept up a fond correspondence, which his great love for her rendered one of the consolations of his life. But he lost this good and tender parent in 1806.

The Emperor of Russia could not pardon the son of a Russian Prince for becoming a Catholic priest, and in 1808 the noble missionary received from a friend in Europe a letter saying:

"The question of your rights, and those of the Princess, your sister, as to your father's property in Russia, has been examined by the Senate of St. Petersburg, and it has decided that by reason of your Catholic faith, and your ecclesiastical profession, you cannot be admitted to a share of your late father's property. Your sister is consequently sole heiress of the property, and is soon to be put in possession of it. The Council of State has confirmed the decision of the Senate, and the Emperor by his sanction has given it the force of law."

Writing to her brother, the Princess Maria said: "You may be perfectly easy. I shall divide with you faithfully, as I am certain you would with me. Such was the will of our deceased father, and of our dearest mother; and such also will be the desire of my affectionate love and devotedness towards you, my dearest brother."

When the Princess married the insolvent Prince of Salm, she said no more about remittances. He cared not for wealth, save to aid the poor, the unfortunate, or the Church. "If he had possessed a heart of gold," said one who knew him well, "he would have given it to the unfortunate." He was up before the sun. Fasting, he rode along the wild pathways of the forest, that were oftener pressed by the wolf and the bear than by the steps of any human

being. The wrath of the storm often broke over his devoted head. Then, when he reached some out-of-the-way church, came the same round of duties as before—confession, Mass, baptisms, marriages, funerals, exhortations, and, last of all, another long journey.

In his church at Loretto everything moved with the nicest exactness. He was a lover of order. At his Sunday Mass he preached two sermons—one in English,¹ another in German. French, however, was his mother-tongue. He was a master of English, but he did not speak German very well. His sermons were simplicity itself, ever suited to the times, circumstances, and needs of his people.

He was very severe on anything that savored of irreverence in church. It was the house of God, and it *must* be respected. Once a Protestant stood in the crowded edifice, gazed around, and seemingly viewed the prayerful congregation with disgust. A hand gently touched his shoulder and he heard the words: "Every one kneels here." He knelt instantly, for it was the pastor of Loretto that spoke.

On one occasion, however, he did not meet with such ready obedience. A member of his congregation had married a Protestant lady. She accompanied her husband to church, but did not kneel. She stood, and her large figure was conspicuous. Mass went on. Many good people trembled, for they felt that rebuke, swift and terrible, was coming. Father Gallitzin was silent until he turned around to give Holy Communion. "Kneel down, woman—kneel down!" he said, in a low voice. But she did not kneel. An instant passed; the prince's black eyes seemed to flash fire, and in a voice of thunder he exclaimed: "Woman, *kneel down!*" The words shook the very church, and it need hardly be added that the lady dropped on her knees.

Six months rolled by. One day a lady appeared at the door of Father Gallitzin's house. He received her kindly, and she told him she was the person he had once commanded to kneel. He smiled. They conversed for awhile.

¹ In a letter dated 1806, Father Gallitzin states that, "the greatest part of the congregation," was Irish.

"I have come to be received into the Church," she observed, after a pause. "I have told nobody. I believed the Catholic religion to be the true religion, from the moment you told me to kneel that day in church." She became a good Catholic.

As an author Father Gallitzin stands high even to-day. In this century he was the pioneer champion of the Church in the United States ; the first to use his intellectual sledge-hammer on the cast-iron skull of bigotry. His chief works are "Defence of Catholic principles," and "Letters on the Holy Scriptures." Again and again have these volumes been issued, and it is literally correct to say that they have instructed three generations. They have been translated into French and German, and widely circulated in France, Germany, England, Ireland, and all over our own Republic. As a writer the prince-priest was remarkably clear, forcible, witty, pointed, and, above all, logical. He wielded a sharp and powerful pen.

We have a graphic picture of the venerable missionary's appearance on one of his forest journeys, when he had reached his sixty-fourth year. For it we are indebted to the pen of Rev. Father Lemcke, O.S.B., afterwards his successor. In the summer of 1834, the good Father was sent from Philadelphia to the assistance of the aged prince-priest. After several days of rough travel he reached Munster, a village some miles from Loretto. Here Father Lemcke procured an Irish lad to pilot him on his way.

"As we had gone," he says, "a couple of miles through the woods, I caught sight of a sled drawn by a pair of vigorous horses, and in the sled a half-recumbent traveller, in every lineament of whose face could be read a character of distinction. He was outwardly dressed in a thread-bare overcoat, and on his head a peasant's hat, so worn and dilapidated that no one would have rescued it from the garbage of the streets. It occurred to me that some accident had happened to the old gentleman, and that he was compelled to resort to this singular mode of conveyance. While I was taxing my brain for a satisfactory solution of this problem,

Tom, my guide, who was trotting ahead, turned round, and pointing to the old man, said: "*Here comes the priest.*"

I immediately coaxed up my nag to the sled. "Are you really the pastor of Loretto?" said I. "I am, sir." "Prince Gallitzin?" "At your service, sir," he said, with a hearty laugh. "You are probably astonished," he continued, after I handed him a letter from the Bishop of Philadelphia, "at the strangeness of my equipage. But there's no help for it. You have no doubt already found out that in these countries you need not dream of a carriage road. You could not drive ten yards without danger of an overturn. I am prevented, since a fall which I have had, from riding on horseback, and it would be impossible for me now to travel on foot. Besides, I carry along everything required for the celebration of Holy Mass. I am now going to a spot where I have a mission, and where the Holy Sacrifice has been announced for to-day. Go to Loretto, and make yourself at home until my return to-night; unless, indeed, you should prefer to accompany me." Father Lemcke was only too happy to bear him company.

For forty-one years this humble man, this truly great and good priest, led upon the mountains of Pennsylvania a most perfect Christian life. When warned to take more care of himself, he would answer, in his own energetic style: "As the days have gone by when by martyrdom it was possible for us to testify to God's glory upon earth, it becomes our duty, like the toil-worn ox, to remain hitched to the plow in the field of the Lord." On Easter Sunday, 1840, Father Gallitzin, being seventy years of age, had, early in the morning, taken his seat in the confessional. After discharging these duties, he bravely braced up his remaining strength to ascend the altar for the celebration of Mass. When it was over he took to his bed—the bed from which he was destined never to rise. On the 6th of May, his pure and princely spirit passed to the bosom of God.

The revered Father Gallitzin's best eulogy is his work. He erected the *first chapel* in what now comprises the three dioceses of Pittsburg, Alleghany City, and Erie. His cher-



MEETING OF FATHER LEMCKE AND GALLITZIN.

ished Loretto is the most Catholic village in the United States. Not till the traveller has pressed the soil of Cambria county does he feel that he is in a *truly* Christian land, as he catches sight of the ten Catholic churches and three monasteries—all of which cropped out of Loretto, under the creative and fostering hands of this apostolic and wonderful man. What share he had in its material prosperity may be judged from the fact that he spent over \$150,000 in its improvement. Though for many years Vicar-General of the Bishop of Philadelphia, he firmly refused all offers of being raised to the episcopal dignity. Having renounced the dignities of the world, he did not aspire to those of the Church.

Long before his death, however, he was held in universal respect. The name *Gallitzin* has since been given to a fine village.

His love of books was remarkable. He had collected a large number, and truthfully inscribed on these dear companions of his solitude the words: "Gallitzin and his friends."

On one occasion he had given a liberal alms to a poor traveller, who afterwards squandered the money at a tavern. When informed of the deception, the good and noble donor replied, "I gave it not to him, but to God."

In an age of pride and pretension, the humility of this great man is truly touching. For many years he suppressed the illustrious name of Gallitzin, and was known simply as the *Rev. Mr. Smith*.¹ When told of the fame of his writings, he said that "he was glad that the same God who had enabled an ass to speak—who had enabled the unlettered to convert the universe, had also enabled his ignorance to say something in favor of the Catholic Church."

Over thirteen years after the death of Father Gallitzin, his loved Loretto was visited by the Apostolic Nuncio, Mgr. Bedini. He was delighted. "This village," he writes,

¹ It will be remembered that he set out on his travels as *Augustine Schmel*, or in English, *Smith*. At the seminary, when pursuing his studies, he was known by that name. He was naturalized as Augustine Smith, and it was only many years after that, for good reasons, he resumed his family name.

“sanctified by the apostleship of Prince Demetrius Gallitzin, is situated upon the highest mountains of Pennsylvania, and is inhabited by Germans—all Catholics without exception. My carriage was preceded by about five hundred persons on horseback—men and women—and followed by fifty vehicles. This peaceful cortége, defiling joyously around the vast mountains, under a most brilliant sun, was to us as solemn as it was touching.”

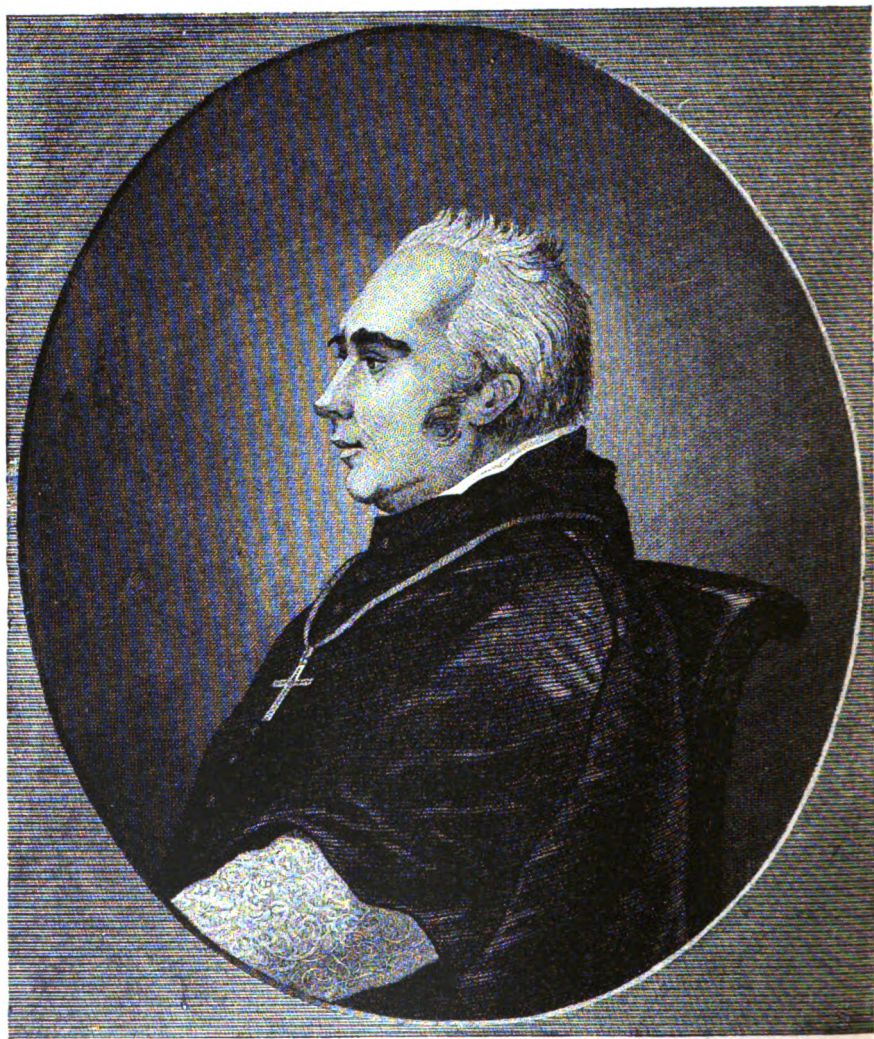
“As he had taken for his models,” says Very Rev. Thomas Heyden, the dear friend and biographer who received the prince-priest’s last breath, “the lives of the saints, the Francis of Saleses, the Charles Borromeos, the Vincents of Paul, so, like them, he was distinguished for his tender and lively devotion to the Blessed Virgin. He lost no opportunity of extolling the virtues of Mary. He endeavored to be an imitator of her, as she was of Christ. He recited the Rosary every evening among his household; and inculcated constantly on his people this admirable devotion, and all the other pious exercises in honor of Mary.

“The church in which he said daily Mass, he had dedicated under the invocation of this ever-glorious Virgin, whom all nations were to call Blessed. It was in honor of Mary, and to place his people under her peculiar patronage, that he gave the name of Loretto to the town he founded here, after the far-famed Loretto, which, towering above the blue wave of the Adriatic, on the Italian coast, exhibits to the Christian pilgrim the hallowed and magnificent temple which contains the sainted shrine of Mary’s humble house in which she at Nazareth heard announced the mystery of the Incarnation, and which the mariners, as they pass to encounter the perils of the deep, or return in safety from them, salute, chanting the joyous hymn, *Ave Maris Stella*. For, like St. John, he recognized in her a mother recommended to him by the words of the dying Jesus: ‘He said to the Disciple, behold thy Mother!’ And so, when his frame was worn out in her service, and her Son’s, he went up to see her face on high.”

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RT. REV. JOHN ENGLAND, D. D.

BISHOP OF CHARLESTON.

THE RIGHT REV. JOHN ENGLAND, D.D.,

FIRST BISHOP OF CHARLESTON, S. C.¹

CHAPTER I.

THE SCHOOL-BOY BECOMES A BISHOP.

Early years—"The little Papist"—Leaves law for theology—A patriot priest—Is appointed to the parish of Bandon—His difficulties—Appointment to the see of Charleston—Items from the Bishop's diary.

Bishop England has been called "the light of the American hierarchy." Had he lived in the early days of Christianity, or in the ages of Faith, or in the times of the so-called Reformation, the world would have ranked him among the foremost men and heroes of heroic times.

John England was born at Cork, Ireland, on September 23d, 1786. His boyhood was in the days of his country's trial and persecution. The wrongs he saw and suffered made a lasting impression on his gifted mind and character. Indeed, the enthusiastic love of his Faith and his native isle were ever the cherished affections which dwelt down deepest in his great heart. His first instruction was received in a Protestant school, as there was no other to which he could go. Here the soul of the brave boy was daily pained by insult. Often to expose him to the contempt of the class, the

¹ Chief authorities used: Clarke, "Lives of the Deceased Bishops of the Catholic Church in the United States;" Maguire, "The Irish in America;" "The works of Bishop England;" *The United States Catholic Magazine*; *The Metropolitan*.

bigoted teacher would sneeringly call him "*the little Papist*."

Young England began his career in life by the study of law. Two years spent in the office of an eminent barrister had, no doubt, a beneficial effect in developing his precise and practical mind. His own pious inclinations, and the designs of Providence, however, led him to enter the Church—to give himself to God. His excellent parents encouraged his noble resolution, and he began his theological studies in Carlow College. Here his splendid talents were brought out in all their shining greatness. Before he was ordained, Dr. Moylan, the venerable Bishop of Cork, recalled him to his own diocese, and appointed the student of theology President of the Diocesan Seminary at Cork. He was ordained in October, 1808, Dr. Moylan having obtained a dispensation, as Mr. England had not reached the canonical age of twenty-five.

His career as a fearless priest and patriot now made him a man of mark—revered and loved by the Irish people—feared and hated by the government. As the editor and proprietor of the *Cork Chronicle*, he hurled forth articles that fell like thunderbolts among his political and religious enemies. On one occasion he was even fined the round sum of five hundred pounds for his freedom of speech. But though rich in *truth*, he was poor in *money*; and while he continued to give out the former with a lavish hand, he took good care not to pay cash that he did not owe. Father England was on intimate terms with the illustrious O'Connell; and by his powerful pen he did much to hasten Catholic emancipation in Ireland.

In 1817, Rev. Mr. England was appointed parish priest of Bandon, a place of such bitter bigotry that over the entrance was placed the famous inscription which warmly welcomed "the Turk, the Atheist, and the Jew," but severely warned "the Papist" to keep away. The fearless priest, however, entered on his duties, undeterred even by this inscription. On several occasions his hair-breadth escapes from murder are thrilling enough to have occurred in border Indian life.

But even in these dangerous adventures, God had His designs on the future American prelate. Such training admirably fitted him for the toilsome and thorny road which he was to travel in our own Republic.

During the first three years of his episcopate, Bishop England kept a diary; and from it we make some selections. It opens thus:

"On Monday, the 10th of July, 1820, I received in Bandon a letter from the Rev. Henry Hughes, dated June 17th, 1820, at Rome, informing me that on the preceding Monday I had been appointed Bishop of Charleston,¹ in South Carolina, and requesting of me, for various reasons therein alleged, to accept of this appointment.

"*September 21st.*—I received the grace of episcopal consecration in the Catholic church of St. Finbar, in the city of Cork, from the Rt. Rev. Dr. Murphy, Bishop of the diocese, assisted by the Rt. Rev. Dr. Maram, Bishop of Ossory, and Kelly, first Bishop of Richmond (Va.), whose appointment was subsequent to mine, but whose consecration took place at Kilkenny, on the 24th of August. There were present, the Most Rev. Dr. Everard, Archbishop of Myteline, coadjutor of the Most Rev. Dr. Bray, Archbishop of Cashel, and the Rt. Rev. Drs. Coppinger, of Cloyne and Ross, Sughrue, of Ardfert and Aghadoc (Kerry), and Tuohy, of Limerick."

"*October 11th.*—Having many applications from priests and candidates for places on the American mission, I appointed my brother, the Rev. Thomas R. England, and the Rev. Thomas O'Keefe, my Vicars-General, for the purpose principally of selecting such of those as I may afterwards want, and if necessary, having them ordained.

¹ Which had just been created an episcopal see.

² Dr. England's name had already been mentioned by some of the Irish Bishops in connection with the episcopal dignity. While he did not shrink from a position so becoming to his talents and usefulness, he declared that he would never wear a mitre in any country that was subject to the British flag. . . . The usual oath of allegiance administered at their consecration to bishops who were British subjects, was positively declined by him. He intended as an American prelate to become an American citizen as soon as the laws would permit, and regarded the oath as repugnant to the new allegiance of his choice. The consecrating Bishop at first hesitated about omitting this customary ceremony, but finding the Bishop-elect determined to seek consecration elsewhere, before he would yield this point, consented to the omission.—*Clarke.*

"This day was the anniversary—twelve years—of my ordination to the priesthood. On this day I parted from my family, to go whither I thought God had called me, but whither I had no other desire to go. Should this be read by a stranger, let him pardon that weakness of our common nature which then affected me, and does now, after the lapse of three months.

"*December 26th.*—Found soundings in thirty-five fathoms water, and on the next day saw the Hunting Islands, on the coast of South Carolina, after a very tedious and unpleasant passage. On the evening of the 27th, came to anchor off Charleston, and on the 28th crossed it, and worked up the channel, and came to anchor in the evening.¹

"*December 30th.*—Came on shore in Charleston; saw the Rev. Benedict Fenwick, S. J.,² who was Vicar-General of the Archbishop of Baltimore, who exhibited to me his papers. I gave him my bulls and certificates, received the resignation of his authority, and renewed his faculties of Vicar-General for my diocese, as Bishop of Charleston, which he accepted.

"*December 31st.*—Being Sunday, I had the happiness of celebrating Mass, took possession of the church, had my bulls published, and preached."

¹ Bishop England was accompanied by his youngest sister, who had resolved to share his difficulties, and be near her great brother.

² Father Fenwick afterwards became Bishop of Boston. See sketch of him in *Popular History of the Catholic Church in the United States*, p. 274

CHAPTER II.

AN IRISH APOSTLE IN AMERICA.

State of the new diocese—An apostolic toiler—The Bishop “barefooted”—Dr. England’s visit to Savannah—At Augusta—Visits Locust Grove—Mrs. Thompson—His first open-air sermon—At Warrington—Columbia—A course of lectures at Charleston—A new catechism—The “Book Society”—A suggestive quotation in relation to Wilmington.

It may be said that Bishop England began his labors in America on New Years’ Day, 1821. His newly-erected diocese embraced three States—North Carolina, South Carolina, and Georgia. The Catholic Church had barely an existence in this region. The people were extremely bigoted. The difficulties of Dr. England therefore, can be imagined, rather than portrayed; but his master-spirit pointed out the line of duty, and the success of his toils was one of the noblest triumphs of the Faith in this Republic.

On making a rapid survey of the situation, he found but two churches open in his large diocese; and his clergy were as numerous as the houses of worship! The anointed herald of the Cross, however, came bravely up to his work. Around him churches began to rise. He travelled, preached, taught, and confirmed. Wherever he found a few scattered Catholic families in hamlet, town, or city, he assembled them, formed an organization, and encouraged them to hold together until he could send them a pastor. As for himself, he performed all the labors and endured all the hardships of a missionary priest. He travelled hundreds of miles. His noble spirit of poverty and self-sacrifice reminds us of the illustrious De Brébeuf. Such, indeed, was this great Bishop’s

personal poverty that he often walked the burning sands and pavements of Charleston with his bare feet on the ground. The soles of his shoes had been worn away, and the upper leather only remained decent!

The first thing Dr. England did after his arrival, was to make himself thoroughly acquainted with the condition of his poor but widely-spread diocese. He found, upon inquiry, that there was a congregation at Savannah, but that it had been deserted. He therefore determined, without delay, to visit Savannah, Augusta, Columbia, and other towns within his jurisdiction. Appointing Father Benedict J. Fenwick, S. J., his Vicar-General, with full powers, until his return to Charleston, and requesting him to purchase ground for a second church in that city, and if possible procure a good site for a cathedral, the Apostolic Bishop boarded the sloop *Delight*, and sailed for Savannah on the 15th of January, 1821.

He found that there had been no priest in that city since the previous October; and to repair the evil caused by the want of a clergyman for so long a time, he commenced a vigorous course of instruction, followed by the administration of the Holy Sacraments. The following entry in his diary affords an idea of Dr. England's energy, and of the attention which, in a few days, he had excited among non-Catholics.

“*January 21st.*—Heard confessions, celebrated the Holy Mass, and administered the Holy Communion to twenty-seven persons. Gave Confirmation to fifteen persons. At half-past ten o'clock, I spoke on the erection of the see, on my own authority, and publicly committed the flock of Savannah to the care of the Rev. Robert Browne until I should think proper to remove him; and after Mass I preached to a large congregation, amongst whom were the principal lawyers of Savannah, and many other strangers. In the evening I had vespers, and gave an exhortation and benediction—church crowded and surrounded.”

The next entry records the same round of duty with this added: “Was asked by the Mayor and others to preach in

the Protestant Episcopal church, which I declined for the present."

Appointing "John Dillon to read prayers for Mass on Sunday," until the return of Rev. Father Browne, whom he took with him on his visitation, Dr. England proceeded to Augusta, which he reached only after two days of hard travelling. After some brief but energetic work in this city, where he administered Confirmation "to John McCormack, Esq., and forty-eight others," he set out for Locust Grove, whose Catholic congregation had not seen a priest for several years.

"Arrived there at nightfall," continues the diary, "and was most kindly received by old and young Mrs. Thompson, to the former of whom great merit is due before God, for preserving the Faith in this country. This was the first Catholic congregation in Georgia; it was formed in 1794 or 1795, by the settlement of Mrs. Thompson's family and a few others from Maryland. Bishop Carroll, of Baltimore, sent the Rev. Mr. Le Mercier to attend them. After eighteen months he went to Savannah; and Rev. Mr. Sajet then remained seventeen months, and returned to France. There was no clergyman there until November, 1810, when the Rev. Robert Browne came to take charge of Augusta and its vicinity, and remained until 1815. This place was occasionally visited by Rev. Mr. Egan and Rev. Mr. Cooper."

It was at Locust Grove that Bishop England preached his first open-air sermon. "The church being too small," he writes, "and several persons having collected from various parts of the neighborhood, I preached from an elevation outside to about four hundred persons."

Of Warrington he says: "I met three Cherokee Indians, viz., Colonel Dick, who speaks a little English, John Thompson, and Sampson, to whom I gave their breakfast. I showed the Colonel my ring and cross, of which he took particular notice, and I told him I intended visiting his nation; he said he would know me."

On reaching Columbia, Dr. England found a flock consisting "of about two hundred and fifty persons, principally

Irish laborers employed in making the canal." There was no church, and the Bishop "therefore preached in the Court-house that night to a very numerous and respectable congregation," mostly Protestants. He made strenuous efforts to begin a church; and on his committee of collection we see such genuine Irish Catholic names as Peter McGuire and John Heffernan.

Bishop England now returned to Charleston, and addressed himself to the great labor of his life. He began a course of lectures, which laid the foundation of a fame that ere long spread through every State in the Union. During the Lent he discussed the principal truths of religion in a way which did not fail to attract the attention of the most thoughtful and intellectual. Nor was this labor without its reward. In his diary we find the names of several converts recorded, including that of "a lawyer of eminence."

In the last week of Lent, we find this sleepless toiler in God's vineyard issuing his first book. It was a catechism, which, he says, "I had much labor in compiling from various others, and adding several parts which I considered necessary to be explicitly dwelt upon under the peculiar circumstances of my diocese."

In the Spring of 1821 he established the "Book Society," and had the necessary measures taken to form a general committee, and to have the society extended throughout the whole diocese.

The following quotation from Dr. England's diary is sadly suggestive in relation to the state of the Catholics at the South. It was written of Wilmington, but might be truthfully applied to many other places:

"*May 16th* (1821).—Celebrated Mass at my lodgings, and gave an exhortation to those who attended. After breakfast met the Catholics, about twenty men—not a woman or child of the Catholic Faith. No priest had ever been fixed here, nor in the neighborhood. A Rev. Mr. Burke had spent a fortnight here, about twenty-five years before, and a Jesuit, going to some Spanish settlement, spent two or three days in the town, about the year 1815, and baptized the

children of Mr. —; but their mother being a Methodist, they were not educated in the Faith.

“The Catholics who live here, and they who occasionally come here, *were in the habit of going to other places of worship—Episcopal Protestant, Methodist, and Presbyterian—and had nearly lost all idea of Catholicity.* I spoke on the necessity of their assembling together on Sundays for prayer and instruction, and of their forming a branch of the Book Society, to both of which they readily agreed, and then recommended their entering into a subscription to procure a lot for a church, and to commence building, as I would take care they should be occasionally visited by a priest. I also exhorted them to prepare for the Sacraments.

“I received an invitation from the pastor and trustees of the Presbyterian church to use their building (the best in the town), which, upon consideration, I accepted. I was waited upon by the Protestant minister, who offered me his church also, which, of course, I declined, as having accepted of the other. In the evening I preached to a very large congregation, on the nature of the Catholic religion.”

CHAPTER III.

GLANCES AT AN HEROIC LIFE.

Father England's great fame and worth—His love for the United States—The founder of the Catholic press of this Republic—How he travelled—The power of Father O'Neill's flute—Preachiny on a stump by the wayside—A pen-picture—How the great Bishop punished a conceited, ill-bred Preacher.

As years went on, so did the fame of Bishop England increase, until the time came when, from one end of the Republic to the other, his bright name became a household word with Catholics of every nationality, who recognized in him an heroic champion, fully equipped, and equal to the good fight. The feelings of his own countrymen towards him cannot be described, so intense was their pride in his great qualities—his matchless power of tongue and pen, his resistless force as a controversialist,¹ his wonderful capacity for public affairs—the nobleness and grandeur of his nature, which all men respected, and which made for him the fastest friends, even among those who were not of the Catholic Church.

There were, it is true, other great and good bishops, who, by their holy lives and lofty characters, commanded a respectful toleration for their Faith ; but Dr. England extorted

¹ The clinching force of the Bishop's manner of reasoning may be illustrated by the following reply, given by an Irishman, who was one of the warmest admirers of his distinguished countryman :

" Well, Pat," said a lady to the Irishman, " what do you think of your Bishop ?"

" Think of him, ma'am ! Faith, ma'am, I think a deal of him, and why not ? Isn't he grand, ma'am, when he crosses his two arms on his breast, and looks around at them all, after one of his regular smashers, as much as to say—' Answer me that, and be d—d to you !' "

" Oh Pat !" remonstrated the lady, who, whatever she thought of the criticism, was somewhat startled at the rather forcible manner in which it was expressed.—*Maguire.*

respect for his religion by the magic power with which he unfolded its principles to those who crowded around him wherever he went, and refuted the calumnies and misrepresentations that had been the stock-in-trade of the enemies of the ancient Faith for centuries. Like all Catholic Irishmen of that day, as also of the present, the great prelate became an American citizen as soon as the law would permit; nor did he ever cease to identify himself thoroughly with his adopted country, proud of her greatness, jealous of her honor, loving her beyond all others, save that dear old land whose recollections lay fondly cherished down deep in his heart.

The great aim of Bishop England's life in this country seems to have been to present the Catholic Church, her doctrines and practices, in all their truth and beauty and grandeur before the American people. In his efforts to do this, his labors, perhaps, have never been equalled by any other man. It was with this object he established the *United States Catholic Miscellany*, in 1822. On his arrival in America he found the Catholic Church comparatively defenceless; but he soon rendered it a dangerous task to attack or vilify the Faith of ages. Many who ventured on this mode of warfare were glad to retreat from the field before the crushing weapons of logic, erudition, and eloquence with which he battled for his Church, his creed, and his people.

He was the real founder of Catholic journalism in this Republic.¹ He saw that our religion was regarded with contempt; and to him fell the splendid work of changing the current of public opinion, of giving the Catholic Church a certain respectability—a status in this Republic. A prelate endowed with such grasp of mind at once perceived the value of the press. For twenty years the product of Dr. England's magic pen appeared in the columns of the *Catholic Miscellany*. His accomplished young sister was for a time his second self in the management of the paper; and it is said she often toned down the fierce logic of his bold and pointed articles, while by her own contributions the pages

¹ The *United States Catholic Miscellany* can be styled the first Catholic newspaper published in the United States. It ceased publication in 1861.

of the journal were frequently graced and enriched. But God called away this gifted and beautiful girl, and the illustrious Bishop shed many a tear on her untimely grave. Under such noble auspices began our first American Catholic newspaper.

Bishop England's diocese, as we have already remarked, embraced three large States, with a poor and scattered Catholic population. It was a vast territory, and everything was to create. But the energy and zeal of this extraordinary man were equal to the difficulties of his mission. He toiled and travelled in this manner.

He possessed a little carriage and two strong ponies, which he managed to purchase, with the aid of a few moneyed friends, and, accompanied by a negro boy as driver, he would push on from place to place, preaching, instructing, and administering the Sacraments; and on his return—it might be in three, six, or even nine months—he would readily and even profitably dispose of his cattle, then more valuable than at the beginning of the journey, owing to the training to which they had been subjected.

Many a strange incident, and even startling adventure, occurred to the apostolic traveller during his long journeys, at a time when the roads were little better than mere tracks. The population was thinly scattered, and even the rudest sort of accommodation was not always to be had. Often the shelter of the forest was all that could be obtained for the traveller.

Once in a town or city, he was sure of being well received. Prejudice, it is true, kept some aloof from the "Popish Bishop," but American curiosity, and the irrepressible desire to listen to sermons, discourses, and lectures of any description, impelled numbers to hear a man who was famous for his eloquence. Halls, court-houses, concert-rooms, churches and chapels, would be freely placed at his disposal; and, indeed, the probability is that he rarely suffered from lack of hospitality under such circumstances.

There were occasions, however, when the Bishop found it difficult enough to make out a dinner, or secure the shelter

of a roof against the night. Even in the Southern States, which are proverbial for the unaffected hospitality of their people, churls were to be met with—at least, in Dr. England's time.

One evening, as the Bishop of Charleston was travelling along, accompanied by Father O'Neill, one of his few priests, he drew up at a house of rather moderate dimensions. The master proved to be a mixture of surliness and bad nature. Dinner was called, and given, and an exorbitant price charged. But there was to be no further accommodation. "You cannot stop to-night, no how," exclaimed the agreeable owner of the mansion; and his ugly features seemed to be as emphatic as his language.

After dinner, Dr. England took a chair on the piazza, and read his office. Father O'Neill, having no desire to enjoy the company of his unwilling entertainer, sauntered towards the carriage, a little distance off, where the boy was feeding the horses; and taking his flute from the portmanteau, he sat on a log, and began his favorite air, "The last Rose of Summer." The toil-worn Irish priest seemed to breathe the very soul of tenderness into this exquisite melody. From one beautiful air the player wandered to another, while the negro boy grinned with delight, and even the horses seemed to enjoy their food with a keener relish. Here, indeed, was exemplified the saying that—

"Music hath charms to soothe the savage breast."

As the sweet notes stole along on the soft air of a Southern night, and reached the inhospitable residence, a head was eagerly thrust forth, and the projecting ears thereof appeared eagerly to drink in the flood of melody. It seemed celestial. Another lovely air began—one of those which bring pearly tear-drops to the eye, and fill the heart with the balm of happiness—and was playing with lingering sweetness, when a voice, husky with suppressed emotion, was heard uttering these words: "Strangers! don't go!—stay all night. We'll fix you somehow."

It was the voice of the surly but now charmed host!

That evening the two guests enjoyed the best seats around the hearth, Father O'Neill playing till a late hour for the family.

Next morning the master of the house would not accept of the least compensation. "No, no, Bishop! No, no, Mr. O'Neill!—not a cent! you're heartily welcome to it. Come as often as you please, and stay as long as you wish; we'll be always glad to see you; but—" and he directed his words to Father O'Neill—"be sure and don't forget the flute!"

The eager desire to hear Bishop England was not confined to any particular class. It was common to all. A somewhat curious instance, illustrative of his popularity as a preacher, occurred during one of his journeys. Arriving at a kind of wayside inn, or what may be described as a carman's stage, Dr. England found himself in the midst of a large convoy of cotton-wagons, drawn by mules and horses, with a number of drivers and attendants, both white and colored.

The prelate's ponies had been fed, and he was just about to resume his journey, when a grave, elderly man, who seemed to be in command, approached him, with every mark of respect, and said: "Stranger, are you Bishop England?"

The Bishop answered, "Yes."

"Well, Mr. Bishop," continued the grave personage, "we've heard tell of you much. The folks around say you are the most all-fired powerful preacher in this country. I had to leave Washington before you got there; and I can't get to Milledgeville till you're gone. Would you, Mr. Bishop, mind giving us a bit of a sermon right here? It'll oblige me and my friends much—do, Mr. Bishop."

"Do, Mr. Bishop!" was taken up, in full chorus, by the rest.

The appeal so urged was irresistible, and the zealous missionary yielded a ready assent.

The Bishop took his stand on the stump of a tree which had been cut down to widen the road. The branches of a huge elm flung their welcome shadow over the preacher and the attentive group that clustered around in mute expectation.

It was a scene for a painter—the dense, overhanging forest, the rude, weather-stained log-house, the open clearing, lit up by a glowing Southern sun, the large, rough wagons, with their horses and mules, the hardy, bronzed countenances of the whites, and the great rolling eyes and gleaming teeth of negroes of every hue and tint. But the chief figure of all was not unworthy of its prominence—a man in the prime of life, of well-knit and powerful frame. His face was strong, massive, dark, and full of power and passion. His eye gleamed with the fire that glowed within, and his look seemed to search the very depths of the soul. This was Dr. England, as he stood upon that stump by the wayside.

Soon the willing audience was bound by the spell of his eloquence, as he unfolded before them the solemn truths of religion, and explained to them their duties to God and to their fellow-men. He had been about twenty minutes addressing the crowd, when the leader stepped forward, and, raising his hand, said: “That will do, Mr. Bishop, that will do. We’re much obleeged to you, Mr. Bishop. Its all just as the folks say—you’re an all-fired powerful preacher. We’d like to hear you always, but we musn’t stop you now. Thank you, Mr. Bishop—thank you, Mr. Bishop.”

“Thank you, Mr. Bishop,” cried the rest in chorus. And amid a wild cheer that would have tried the nerves of horses less trained than his, Bishop England continued his journey.

The illustrious Bishop’s tact and fund of wit were equal to his eloquence, and more than once he had occasion to summon them into service. We have but room for an instance. He was travelling, on one occasion, in the same stage with a conceited young preacher. The young man *would* break a lance with the great “Popish Bishop;” and, perhaps, the happy result might become known even in the halls of the Vatican. Dr. England was engaged in earnest conversation with some fellow-passengers; but that did not prevent the preacher from asking questions about the “*Scarlet Woman*,” “*Anti-Christ*,” the “*Pope*,” etc. Paul was continually quoted. It was nothing but Paul

here, and Paul there, and how could the "Romanists" answer Paul?

At first, the Bishop paid no attention. But as the ill-bred preacher stuck to his points with the pertinacity of a gad-fly, the nuisance became intolerable. Confronting the uncourteous vender of texts, Dr. England directed the blaze of his great eyes, which gleamed with fun and fire, upon him, and gave utterance to this strange rebuke: "Young man! if you have not faith and piety sufficient to induce you to call the Apostle, '*Saint Paul*,' at least have the good manners to call him '*Mister Paul*;' and do not be perpetually calling him '*Paul*,' '*Paul*,' as if you considered him no better than a negro."

The words, assisted by the comical gravity with which they were uttered, and enforced by the roar of laughter with which they were received by the delighted passengers, extinguished the poor preacher, who rapidly bid himself in the town at which the stage arrived. Nor did the affair end here. The story got abroad, and the next Sunday, while the preacher was enlightening an audience, some irreverent wag interrupted him by repeating, "Mister Paul—Mister Paul." The absurdity of the affair even obliged him to leave for parts unknown!

CHAPTER IV.

LAST YEARS OF "THE NOBLEST ROMAN OF THEM ALL."

Bishop England and his classical school—Bigotry—His efforts against duelling—preaching in the hall of the House of the Representatives—His extensive influence—His solicitude for all—His boundless zeal—Dr. England and the minister—"Boys, the Bishop stripped to his shirt!"—His care of the negroes—His heroism during the plague—His last days—Scenes at his death-bed—Glances at his character.

Bishop England was the reviver of classical learning in South Carolina. With the object of providing a clergy of his own for the diocese, several candidates having applied to him, he opened at Charleston a classical school, in which these aspirants to the holy ministry were made teachers, while they pursued their theological studies under Dr. England himself. This school received numerous scholars from the best families of the city, and yielded a sufficient income to support the theological students while preparing for the priesthood.

The exercises of the school, and its public exhibitions, gave boundless satisfaction to its patrons and friends. The scholars increased to about one hundred and thirty, and the Bishop, encouraged by the bright prospects before him, incurred a heavy liability in securing the services of additional teachers of the highest capacity. But, unhappily, at this juncture the pent-up bigotry of the opposing sects burst forth into a storm of opposition against the school, and, in general, against "the errors and deformities of Popery."

The press and the pulpit rang loudly with the denunciations of fanaticism. Bigotry grew loud-mouthed. Protes-

tants were told that they were taxing themselves to set up the "Romish" Church, and to educate a "Romish" clergy. The public assurances of Dr. England, that his school was exclusively classical, and that no religious exercises or instructions were used, had no effect.

Protestantism was alarmed. The Protestant schools were re-opened. The College of Charleston—which had been suspended for some time—was revived, and a new impetus given to sectarianism.

The Bishop's school and seminary, though enfeebled, was not annihilated. It continued to bestow a thorough classical and mathematical education upon the students who resorted to it, and supported the ecclesiastical Seminary. This Seminary, under Dr. England's care, trained up an able, educated clergy for the diocese of Charleston, and prepared for the ministry some of the most honored clergymen of other dioceses.¹

Thus this great Catholic Bishop found time amidst his pressing avocations to promote the spread of literary and scientific knowledge in the city of Charleston; and as a minister of peace, he fulfilled his vocation by the formation of an Anti-Duelling Association, of which General Pinckney, of Revolutionary fame, was the president. Dr. England's address before this association, against the wildly stupid practice called duelling, is one of the most forcible and masterly productions ever penned in any language.

At the suggestion of some of the Southern members of Congress, the Bishop was invited to preach in the hall of the House of Representatives, at Washington. He accepted the invitation, and was the first Catholic clergyman ever occupying that place. His discourse was a noble production, full of charity, kindness, and winning grandeur.

There was no portion of the American Church in which Dr. England's influence was not felt. He was constantly consulted by bishops, priests, and laymen from every part of the country. At Rome his influence in Church matters

¹ Bishop England introduced the Ursulines and the Sisters of Mercy into his diocese as religious female teachers.

in this country was very great. The cardinals called him the "Steam Bishop" of America.

Wherever the Church was afflicted or wounded, he left no remedy unapplied. His gifted mind and sound judgment brought all their forces to bear on such troubles. His efforts to heal the schism in the Church at Philadelphia were untiring and generous; and although his endeavors, like so many others, proved unavailing, no one could have struggled more than he did to achieve success.

Thus we see that his zeal was not confined to his own diocese. In compliance with the invitations of the bishops and priests of other States, this extraordinary man often went to herald the truths of the Catholic Church, or to appeal in behalf of the poor and afflicted, in his own matchless style. We learn that in the summer of 1830 he lectured in Cincinnati; and, as a writer of the time says, "a new impulse was given to the enquiry for religious truth by a course of lectures preached in the Cincinnati Cathedral by the illustrious John England, Bishop of Charleston."

During one of his visitations, Dr. England had been obliged with the loan of a Protestant church for the purpose of delivering a course of lectures on the Catholic religion. On Saturday evening the regular pastor came to him to "ask a favor."

"I am sure," said the Bishop, "you would not ask what I would not readily grant."

"Occupy my pulpit, then, to-morrow!" continued the minister. "I have been so much engrossed by your lectures through the week that I have utterly forgotten my own pastoral charge, and I am unprepared with a sermon."

"I should be most happy to oblige you," returned the prelate; "but are you aware that we can have no partnerships?"

"I have thought of all that," replied the minister "Regulate everything as you think proper."

"At least, I can promise you," said Dr. England, "that nothing shall be said or done which you or any of your congregation will disapprove."

On the morrow the novel spectacle was seen of a Catholic bishop, arrayed in his ordinary episcopal vesture, advancing to the pulpit of this Protestant congregation. He invited them to sing some hymns he had previously selected from those they were accustomed to use. He then read to them from the Douay translation of the Bible, recited appropriate prayers,—such as all could freely join in,—from a Catholic prayer-book, preached them a sound, sensible discourse, and dismissed them with a blessing. And that congregation went away, wondering if such could be the doctrine and the worship which they had so often heard denounced as “the doctrine of devils.”

It was the custom of Bishop England to wear his ordinary episcopal robes—soutane, rotchet, and short purple cape—whenever he was preaching, whether in a public court-house or in a Protestant church. Many of these latter buildings being in his time rather primitive structures, and affording little accommodation for robing, he was frequently compelled to perform his ecclesiastical toilet behind the pulpit. This happened on one occasion, when his fame was at its height, and people of every creed, as well as class and condition, rushed to hear the famous preacher. One of the robes worn by a bishop, the rotchet, is a kind of surplice, usually made of muslin or fine linen, and trimmed with lace. Dr. England remained some time hidden from the view of the audience, probably engaged in prayer; and the expectation was somewhat increased in consequence.

At length, one, more impatient or more curious than the rest, ventured on a peep, and saw the Bishop in his rotchet, and before he had time to put on his cape; and, rather forgetting the character of the place, and the nature of the occasion, he cried out, in a voice that rang throughout the building—“Boys! the Bishop’s stripped to his shirt!—he’s in earnest, I tell you; and darn me, if he ain’t going to give us hell this time.” The Bishop, who, Irishman-like, dearly loved a joke, and who frequently told the story, ever with unabated relish, mounted the steps of the pulpit, and

looked upon his audience as calmly and with as grave a countenance as if these strange words had never reached his ears.

Dr. England's generous heart found in the colored population of his diocese objects of his most paternal care and tenderest solicitude. To instruct them, chiefly in relation to their moral and religious duties and obligations, was a favorite work of his zeal and charity. His own Mass on Sundays at the Cathedral was offered up for them, and the house of God, on such occasions, was reserved for their exclusive accommodation.

He instructed them himself at Mass from the same pulpit which was made famous by his eloquence. He also had a vesper service for their benefit. So wonderful, in truth, were the good effects of his ministry amongst them, especially in promoting their conscientious regard for duty and fidelity in their peculiar positions, that many Protestant planters declared their willingness to give him every facility in ministering in person, or by his clergy, on their plantations, to the exclusion of all other ministers.

It was, however, when Charleston was scourged by disease that the charity and heroism of the Bishop were put to the test. "When that frightful scourge," writes W. G. Read, "the yellow fever, desolated Charleston, he was ever at his post. This is nothing new or strange to those who know the Catholic priesthood. But when the Protestants of Charleston saw this apostolic man hurrying under the fiery noons of August and September, or the deadly midnight dew, to assist and console the victim of the plague, usually of the humblest and the poorest, they could not but exclaim, in the sincerity of their wonder and admiration: *This is Christian charity!*"

"A near relative of mine, speaking of him to me, said: 'I met him one forenoon, while the fever was at the highest, brushing along through, perhaps, the hottest street in the city. When I tell you he was blazing, I do not exaggerate—he was literally blazing! The fire sparkled from his cheeks, and flashed from his eyes! I shook hands with him, and as

we parted, I thought to myself, my dear fellow, you will soon have enough of this !”

“But his work was not yet done. No! Season after season, amid vice, squalidity, and wretchedness, where intemperance, perhaps, kept maudlin watch by the dying and the dead; while the sob of sorrow was broken by the shriek of destitution and despair—there still stood Bishop England, the priest, the father, and the friend—to assure the penitent—to alarm the sinner—to pity and to succor—*baptized again and again*—unto his holy function, *in that frightful black vomit*—the direct symptom of the malady !”

Too soon, alas! was the life of the great heroic Bishop to come to a close. Returning from Europe in a ship amongst whose steerage passengers malignant dysentery broke out, this noble Christian minister labored incessantly in the service of the sick. He was at once priest, doctor, and nurse, and during the voyage he scarcely ever slept in his cabin; an occasional doze on a sofa was all that his zeal and humanity would allow him to enjoy.

Exhausted in mind and body, and with the seeds of the fatal disease in his constitution, Dr. England landed in Philadelphia; but instead of betaking himself to his bed, and placing himself under the care of a physician, he preached, and lectured, and transacted an amount of business suited only to the most robust health.

In Baltimore he stayed four days, and preached five times.

“When he arrived here,” says Mr. Read, “his throat was raw with continued exertion. I discovered the insidious disease that was sapping his strength. I saw his constitution breaking up. He was warned, with the solicitude of the tenderest affection, against continuing these destructive efforts. The weather was dreadful. But he felt it his duty to go on. He said only, ‘I hope I shall not drop at the altar—if I do, bring me home.’ He wished to do the work he was sent to perform.

“Exhausted by fatigue, overwhelmed with visitors, he was yet ready at the last moment to give an audience to a

stranger who begged admission for the solution of a single doubt; and never did I listen to so precise, so clear, so convincing an exposition of the transubstantiated presence of our Redeemer in the Holy Eucharist. His auditor was a person of intelligence and candor, and the Bishop exhausted, for his instruction, the resources of philosophical objection to the sacred tenet; to show how futile are the cavils of man in opposition to the explicit declaration of God."

His death was worthy of his grand life. Nothing could be more in keeping with the character of the Christian Bishop. The dying words of this great prelate of the American Church, addressed to his clergy, who were kneeling round his bed, were noble and impressive, full of paternal solicitude for his flock, and the most complete resignation to the will of his Divine Master. He humbly solicited the forgiveness of his clergy, for whatever might at the time have seemed harsh or oppressive in his conduct; but he truly declared, that he had acted from a sense of duty, and in the manner best adapted to the end he had in view—their good.

"I confess," said the dying prelate, "it has likewise happened, owing partly to the perplexities of my position, and chiefly to my own impetuosity, that my demeanor has not always been as meek and courteous as it ever should have been; and that you have experienced rebuffs, when you might have anticipated kindness. Forgive me! Tell my people that I love them—tell them how much I regret that circumstances have kept us at a distance from each other. My duties and my difficulties have prevented me from cultivating and strengthening those private ties which ought to bind us together; your functions require a closer and more constant intercourse with them. Be with them—be of them—win them to God. Guide, govern, and instruct them, that you may do it with joy, and not with grief."

In this, his last address, he did not forget his infant institutions, which were never so dear to his paternal heart as at that moment, when he appealed to his weeping clergy in their behalf; and to the Sisters, who afterwards knelt by his bed-

side, he bequeathed lessons of wisdom and courage. Almost his last words were: "I had hoped to rise—but I bow to the will of God; and accept what He appoints." He calmly expired on the 11th of April, 1842.

Bishop England was a fearless man. He quailed neither before deadly pestilence, the bloody hand of the assassin, or the blind passions of the rabble. When the anti-Catholic spirit seized on the mob of Charleston, and they threatened to burn the convent, a gallant band of Irishmen rallied to its defense; and Dr. England himself coolly and carefully examined the flints of their rifles, to be satisfied that there would be no missing fire—no failure of swift and summary justice. But the preparation was enough. It was a lesson the ruffians never forgot.

He has been justly styled "the author of our Provincial Councils." His far-reaching intellect saw the imperfect organization of the American Church—its bishops far apart, and battling with poverty and countless difficulties. He wrote to his brother prelates, urging upon them the necessity of assembling and taking counsel for united action. He lived to see this cherished desire of his heart accomplished, and his solid and brilliant mind shed its rays of light and wisdom on the first Councils of Baltimore.

As a bishop of vast mental capacity, as a profound scholar, eloquent preacher, and powerful writer, the Catholic Church of America has not seen the superior of Dr. England. His influence, when he could gain a candid hearing, was simply irresistible, and many who heard the surpassing thrill of his eloquence came at once to profess the ancient Faith. His controversial writings and sermons are masterpieces. Their style has been likened, by one who often heard them, "to a straight bar of polished steel, connecting his conclusions with his premises, with the light of Heaven blazing and flashing about it."



MOST REV. JOHN HUGHES, D. D.

FIRST ARCHBISHOP OF NEW YORK.

THE MOST REV. JOHN HUGHES, D.D.,

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CHAPTER I.

A YOUNG CATHOLIC HERO.

Birth—Parents—Education—Kneeling behind a hayrick—Emigrates to the United States—The future Archbishop toiling as a day-laborer—His college career—Is ordained—His labors in the vineyard of the Lord—His patriotism—The Hughes and Breckenridge controversy—An anecdote about the appointment to the see of Cincinnati.

"The mysterious hand which governs the universe," says the profound Balmes, "seems to hold an extraordinary man in reserve for every great crisis of society." It is in this light that we view Archbishop Hughes and his illustrious career.

John Hughes was born at Annaloghan, near the market-town of Augher, County Tyrone, Ireland, on the 24th of June, 1797. His parents, Patrick Hughes and Margaret McKenna, were in comfortable circumstances, but especially respected for their virtue and intelligence. His father was better educated than most men of his class; while his mother was remarkable for a refinement of character far beyond

¹ Chief authorities used: Hassard, "Life of Archbishop Hughes;" Clarke, "Lives of the Deceased Bishops of the Catholic Church in the United States;" Bayley, "History of the Catholic Church on the Island of New York;" Maguire, "The Irish in America;" Spalding, "Miscellaneous:" "Works" of Archbishop Hughes; "A Popular History of the Catholic Church in the United States."

her position and opportunities. John was early sent to school, near his native place, with a view to his entering the priesthood. Here he was well grounded in the English branches, but had not the advantage of the ancient classics.

A reverse of fortune compelled his father, reluctantly, to withdraw the youth from school, and set him to work with his brothers on one of the farms, of which he conducted two. In the midst of his labors, John fondly and earnestly thought of his true vocation. "Many a time," he afterwards told a friend, "have I thrown down my rake in the meadow, and kneeling behind a hayrick, begged of God and the Blessed Virgin to let me become a priest."

He increased his opportunities for study by reviewing at night all that he had learned at school. The persecutions which Catholics then suffered in Ireland were keenly felt by Mr. Hughes and his family, and by none more than by the ardent John, who was open in his expressions of disgust and indignation. He warmly seconded his father's inclination to emigrate to America.

In 1816, Mr. Hughes, senior, landed in America, and settled at Chambersburg, Pa., and there John, then in his twentieth year, soon joined him, and the rest of the family¹ followed the year after.

The future archbishop first found employment with a gardener and nurseryman on the eastern shore of Maryland, and afterwards worked successively at Chambersburg and Emmittsburg, turning his hand to any honest labor that presented itself. At one time, he toiled as a day-laborer on a little stone bridge over a small stream on the road that leads from Emmittsburg to Taneytown.

But he never lost sight of his vocation for the priesthood, and his object in going to Emmittsburg was to be on the watch for an opportunity to enter the College of Mount St. Mary, then little more than a rude academy, under the charge of Rev. Fathers Dubois and Bruté, afterwards Bishops of New York and Vincennes. Several refusals and disappointments

¹ The Hughes family consisted of two sons and two daughters.

but strengthened the young man's admirable resolution. At length, in the fall of 1819, he was taken into the college, on condition of superintending the garden in return for his board, lodging, and private instruction. While his garden duties were faithfully discharged, he employed his hours of study to the best advantage.

In 1820, being in his twenty-third year, Mr. Hughes was received as a regular student of the college. He was untiring in his application.¹ With great success he passed through the routine of teacher, at the same time that he rapidly acquired Latin, Greek, and mathematics. Though he became proficient in these, they were never his favorite studies—he viewed them simply as the means to an end. It was in the congenial realms of theology, philosophy, logic, and history, that his soul seemed to expand. He also occasionally preached, and wrote poetry. It is said, however, that his first sermon gave much brighter promise of a future divine, than his maiden verses gave of a future poet. Under the learned and saintly Bruté, who continued his affectionate counsellor throughout life, Mr. Hughes made rapid progress in learning and solid virtue.

In the fall of 1826, he was elevated to the priesthood by Bishop Conwell, in St. Joseph's Church, Philadelphia. For several years he labored zealously on various missions, chiefly in the country. His great prudence enabled him to avoid getting mixed up with the lamentable difficulties of the times. He soon learned the evil effects of lay trusteeism, and the lessons thus early impressed on his mind, gave him that knowledge and experience which afterwards led him to purge the system in the diocese of New York.

Father Hughes soon became eminent as a pulpit orator. There was a something—a magnetism about the noble-looking

¹ The close application to study which now characterized him, and which he practised in order to repair that time lost at out-door labor, would have impaired a less robust frame; but those labors in the field and quarries had well-fitted the frame to sustain that studies and endure the intellectual exertions that were to follow. During this period his future character began to develop; his presence of mind and coolness on several trying occasions, and his first controversy in answering a Fourth of July oration, in which the Catholic Church was reflected upon, were indications of his future greatness and capacity.—*Clarke*.

young priest, and his soul-stirring discourses, that attracted crowds to hear him.¹ Bishop Conwell² was delighted with him. The aged prelate would frequently say: "We'll make him a bishop some day." He was also noted as a controversialist. In 1829, he founded St. John's Orphan Asylum, and about this time he seems to have been unofficially proposed at Rome as Bishop of Philadelphia; but the choice fell on Dr. Kenrick. The emancipation of the Catholics of Ireland, in 1829, was hailed with joy by thousands in America, but by none more than by the Rev. Mr. Hughes. Through life he was devotedly attached to his native isle, whose wrongs he saw and deeply felt in his youth. He was an enthusiastic admirer of Daniel O'Connell.

The following extract from a private letter gives us an insight into one of the secrets of that success which appeared to follow the future Archbishop of New York, like his shadow. It was addressed to the newly-appointed Bishop Kenrick, by his pupil, young M. J. Spalding,³ then on his way to the Propaganda, and is dated May, 1830: "I have had the good fortune to meet with Rev. Mr. Hughes. I handed him your letter, to which I am indebted for the kind manner in which he received me. He is a gentleman of the most polite and engaging manners, blending the amiable modesty and reserve of the priest with the easy deportment of the man of the world. He has, I think, a bright future before him."

In 1832, the celebrated *Hughes and Breckenridge* controversy occurred. The Rev. John Breckenridge was a Presbyterian minister, and the ablest champion of his sect in this country. Through the columns of *The Christian Advocate*, he made a series of bold attacks on the Catholic Church, and even challenged priests or bishops to meet him "on the whole field of controversy between Roman Catholics and Protestants." For a time no attention was paid

¹ The pulpits of the eloquent orators, Dr. Hurley and Father Harold, were deserted by hundreds who went to hear Mr. Hughes.—*Clarke*.

² Of Philadelphia.

³ Afterwards Archbishop of Baltimore; see his "Life," by his eminent nephew, Right Rev. J. L. Spalding, Bishop of Peoria.

to Mr. Breckenridge's taunting challenge ; but, on a certain pressing occasion, one of Father Hughes' own flock pledged himself that *his* pastor would meet the great champion of of the Reformation.

The gentleman informed the zealous young priest of his promise. "*Since you rely upon me,*" was the reply, "*I will not fail you.*" And he did not fail. Minister Breckenridge, we believe, never challenged another Catholic priest. The event gave Father Hughes an enviable fame. It at once placed him in the front rank, as a man of bold, sharp, and powerful intellect, and unsurpassed skill in debate.

In every subsequent effort of his life, he sustained his pre-eminent reputation. But in this—as, indeed, in all his other controversies—he was acting on the defensive, and was drawn into these contests, by the unprovoked attacks which it was too much the custom of the anti-Catholic bigots of that day to make against the Church. When once embarked in the discussion, however, he did not remain on the defensive ; but, like an able general, he availed himself of every point of weakness in his adversaries, and of every advantage which he gained over them, to carry war into the enemy's country. That these malignant and unchristian assaults upon the Catholic religion have, in a great measure, ceased in our day, is chiefly owing to the bold resistance, and the triumphant logic, learning, and eloquence of those two heroic men and illustrious defenders of the Faith—John England, and John Hughes.

It was likewise at this period that Father Hughes established, and for a time edited the *Catholic Herald*, and built St. John's Church, then the favorite, and by far the most elegant Catholic place of worship in the city of Philadelphia.

Father Hughes was suggested for the vacant bishopric of Cincinnati, in 1833, and it was only by a curious misunderstanding at Rome that he was not appointed.

As suitable candidates for this see, the Rev. Messrs. Hughes and Purcell were nominated on the same list. So equal were their claims, that the authorities at Rome were at

a loss to decide as to which should be appointed. The celebrated Bishop England was there then. The Cardinal Prefect of the Propaganda, meeting him one day, asked him if he could mention some particular, however trifling, to turn the scales in favor of one or the other nominee. After a moment's thought, Dr. England replied: "There's one point, your Eminence. Mr. Hughes is emphatically a self-made man, and, perhaps, on that account, more acceptable to the people of a Western diocese than Mr. Purcell." "Ah!" said the Cardinal, "I think that will do."

Meeting Dr. England the next day, he said: "Well, Bishop, the question is settled. As soon as I told the Cardinals what you said about *Mr. Purcell's* being a self-made man, they unanimously agreed upon him, and the nomination will at once be presented to His Holiness for approval."

"I was about to explain the mistake," said Bishop England afterwards to a friend, "but I reflected that it was no doubt the work of the spirit of God, and was silent." Another field was thus reserved for Father Hughes—a field in every way more suited to his ability and character.

CHAPTER II.

THE YOUNG BISHOP OF NEW YORK.

Dr. Hughes becomes Bishop of New York—Scene at his consecration—Stormy times—Lay-trusteeism—Bishop Hughes sails for Europe—Establishment of St. John's College, at Fordham—Sketch of the college (note)—The public school system—Battle of Bishop Hughes—His great influence over his flock.

With long experience, vast zeal, and in the full vigor of manhood, Father Hughes was well prepared for the work of his life, and a wide field was ready for the dauntless toiler. In January, 1838, he was consecrated coadjutor to his old master, Bishop Dubois, of New York. The ceremony took place in St. Patrick's Cathedral, New York city; and the impressive scene is thus described by illustrious lips:—

"I remember," said Cardinal McCloskey, "how all eyes were fixed, how all eyes were strained to get a glimpse at the newly-consecrated Bishop; and as they saw that dignified and manly countenance, as they beheld those features beaming with the light of intellect, bearing upon them the impress of that force of character, which peculiarly marked him throughout his life, that firmness of resolution, that unalterable and unbending will, and yet blending at the same time that great benignity and suavity of expression—when they marked the quiet composure and self-possession of every look and every gesture of his whole gait and demeanor—all hearts were drawn and warmed towards him. Every pulse within that vast assembly, both of clergy and laity, was quickened with a higher sense of courage and of hope. Every breast was filled with joy, and, as it were, with a new and younger might."

About two weeks after the consecration of Dr. Hughes, the good old Bishop Dubois was stricken with paralysis, and though he partially recovered, he never afterwards took a very active part in the affairs of the diocese. The burden thus fell upon younger shoulders.¹

The times were stormy. Catholics were sorely in need of a leading mind—a man to battle for their rights. Such a man was Bishop Hughes. He was doubtless an instrument of Heaven, raised up for the good of the Church in America. He grappled at once with the evils which beset his diocese. With a giant grasp he modified the lay-trustee system;² other obstacles and abuses faded away at his touch, or withered at his frown. To his people he was a tower of strength; and for the first time, the Catholic Church in New York soon assumed an imposing aspect.

We can merely glance at his herculean labors. We have little space for detail. And yet we cannot pass without a word in regard to lay-trusteeism in its legal aspect. The pernicious system had grown up under the law of 1813,³ which authorized the male members of full age, in any congregation, other than Episcopal and Reformed Protestant Dutch congregations, to elect from three to nine trustees, to hold the title, and manage the church property. This law did not prohibit ecclesiastics owning, as individuals, property used for Divine service.

During the wild ascendancy, however, of Knownothingism, a law was passed through the Legislature of New York, by which it was provided that all property held by any person in any ecclesiastical office or orders should, on his death, become vested in the occupants or congregation using it, if

¹ The saintly Bishop Dubois died in 1842.

² The following anecdote illustrates the audacious lengths to which lay-trusteeism could carry its insolence. A committee of trustees once waited upon Bishop Dubois, and in terms of respect, curiously inconsistent with the object of their mission, they informed him that they could not conscientiously vote him his salary, unless he complied with their wishes, and, on the Protestant principle, gave them such clergymen as were acceptable to *them*! But they little knew the spirit of the aged prelate, who was not the least dismayed by such cool impertinence.

"Gentlemen," he replied, "you may vote me a salary or not. I need little. I can live in a basement or a garret; but whether I come up from my basement, or down from my garret, I shall still be your Bishop!"

³ Revised Statutes of New York, 606.

they were incorporated, or would incorporate, and in default, *in the people of the State*; and no deed of property to be used for Divine worship was allowed to have any legal force or validity, unless made to a corporation.

The Catholics of New York are chiefly indebted to Dr. Hughes, and to his Eminence Cardinal McCloskey—then Bishop of Albany—for the more just and reasonable provisions of the present law, which, in providing for the incorporation of Catholic Churches, constitutes the bishop, vicar-general, pastor, *and two laymen selected by them*, a the trustees of the church property.¹

In the fall of 1839, Dr. Hughes sailed to Europe for the purpose of obtaining the necessary means to enable him to carry out his plans for the good of religion and education. It was his first visit to the Old World. He was received by pope, and king, and people, in the various countries through which he passed, with every mark of respect and kindness.

He was delighted with Rome, where he spent three months, and received valuable presents from the Sovereign Pontiff. At Vienna he obtained a liberal donation from the Leopoldine Society in aid of his proposed college and seminary. While at Paris he secured the services of a number of Ladies of the Sacred Heart, to found a school in New York city. He also visited Ireland, made the personal acquaintance of Daniel O'Connell, and with warm, sympathetic heart, he beheld the struggle of his countrymen for their rights and liberties. After an absence of nine months, he reached his episcopal city in the summer of 1840.

As the good, untiring friend of Catholic education, one of Bishop Hughes' first steps, after his return from Europe, was the establishment of St. John's College, at Fordham, for which object he purchased the beautiful Rose Hill estate. The estate cost \$30,000, and the expense of fitting up the buildings for the reception of students was \$10,000. The institution, thus founded by an illustrious hand, grew and

¹ Clarke.

flourished, and has since become the honored *Alma Mater* of hundreds of Catholics, lay and clerical.'

St. John's College, Fordham, New York city, is the oldest, and, in many respects, the most famous Catholic seat of learning in the Middle States. It was founded by Archbishop Hughes in 1841, and was opened in the summer of that year, under the direction of the secular clergy. At first it was named "Rose Hill College," after the beautiful estate on which it is built.

This Institution was committed to the charge of the Jesuit Fathers in 1845; and in the spring of the following year it was raised by the Legislature to the rank of a university. It has within its gift each and every university degree. Among the presidents of St. John's were the following distinguished men: His Eminence Cardinal McCloskey, the first President; Ambrose Manahan, D.D., author of the "Triumph of Catholicity;" the late Archbishop Bayley, of Baltimore; and the eloquent Father John Larkin, S. J., a fellow-student of Wiseman and Lingard, and the preceptor of the present honored President. The learned and venerable Father A. J. Thebaud, S. J., author of "The Irish Race," "Gentilism," and "The Church and the Gentle World," was the first President of the College after it passed into the hands of the Jesuit Fathers.

The College possesses a valuable library of 20,000 volumes, including a large number of rare works on Oriental literature; a very interesting museum, which, among other collections, embraces a mineralogical cabinet of about 2,000 specimens; a well-arranged geological collection of 5,000 specimens; and a garden and green-house, which afford many advantages to the botanical student.

The total number of graduates up to 1875, was 381—345 in course, and 36 honorary. Of the 345 graduates in course, 219 follow professional careers, and 92 embraced the clerical state. Bishop Rosecrans, of Columbus, Ohio, is a graduate of 1847. Among those who received the honorary degree of LL.D. from St. John's College are O. A. Brownson, the distinguished Catholic writer and philosopher; E. B. O'Callaghan, M. D., the eminent historian; Gen. Thomas Francis Meagher; Gen. Martin T. McMahon; Hon. Richard O'Gorman; Hon. John McKeon; Senator Francis Kernan; John Savage, the poet; and J. G. Shea, the historian.

The majority of the old clergy of the Archdiocese of New York were educated at St. John's by the Jesuit Fathers. Among the professors at that time were men of more than marked excellence, who taught theology from their own manuscripts. Foremost among them was the lamented Father Maldonado, S. J., ex-Rector of the University of Salamanca. This profound scholar died some years ago at Woodstock, when on the eve of retiring from his office of professor, in order to devote the remainder of his days to the work of preparing his magnificent course of theology for the press.

There are many interesting items connected with the beautiful grounds of this institution. The Bronx River is historic. The College infirmary was for one night the headquarters of Washington. The grand old gnarled willow-tree before the college entrance is famous, tradition asserting that the Father of his Country, during the Revolutionary war, tied his horse to it. In fact, it is veritable "Centennial" ground. The stately elms under which the annual commencements take place are more than a century old. They are offshoots from the estate of Holyrood, belonging to the Scottish family of the Sterlings.

Among the distinguished professors at St. John's, not already named, were Rev. L. Jouin, S. J., an eminent linguist and scientist, and author of a "Mental and Moral Philosophy" in Latin; Rev. J. Moylan, S. J., controversial lecturer at the Gesù, Montreal; Rev. Joseph Shea, S. J., Professor of Philosophy at the St. Francis Xavier College, New York; Right Rev. F. P. McFarland, late Bishop of Hartford; and Right Rev. Dr. Conroy, Bishop of Albany. The last two were professors in the early days of the College.

When the late civil war broke out, four priests, at the call of Archbishop Hughes, left St. John's College to serve as regimental chaplains. They were Rev. Fathers O'Reilly, Tissot, Oullet, and Nash, and thousands of brave officers and soldiers, veterans of the army, will recall the devotedness and heroism of these Jesuit Fathers.

The President of the College, Very Rev. Frederick William Gockeln, S. J., a venerable man, an accomplished scholar, and an eminent educator, was born in Catholic Westphalia, Prussia. He entered the Society of Jesus in his twentieth year, and made his studies chiefly in Canada and France. Ordained in the latter country, he returned to the United States, and for many

The year 1841 was made famous in the history of the Catholic Church in New York by the agitation of the "School Question," as it was called. The agitation grew fierce, and attracted the attention of the country at large.

The system of education against which the Catholics protested was more than insidiously dangerous—it was actively aggressive ;¹ and not merely were the books replete with sneer and libel against that Church which all sects usually delight in assailing, but the teachers, by their explanations, imparted new force to the lie, and additional authority to the calumny. Respectful remonstrances were met either with calm disregard or insolent rebuff.

Politicians were so confident of having the Irish vote, no matter how they themselves acted, that they supposed they might continue with impunity to go in the very teeth of their supporters, and systematically resist their just claims for redress. But Bishop Hughes read them a salutary lesson, the moral of which it was difficult to forget. With matchless ability he fought the Catholic side in the Common Council² against all comers, representing every hostile interest ; and when justice was denied there and in the Legislature, he resorted to a course of policy which greatly disturbed the minds of the timid, and the sticklers for peace at any price, but which was followed by instantaneous success.

Holding his flock well in hand, addressing them constantly in language that, while it convinced their judgment, roused

years filled the responsible charges of professor, prefect of studies, and vice-president in various colleges of the Society. He was elected to his present position in 1874. Though but a third of a century in existence, St. John's College already wears the honors of age. *Esto perpetua.*—*History of the Catholic Church in the United States.*

¹ Previous to 1841 the public instruction had been in the hands of a close corporation, under the title of the Public School Society, which administered and distributed, according to its own good pleasure, the funds provided for the city for the purpose of education. The books used in these schools abounded with the usual stereotyped falsehoods against the Catholic religion, and the most vexatious and open system of proselytism was carried on in them. The evil finally became so great that no alternative was left for Catholic parents but either to prevent their children from attending the schools at all, or to cause an entire change in the system; under the advice and active leadership of the Bishop, a systematic attempt was made to call the attention of the community and public authorities to the subject, and after a severe contest it resulted in the establishment of the present common school system.—*Bayley.*

A great evil was thus reduced to one of lesser dimensions.

² Against such men as Rev. Drs. Bond, Spring, and many others, full of eloquence and refined malignity.

their religious enthusiasm, he advised them to disregard all political ties, and vote only for those who were the friends of the new school system,—which, it may be remarked, was pagan at best,—and the opponents of the old system, which, as we have said, was actively aggressive. The Bishop thus put the case to his flock :

“The question to be decided is not the strength of party, or the emolument and patronage of office, but a question between the helpless and ill-used children, and the Public School Society. An issue is made up between you and a large portion of the community on the one side, and the monopoly which instils the dangerous principles to which I have before alluded, on the other. The question lies between the two parties, and you are the judges ; if you desert the cause, what can you expect from strangers? . . . I have been given to understand that three out of four candidates presented to your suffrages are pledged to oppose your claims. They may, perhaps, triumph ; but all I ask is, that they shall not triumph by the sinful aid of any individual who cherishes a feeling in common with those children. I wish you, therefore, to look well to your candidates ; and if they are disposed to make Infidels or Protestants of your children, let them receive no vote of yours.”

The advice thus given to them by their Bishop was as consistent with common sense as with decent pride. But something more was required to be done, and that was done. With a few exceptions, the candidates of all parties in the field were pledged to oppose the claims of the Catholics. An independent ticket for members of the Senate and Assembly was therefore suggested and proposed, and this was adopted at a meeting in Carroll Hall, with an enthusiasm which was owing even more to the pluck than to the appeals of the Bishop

Having, by a speech of singular power, put the whole case before his immense audience, he worked them up to a state of extraordinary excitement, with the true Demosthenic art, putting to them a series of stinging queries, touching, as it were, the very life of their honor. “Will you stand

by the rights of your offspring, who have so long suffered under the operation of this injurious system?" "Will you adhere to the nominations made?" "Will you be united?" "Will none of you shrink?"

And he concluded: "I ask, then, once for all, will this meeting pledge its honor, as the representative of that oppressed portion of the community for whom I have so often pleaded, here as elsewhere—will it pledge its honor, that it will stand by these candidates, whose names have been read, and that no man composing this vast audience will ever vote for any one pledged to oppose our just claims, and incontrovertible rights?"

The promise, made with a display of feeling almost amounting to frenzy, was fully redeemed; and 2,200 votes recorded for the candidates nominated only four days before, convinced the politicians, whose promises hitherto had been, as the Bishop said, as large "as their performances had been lean," that there was danger in the Catholics—that, in fact, they were no longer to be played with or despised. Notwithstanding the pledges to the contrary, the new system—that of the common schools—was carried in the Assembly by a majority of sixty-five to sixteen; and the Senate, apprehending that a similar attempt would be made at an approaching election for the mayoralty, as that which had been made in the elections of candidates for the Senate and the Assembly, passed the measure.

Fiercely assailed by his opponents, bitterly denounced by alarmed and indignant politicians, reviled in every imaginable manner by controversialists of the pulpit and the press, even turned upon by the faint-hearted of his own communion—that decorous and cringing class, to whom anything like vigor, or a departure from rigid rule, is sure to cause a shudder of the nerves—the Bishop of New York became, at once, one of the best-abused, as well as one of the most popular men of the day.

His influence over the Irish portion of his flock was unbounded. This flock was rapidly increasing through immigration, which was setting strongly in from the old country,

then, for its size, one of the most populous countries of Europe. Bishop Hughes was just the man to acquire influence over an Irish congregation. That he himself was an Irishman, was, of course, no little in his favor. But he was eminently qualified to gratify the pride of a people who found in him a fearless, a powerful, and a successful champion—one who was afraid of no man, and who was ready, at any moment, not only to grapple with and overthrow the most formidable opponent, but to encounter any odds, and fight under every disadvantage. In his speeches and letters the reader will behold abundant evidence of his boldness in attack, his skill in defence, and his severity in dealing with an enemy, especially one to whom no quarter should be given.

When the heroic Bishop struck, it was with no gentle or faltering hand, nor was his weapon a lath or a blunted sword. He struck with the strength of a giant, and the weapon he wielded was bright and trenchant, and never failed to pierce the armour of his closest-mailed foe. With the ablest and most practised writers of the public press, the most accomplished advocates of the bar, the subtlest controversialists, Bishop Hughes had many a fair tilt in the face of an appreciative public; and none of those with whom he was compelled to come into conflict, whether with tongue or pen, speech or letter, that did not acknowledge, or was not obliged to admit, the power of his mind, the force of his reasoning, his happiness of illustration, and his thorough mastery of the English language.

¹ See his "Works," 2 vols., edited by Lawrence Kehoe.

CHAPTER III.

BATTLING WITH KNOWNOTHINGISM.

Friends in Philadelphia—Sympathy in New York—The Catholics—Dr. Hughes and the Mayor—The Bishop's memorable letter to Mayor Harper—Immense debt of the churches—Consecration of Dr. McCloskey—Division of the diocese—Catholic chaplains in the army—The Sisters of Charity—Preaching before Congress—Progress of Catholic Education—Patriotism.

The anti-Catholic spirit which agitated the country from 1834 to 1844, culminated in making Philadelphia the disgraceful scene of riot, mob-rule, and church-burning. Hounded on by the pulpit yellings of fanatical ministers, an army of ruffians did the work of destruction, while the city authorities looked on, and, like Pontius Pilate, quietly washed their hands of the whole affair! At 2 o'clock P. M. on the 8th of May, 1844, St. Michael's Church was in flames! At 4 o'clock the house of the Sisters of Charity was consumed! At six the same evening, St. Augustine's Church was fired, and, along with the rectory, burned! The precious library of the Augustinians was plundered, the books piled up, and committed to the flames! All this in one afternoon!

"*Nativism*," writes the Rev. Mr. Goodman, an Episcopal minister; "has not existed five months, and in that time what has been seen? Two Catholic churches burned, one twice fired and desecrated, a Catholic seminary and retreat consumed by the torch of an incendiary mob, two rectories and a most valuable library destroyed, forty dwellings in ruins, about forty human lives sacrificed, and sixty of our fellow-citizens wounded; riot, and rebellion, and treason

rampant on two occasions in our midst ; the laws boldly set at defiance, and peace and order prostrated by ruffian violence !”

Flushed with their unholy triumphs of church-burning, convent-wrecking, and house-pillaging, a chosen band of the Philadelphia rioters were to be welcomed with a public procession by their sympathizers of New York ; but the stern attitude of the Catholics, obedient to the voice and amenable to the authority of their great Bishop, dismayed the cowardly portion of their enemies, and taught even the boldest that discretion was the better part of valor.

It was not the first time that the Catholics of New York had taken a firm stand against the frenzy of the “No-Popery” faction. Shortly after the burning of the convent at Boston, there was an attempt made to destroy St. Patrick’s Cathedral. But the church was put in a state of defence ; the streets leading to it were torn up, and every window was to be a point whence missiles could be thrown on the advancing horde of sacrilegious wretches ; while the wall of the churchyard, rudely constructed, bristled with the muskets of those ready for the last struggle for the altar of their God and the graves of those they loved. So fearful a preparation, unknown to the enemies of religion, came upon them like a thunder-clap, when their van had nearly reached the street leading to the Cathedral ; they fled in all directions in dismay.

A meeting of the “Native Americans” of New York was called in the City Hall Park, to give a suitable reception to their brethern from Philadelphia. The time for action had thus arrived. Bishop Hughes had made it known through the columns of the *Freeman’s Journal*, then under his entire control, that the scenes of Philadelphia should not be renewed with impunity in New York ; and he was known to have said—in reply to a priest who, having escaped from Philadelphia, advised him to publish an address, urging the Catholics to keep the peace—“If a single Catholic church were burned in New York, the city would become a second Moscow.”

There was no mistaking his spirit, and that of his flock—excepting, of course, the “good, cautious souls who,” as the Bishop wrote, “believe in stealing through the world more submissively than suits a freeman.” The churches were guarded by a sufficient force of men, resolved to die in their defence, but also resolved to make their assailants feel the weight of their vengeance. By an extra issue of the *Free-man's Journal* the Bishop warned the Irish to keep away from all public meetings, especially that to be held in the Park. He then called upon the Mayor,¹ and advised him to prevent the proposed demonstration.

“Are you afraid,” asked the Mayor, “that some of your churches will be burned?”

“No, sir; but I am afraid that some of *yours* will be burned. We can protect our own. I come to warn you for your own good.”

“Do you think, Bishop, that your people would attack the procession?”

“I do not, but the native Americans want to provoke a Catholic riot, and if they can do it in no other way, I believe they would not scruple to attack the procession themselves, for the sake of making it appear that the Catholics had assailed them.”

“What, then, would you have me do?”

“I did not come to tell you what to do. I am a churchman, not the Mayor of New York; but if I were the Mayor, I would examine the laws of the State, and see if there were not attached to the police force a battery of artillery, and a company or so of infantry, and a squadron of horse; and I think I should find that there were; and if so, I should call them out. Moreover, I should send to Mr. Harper, the Mayor-elect, who has been chosen by the votes of this party. I should remind him, that these men are his supporters; I should warn him, that if they carry out their design, there will be a riot; and I should urge him to use his influence in preventing this public reception of the delegates.”

There was no demonstration. And every right-minded

¹ Robert H. Morris.

man, every lover of peace in the city, must have applauded the course taken by Dr. Hughes, to whose prudent firmness was mainly attributable the fact that New York was saved from riot, bloodshed, murder, and sacrilege, and, above all, from that dreadful feeling of unchristian hate between man and man, citizen and citizen, neighbor and neighbor, which such collisions are certain for years after to leave rankling in the breast of a community.

We cannot pass farther, however, without saying a word in relation to the manly and noble, yet temperate and dignified letter of Dr. Hughes to Mayor Harper. Seldom has there appeared in the Republic a document more timely, more eloquent, more triumphant, or more happy in its effects on the public mind. It was written under a threat of assassination, immediately after the fearful May riots of Philadelphia, and at a moment when there was every reason to apprehend similar or worse outbreaks in New York city.

The Bishop just took the stand which the emergency required. He assumed that bold and fearless tone which best suits the American character, and his winged words had an almost magical effect on the popular mind. Never was a document more eagerly sought, or more greedily perused. It is estimated that in New York city alone, 150,000 persons read it within forty-eight hours after its first publication. The effect was truly wonderful. The excitement, which before had reached a maddening height, all at once subsided, and New York was saved from the outrages which had just disgraced a sister city.

In this memorable letter, Dr. Hughes triumphantly vindicates himself from the vile charges made against him by an unprincipled press. He boldly challenges James Gordon Bennett, 'William L. Stone,' and others, to establish the contrary of the following propositions:

"1.—I have never in my life done one action, or uttered a sentiment tending to abridge any human being of all or any of the rights of conscience which I claim to enjoy myself under the American Constitution.

¹ Editor of the New York *Herald*.

² Editor of the New York *Commercial Advertiser*.

"2.—I have never asked or wished that any denomination should be deprived of the Bible, or such version of the Bible as that denomination conscientiously approved, in our common or public schools.

"3.—I have never entered into intrigue or collusion with any political party or individual, and no political party or individual ever approached me with so insulting a proposition.

"4.—I have never requested or authorized, the 'blackening of the public school books' in the city of New York.

"5.—In all my public life in New York, I have done no action, uttered no sentiment unworthy of a Christian Bishop, and an American citizen."

Then, after putting the same or similar propositions in an affirmative form, and stating them as well-known public *facts*, which he held himself prepared to prove, he thus boldly addresses his malignant revilers:

"Now, therefore, James Gordon Bennett, William L. Stone, and ye other deceivers of the public, stand forth, and meet Bishop Hughes. But then, come forth in no quibbling capacity; come forth as honest men, as true American citizens, with truth in your hearts, and candor on your lips. I know you can write well, and can multiply words and misrepresent truth; this is not the thing that will serve you. Come forth with your **FACTS**. Bishop Hughes places himself in the simple panoply of an honest man, before the American people. He asks no favor, but he simply asks whether the opinion of Bishop White is true, that with the American people no man can be put down by calumny."

James Gordon Bennett and William L. Stone did attempt "to stand forth;" but we think all will allow that they proved no match for the gifted Bishop. They dealt in naught but personal abuse and idle declamation—in "words, words, words." Dr. Hughes, however, called for and dealt in *hard facts*, those "stubborn things" that are the great annoyance of liars and scoundrels. The result of the discussion was most happy. It contributed in a great measure to clear away the dark clouds of calumny which had been for years gather-

ing about the Empire City. In short, it left the Catholics in a proud position.

It is this famous letter which contains the touching and beautiful allusion to the American flag. "I can even now remember," writes the Bishop, "my reflections on first beholding the American flag. It never crossed my mind that a time might come when that flag, the emblem of the freedom just alluded to, should be divided by apportioning its stars to the citizens of native birth, and its *stripes* only as the portion of the foreigner. I was, of course, but young and inexperienced; and yet even recent events have not diminished my confidence in that ensign of civil and religious liberty. It is possible I was mistaken, but I still cling to the delusion, if it be one, and as I trusted to that flag on a *nation's faith*, I think it more likely that its stripes will disappear altogether; and that before it shall be employed as an instrument of bad faith towards the foreigners of every land, the white portions will blush into crimson, and then the glorious stars alone will remain."

The reader must not imagine that battling with unruly trustees, unprincipled journalists, and "Native American" ruffianism, occupied more than a small portion of Bishop Hughes' time. No duty was neglected. His vast energy, and a kind of magical activity, made him equal to everything.

One of the greatest difficulties which he had to encounter was the immense debt that hung over the churches of New York city.¹ It retarded the progress of the Church. It was a source of deep anxiety, and never-ceasing annoyance. The increase in the number of Catholics was so great, and, at the same time, they were so poor, that in order to provide them with places in which to worship God, it was necessary to borrow large sums of money, at a ruinous interest. The evil was increased by the mismanagement of the lay-trustees, so that at the time Dr. Hughes began to man-

¹ In 1841 the whole indebtedness of the churches of the city amounted to about \$300,000, and it required about \$20,000 each year to pay the interest. St. Peter's Church was the one that caused him the greatest trouble and labor; its indebtedness, at one time, amounted to \$140,000.—*Clarke*.

age the affairs of the diocese, it was found that every church edifice in the city was mortgaged, or encumbered with debt, to its full value. It took many a long year of toil, struggle, and skilful management on the part of the Bishop to get things on anything like a safe financial basis.¹

In February, 1844, the Rev. Dr. McCloksey—now our venerable Cardinal—was consecrated coadjutor to Bishop Hughes; and in 1845 the latter visited Europe in the interests of his diocese. He was especially desirous to obtain suitable teachers for his Catholic schools.

He returned in April, 1846, and in May of the same year attended the sixth Council of Baltimore, whose deliberations resulted, and were subsequently confirmed by the Holy See, in dividing the diocese of New York by the establishment of the new sees of Buffalo and Albany. Dr. Timon was appointed to Buffalo, and Dr. McCloskey was translated to Albany.

While attending the Council, Bishop Hughes was summoned to Washington by Mr. Buchanan, at that time Secretary of State under President Polk, to confer with the Administration in reference to the appointment of Catholic chaplains in the army, then on the way to invade Mexico. The result was that Father John McElroy, S.J.,² and Father Anthony Rey, S.J., received the appointment.

In 1846 and 1847, the Sisters of Charity in the diocese of New York were organized into a separate society, thus severing all connection with the parent house at Emmittsburg. In 1817, Bishop Connolly, of New York, applied to the Superior-General of the Sisters of Charity, at Emmittsburg, for some Sisters to take charge of an orphan asylum in his episcopal city. The new mission was confided to the pious and zealous Sister Rose White, and two companions. On the 13th of September, they took charge of St. Patrick's Asylum, corner of Prince and Mott Streets. This was the

¹ On the debt of the churches, and what Dr. Hughes did to liquidate it, see Bayley's "History of the Catholic Church on the Island of New York," pp. 143-7; Clarke's "Lives of the Deceased Bishops;" pp. 90-2. Vol. II.; and Hassard's "Life of Archbishop Hughes."

² This venerable man died quite recently, at a truly patriarchal age. At the date of his death he was the oldest Jesuit Father in the world. See sketch of him in "A Popular History of the Catholic Church in the United States," p. 385.

humble beginning of that flourishing community, whose establishments of mercy, charity, and education now cover the Empire State, and in which alone the rule and dress of Mother Seton are preserved unaltered.

Some time after his accession to the see of New York, Dr. Hughes wished to establish a male orphan asylum. This, with other wants in view, induced the zealous prelate to make a formal petition to Emmittsburg for a large colony of Sisters. The council of the mother-house notified him that his request could not be granted, and, moreover, that the Sisters would no longer be allowed to take charge of male orphans.

The Bishop then corresponded with the Superior-General, representing the urgent necessities of his diocese; and the result was the establishment of a separate mother-house at New York, of which Dr. Hughes may be considered the founder. The members who did not desire to remain under the new order of things, were left at a perfect liberty to go to Emmittsburg. Of the fifty Sisters at that time in the diocese, thirty-one remained; and, on the 8th of December, 1846, the Feast of the Immaculate Conception of the Most Blessed Virgin, Dr. Hughes constituted the Sisters of Charity in his diocese a separate community, under the title of the "*Sisters of Charity of St. Vincent de Paul.*" Pius IX., by a brief of June, 1847, approved the new organization, and conferred upon it all the rights and privileges granted to the Sisters of Charity in France or America. The New York Sisters now represent the Society as founded by the saintly Mother Seton.¹

¹ See life of Mother Seton in the present volume; "A Popular History of the Catholic Church in the United States," pp. 401-4.

In 1876, the Sisters of Charity of St. Vincent de Paul numbered 600 members, in 37 houses and 43 dependencies, chiefly in the Middle and New England States. They conduct 16 female academies, 48 schools, 13 orphan asylums, and 2 hospitals.

The Academy of Mount St. Vincent, on the Hudson, is the chief educational institution of the Sisters of Charity of St. Vincent de Paul. First opened in 1847, it is now permanently established, on the east bank of the Hudson, a little above Riverdale, at a point where the river concentrates its most forcible claims to its beautiful appellation—"The Rhine of America." This academy has the honor of having been founded by Archbishop Hughes. It takes the name of "Mount St. Vincent" from the commanding elevation on which it is situated. The main building, in the Byzantine style, possesses great architectural beauty, and is really one of the

"He went about doing good." These words might justly be applied to the whole life of Dr. Hughes. In 1847 he received an invitation from John Quincy Adams, John C. Calhoun, and other distinguished men, to preach before Congress in the Capitol at Washington. He took as his subject, "Christianity the only Source of Moral, Social, and Political Regeneration." It is a splendid discourse.

Nor, with pen and tongue, thus eloquently laboring in the cause of truth, did he ever for a moment forget the important interests of Catholic education. At this period we find that, through his efforts, the Jesuit Fathers, Ladies of the Sacred Heart, Christian Brothers, Sisters of Charity, and Sisters of Mercy were settled down to the almost divine work of teaching the young "the way in which they should go."

Though one of the most devoted citizens of the United States, Bishop Hughes never forgot his native land. He loved it with his last breath. In 1847, when the famine was raging in Ireland, he sent the collections just taken up for his Theological Seminary, amounting to \$14,000, to relieve his unhappy countrymen. He was a noble patriot, and was greatly mortified by the failure of the '48 movement.

largest educational structures in the United States. The tower rises 200 feet above water level. This excellent institution, by its charter, enjoys all the rights and privileges of any literary college in the State. The studies are high, varied, and practical. Latin enters into the regular course of the last three years; while the opportunities for the pursuit of science are excellent. One of the architectural curiosities is Forrest's Castle. Of its rooms, the largest is occupied as a cabinet; while another is devoted to specimens in conchology and natural history. The entire "Arnold collection" of minerals, donated to the academy by Dr. Arnold, has greatly enlarged and enriched the cabinet, making it one of the most complete in the country. There are about 2,000 volumes in the library. Thirty Sisters and professors constitute the teaching staff; the students number about 200. Mother M. Regina Lawless, the accomplished Superioress, is a native of Ireland, and was elected to her present position in 1870.—*History of the Catholic Church in the United States*, p. 446.

CHAPTER IV.

THE FIRST ARCHBISHOP OF NEW YORK.

New York raised to the rank of a metropolitan see—The Immaculate Conception—Failing health—St. Patrick's Cathedral—The Archbishop's energy—The Archbishop and Pius IX.—The civil war—His mission to Europe—Some of his last acts—The mournful end—His greatness summed up.

The brief of our late illustrious Holy Father, Pope Pius IX., erecting New York into an archiepiscopal see, with the sees of Boston, Hartford, Albany, and Buffalo as suffragan sees, was received by Dr. Hughes in the fall of 1850. He sailed for Europe, and had the honor of receiving the pallium from the hands of the Sovereign Pontiff himself. This was a distinction which the Archbishop always alluded to with pleasure and gratitude.

In 1854 Archbishop Hughes was one of the American prelates who accepted the invitation of Pius IX. to attend the assembly of bishops from the whole Catholic world, gathered together to take part in the ceremonies attendant upon the definition of the dogma of the Immaculate Conception. He was a member of that august assembly, and as a devout child of the Most Holy Virgin, he was greatly attached to the dogma.

On his return to New York, he recounted the grandeur of the proceedings at which he had the pleasure of assisting. He also immediately began the erection of a church in honor of the Immaculate Conception, which he solemnly consecrated on the 15th of May, 1858. This was the ninety-ninth church erected and dedicated under his personal supervision.



ST. PATRICK'S CATHEDRAL, NEW YORK.

Everything human is limited. Everything human, unhappily, is subject to change. Such had been the active and laborious life of Archbishop Hughes, and such the exciting scenes and contests through which he had passed, that his health, naturally robust, began to fail him in 1848, when he was about fifty years of age.

Many of his great labors and most brilliant efforts were performed in the midst of intense suffering. His natural vigor and marvellous activity of character, it is true, resisted for a time the encroachment of disease; but after the year 1855, he made but few efforts such as those that marked the first part of his episcopal career.

But though the energy of life was on the decline, Dr. Hughes began one of the greatest of his many great works—the erection of the new and magnificent Cathedral of St. Patrick. The corner-stone of this grand structure was laid on August 15th, 1858, in the presence of seven bishops, one hundred and thirty priests, and at least 100,000 people. No accident occurred. Everything passed off in the most perfect order.

Some idea of the Archbishop's still wonderful energy, and of his influence with his flock, may be formed from the single fact that he paid visits to the most wealthy Catholics to solicit contributions to the new Cathedral; and in *one hundred* of these visits, which did not occupy over twenty-four hours, he found *one hundred* persons who gave him \$1,000 each. Before his death the walls of this noble structure reached the height of twelve or fourteen feet.¹

In 1859 he took an active part in showing his sympathy for the glorious Pius IX., when the star of evil destiny shone on the Eternal City. Dr. Hughes issued an inspiring

¹ When completed, St. Patrick's Cathedral, New York city, will be the largest, most beautiful, and costly structure of the kind in this Republic. The style of architecture is the pure Gothic, which prevailed in Europe in the thirteenth and fourteenth centuries. The corner-stone was laid in 1858, by Archbishop Hughes; and, save three years that the work was suspended, the edifice has been growing gradually ever since. It much resembles the famous Cathedral of Cologne. The foundation is of immense blocks of granite; and all above the base course consists of fine white marble. The extreme length is 332 feet; extreme breadth 174 feet; while the two massive towers will each be 328 feet high. It is rapidly approaching completion.—*History of the Catholic Church in the United States.*

pastoral on the subject, which was so gratefully received by the Holy Father, that he ordered it to be printed at the Propaganda in English and Italian—a distinction never before conferred on any other pastoral at Rome.¹

He also raised a collection of \$53,000, in aid of the Holy Father's depleted treasury. On receiving this present and the letter of sympathy which accompanied it, Pius IX. was moved to tears; and as a mark of his grateful appreciation he sent to the Archbishop a first-class medal for his religious zeal, and singular and devoted attachment to the chair of Peter.

At the beginning of the late civil war, Archbishop Hughes was frequently consulted by Secretary Seward and President Lincoln. In 1861, he was sent by the Government on a special mission to Europe. Of the object of this journey he wrote to Cardinal Barnabo: "My mission is a mission of peace between France and England on the one side, and the United States on the other. I made known to the President that if I should come to Europe it would not be as a partizan of the North more than of the South; that I should represent the interests of the South as well as of the North; in short, the interests of the United States, just the same as if they had never been distracted by the present civil war. The people of the South know that I am not opposed to their interests. They have even published that in their papers, and some say that my coming to Europe is with a view to bring about a reconciliation between the two sections of the country. But, in fact, no one but myself, either North or South, knows the entire object of my visit to Europe."

He visited Rome, Ireland, and Paris, and had long and interesting interviews with the French Emperor and Empress. After his return home in 1862, an official intimation was conveyed to the Holy See that the President of the United States would be greatly pleased to see Archbishop Hughes made a Cardinal; but it seems that Providence reserved this dignity for his venerable successor.

¹ Archbishop Hughes sent a copy of this masterly pastoral to all the crowned heads of Europe, except Queen Victoria and Victor Emmanuel.

The last institution established by him was St. Joseph's Theological Seminary, at Troy. He delivered his last sermon in June, 1863, at the dedication of a church; and his last attempt at public speaking was during the draft riot in New York city, in July, 1863, when he made a discourse to the people at the request of Governor Seymour, to dissuade them from violence. He spoke from the balcony of his residence in Madison Avenue, and was obliged to remain seated, in consequence of the extremely feeble state of his health.

Years of unceasing toil had shattered that once active and powerful frame. He had spent himself for God, and truth, and religion. He had lived *ad maiorem Dei gloriam*. He had borne the heat and burden of the day. He had fought the good fight, and now he was about to receive the reward of the faithful servant. And surrounded by loved and venerated friends, the great prelate departed from the scenes of his earthly toils, and trials, and triumphs, on January 3d, 1864. The Legislature and the Common Council passed resolutions of condolence, and testimonials of respect were offered from every quarter.* •

Dr. Hughes was a most heroic, venerable, and illustrious man. Whether we contemplate the noble boy kneeling by the hay-rick, or the famous Archbishop building up the Catholic Church in the Empire State, reflecting honor on his Faith and his countrymen by the lustre of his name, or counselling rulers and presidents, speaking words of warning and wisdom to kings and emperors, or carrying in his hand the destiny of nations, there is still to be seen the same bright life, the same grandeur of soul. It is the sun rising in the east, moving on its silent course, brilliantly shining in the west, and, finally, sinking amid the sad and solemn splendor of its evening rays. The career of such an extraordinary man is a light for after-ages. He is one of the glories of the Catholic Church in America.

* Among those present at the Archbishop's last hours were his two sisters, and Cardinal McCloskey.

* For the greater part of this last chapter we are indebted to Dr. R. H. Clarke's excellent life of Archbishop Hughes, in his "Lives of the Deceased Bishops of the Catholic Church in the United States."



P. T. DE SMET, S. J.

FATHER PETER JOHN DE SMET, S. J.,

THE APOSTLE OF THE ROCKY MOUNTAINS.¹

CHAPTER I.

THE YOUNG MISSIONARY.

Birth and education—Goes to America and joins the Society of Jesus—Helps to build a university—Among the Indians—The Flathead mission founded—Back to St. Louis—The difficulties of the Indian missionary—A system of missions planned—How Father De Smet raised money to help on the work of God.

The greatest Indian missionary of our age was Father Peter John De Smet, S. J. His name is famous throughout the world. If it were possible to record all the incidents and adventures of his wonderful career, a volume would be produced, the interest of which could be surpassed by no work of fiction or romance.

He was born at Termonde, Belgium, on December 31st, 1801, of a pious and noble family. When of the proper age, he entered the episcopal seminary at Mechlin. While there, he and a few others felt called to devote themselves to the American missions. One day there appeared amongst them a venerable priest, a fellow-countryman, worn with the labors and exposure of a difficult mission in Kentucky. It was the saintly Charles Nerinckx. As the veteran mission-

¹ Chief authorities used: "A Popular History of the Catholic Church in the United States;" De Smet, S. J. "Narrative of a Year's Residence Among the Tribes of the Rocky Mountains;" De Smet, S. J., "Western Missions and Missionaries;" De Smet, S. J., "New Indian Sketches;" De Smet, S. J., "Oregon Missions and Travels over the Rocky Mountains."

ary depicted the rich field for labor, the young men gathered around him, and six offered to accompany him to America, to enter the Society of Jesus. Of these, Peter John De Smet was the youngest. But great caution was necessary, as the Government gave orders to stop them. They eluded the officers—De Smet very narrowly—and met at Amsterdam, whence they sailed in the summer of 1821.

The apostolic travellers reached Philadelphia after a forty days' voyage; but young De Smet was sadly disappointed. He expected to see wigwams—not houses like those in Europe. The Indians were already the objects of his zeal. Rev. Mr. Nerinckx took his young candidates to the Jesuit novitiate at Whitmarsh, Maryland, where they at once assumed the habit. Before the close of the two years' probation, however, difficulties in the diocese made it necessary to break up the novitiate. The young Belgian novices were on the point of returning to Europe, when Bishop Dubourg heard of it, and gladly bore them all to Missouri,¹ and there, at Florissant, De Smet took his vows. At this time he made himself conspicuous by his manly energy in chopping down trees and building log-houses, some of which monuments of his strength and zeal were still standing not many years ago. It is related that he could do more work in a day than any one of his comrades.

In 1828 Father De Smet came to St. Louis, and aided in founding the St. Louis University, on Washington Avenue, assisting with his own hands in quarrying the stones for the foundation. He afterwards became professor in this seat of learning, and won the love of the students by the unremitting kindness and patience with which he discharged the duties of his office.²

¹ At this early date (1823) St. Louis was situated in the midst of an almost pathless wilderness, and had a population not exceeding 3,000 or 4,000 souls. The means of travel were truly primitive. The party, of which young De Smet was one, crossed the Alleghany Mountains with a train of two or three huge wagons, and on reaching Pittsburgh, bought a couple of flat-boats, in which they descended the Ohio as far as Shawneetown. There they sold their boats and took the usual overland route to St. Louis.

² St. Louis University is the oldest Catholic institution in the Mississippi Valley with the rank and privileges of a university. It was founded in 1823, by the Fathers of the Society of Jesus, and three years later was incorporated by an act of the State Legislature. Among its founders

The Bishops of the United States, assembled at the Council of Baltimore in 1833, confided the Indian missions of the United States to the Fathers of the Society of Jesus; and Father De Smet, to his great joy, was sent, in 1836, to found a mission among the Pottawatomies on Sugar Creek. He began his labors with two companions. A little chapel soon arose in the wilderness, and beside it stood the log-huts of the missionaries. It was a field of toil, crosses, and privations. A school was opened, and it was soon crowded. Many were baptized, and even the sick were carried for miles to be enrolled in the flock of the great Blackgown.

In a letter, written in the summer of 1838,¹ to the Lady Superioress of a religious institution at his native place, Father De Smet says: "I received your letter of March 13th. All your communications give me great pleasure and much consolation. I do not forget my native place. Continue, therefore, to send me very frequently the most minute details. . . . You, no doubt, expect a little recital from the depths of our wilderness. Well, I will exhibit you the light and the shade.

"First, I must tell you the great loss that we experienced towards the end of April. Our Superoir sent us, from St. Louis, goods to the amount of \$500, in ornaments for the church—a tabernacle, a bell, and provisions and clothes for a year. For a long time I had been without shoes, and from Easter we were destitute of supplies. All the Pottawatomie nation were suffering from scarcity, having only acorns and a few wild roots for their whole stock of food.

"At last, about the 20th of April, they announced to us that the much-desired boat was approaching. Already we saw it from the highest of our hills. I procured, without delay,

was the celebrated Indian missionary, Father De Smet, who helped to build it with his own hands, and who was its first treasurer. It possesses an excellent library of 16,500 volumes, a complete philosophical and chemical apparatus, and a valuable museum. The total number of the graduates is 241; present number of students, 353; and professors, 17. Among its professors is the learned and accomplished Rev. Walter H. Hill, S.J., author of the two best Catholic treatises, on "Logic and General Metaphysics," and "Ethics, or Moral Philosophy," in the English language. We warmly commend these excellent works to all Catholic students. The Rev. J. E. Keller, S.J., is President of the University.—*History of the Catholic Church in the United States*.

¹ It is dated, "*Nation of the Pottawatomies, St. Joseph, July, 1838.*"

two carts to go in search of our baggage. I reached there in time to witness a very sad sight. The vessel had struck on a sawyer,¹ was pierced, and rapidly sinking in the waves. No lives were lost. . . . Of our effects, four articles were saved—a plough, a saw, a pair of boots and some wine.

“Providence was still favorable to us. With the help of the plough, we were enabled to plant a large field of corn. It was the season for furrowing. We are using the sand to build a better house and to enlarge our church, already too small. With my boots, I can walk in the woods and prairies without fear of being bitten by the serpents that throng there. And the wine permits us to offer to God every day the most Holy Sacrifice of the Mass—a principle that had been denied us during a long time. We, therefore, returned with courage and resignation to the acorns and roots until the 30th of May. That day and the boat arrived. By that same steamer I received news from you, as well as a letter from my family, and from the good Carmelite Superior.

“Our congregation already amounts to about three hundred. At Easter we had fifty candidates for First Communion. I recommend to your prayers, in a very special manner, these poor Indians, that they may maintain their fervor. The dangers and scandals which surround them are very great. I remarked, in a preceding letter, that one of the principal obstacles to the conversion of the savages is drinking. The last boat brought them a quantity of liquors.

“Already fourteen among them are cut to pieces in this barbarous manner, and are dead. A father seized his own child by the legs and crushed it, in the presence of its mother, by dashing it against the post of his lodge. Two others most cruelly murdered an Indian woman, a neighbor of ours, and the mother of four children.

“We live in the midst of the most disgusting scenes.

¹ *Sawyer* is the name given to a tree which, being undermined by a current of water, and falling into the stream, lies fast by the roots, with its branches rocking above and below the surface of the water, with the fluctuations of the current of the stream, from which motion the name is derived.—*Webster*.

The passion of the savages for strong drink is inconceivable. They give horses, blankets, all, in a word, to have a little of this brutalizing liquid. Their drunkenness only ceases when they have nothing more to drink. Some of our neophytes have not been able to resist this terrible torrent, and have allowed themselves to be drawn into it. I wrote an energetic letter to the government against these abominable traffickers. Join your prayers to our efforts to obtain from heaven the cessation of this frightful commerce, which is in every way the curse of the savages.

"I visit the Indians in their wigwams, either as missionary, if they are disposed to listen to me, or as physician, to see their sick. When I find a little child in great danger, and I perceive that the parents have no desire to hear the Word of God, I spread out my vials. I recommend my medicines strongly. I first bathe the child with a little camphor; then, taking some baptismal water, I baptize it, without their suspecting it--and thus I have opened the gate of Heaven to a great number, notwithstanding the wiles of hell to hinder them from entering.

Two years after this a still wider field was opened. The Flatheads of the Rocky Mountains, gaining a knowledge of the Faith from some Catholic Iroquois, who had wandered to the country, sent three successive embassies to the Bishop of St. Louis to beg for a blackgown. The Bishop referred them to the Provincial of the Jesuits at the University; but so unexpected was the visit that the Father Provincial felt embarrassed.

Father De Smet, however, begged to be permitted to labor for the salvation of these poor creatures. When the expenses were mentioned as somewhat of an obstacle, the great-hearted missionary destroyed the objection by exclaiming: "I will get means from my home--my friends. Only let me go to the rescue of these poor Indians, and assuredly sufficient means will soon come from Europe!"

His wish was granted, and on the 30th of April, 1840, De Smet started on his sublime mission, in company with the annual caravan of the American Fur Company. He reached

his destination, and at the close of the first day 2,000 Indians assembled before his tent to recite their prayers in common.¹ The Lords prayer,² the Creed, and the Commandments were translated with the aid of an interpreter. Two weeks passed, and the Flatheads knew their prayers.

In August, Father De Smet set out for St. Louis to report the state of affairs. While journeying along the trackless route, himself and his companions were surrounded by a war-party of Blackfeet. "Who are you?" demanded the chief of the band, as he eyed De Smet's cassock and glittering crucifix. "He is a blackgown," said one of the travelers; "he is a man who speaks to the Great Spirit." And those savages, the terror of the wilderness, showed him every kindness. The great missionary pursued his way in peace, and a warm welcome greeted his arrival at St. Louis.

In the spring of 1841, Father De Smet, accompanied by a band of Jesuit Fathers, again set out for his Rocky Mountain Flatheads. His arrival made every heart wild with joy. The tribe was now to select a permanent residence, and Bitter-root River was the site chosen. Here a Christian village was founded, the cross planted, and the mission of St. Mary's begun on Rosary Sunday. Never was there a more willing people.

Father De Smet had now fairly established that personal ascendancy over the dusky roamers of the West, which, as the Great Blackgown, he retained throughout his long life.

And yet, let no one imagine that his pathway was so smooth and successful that he met with no difficulties. It was all hard, up-hill work. There were superstitions to eradicate, medicine-men to encounter, barbarous languages to learn, thousands of miles to travel, unheard-of fatigues to un-

¹ Father De Smet, however, was not the first missionary in Oregon. Dr. Blanchet, now the venerable Archbishop of Oregon City, began to labor in that wild region as early as 1838. See "Popular Hist. of the Catholic Church in the U. S.," p. 502, and Shea's "Catholic Missions," p. 470.

² The Lord's Prayer, according to Father De Smet, is as follows in the Flathead language:

"Kyle-e-on litchitchemaak askwest kowakshamenshem, ye-elstyloog. Entziezie telletzil spoeoz. Assintails ye-elstoloog etzageel litchitchemaak, Koogwitzelt yetligwa lok-altsiapetzinem Kowaekswemillem klotalye kloistakwen etzageel kaltskolgwelem klotaaye kloistakwem kliels kyloeg koayalokshilem takaekakwentem klotaye kowaekagweeltem klotaye. Komleetzegail."

dergo, dangers from wild beasts and from wandering savages scarcely less wild.

The task of learning even *one* rude dialect was in itself a work that required amazing patience and no common talent. On this point, Father Joset, S. J., an experienced missionary in the same field, wrote, in 1859 : " The language is the greatest difficulty. One must learn it as best he can. There is no written language, there are no interpreters, there is very little analogy with other tongues. The pronunciation is very harsh, the turn of thought is entirely different from ours. They have no abstract ideas, everything is concrete. And with these elements it is necessary to create a religious, and even spiritual, phraseology ; for the savages know nothing that is not material.

" I have been here nearly fifteen years. I am not yet master of the language, and am far from flattering myself with the hope of becoming so. My catechist remarked to me the other day, ' You pronounce like a child learning to talk. When you speak of religion, we understand you well ; but when you change the subject, it is another thing.' That is all I want. I have, at last, succeeded in translating the catechism. I think it is nearly correct. You can hardly imagine what it cost me to do it. I have been constantly at work at it since my arrival here."

But the noble De Smet always rose superior to the perils and difficulties of his position. On again reaching the city of St. Louis, he, in council with his superiors, planned a system of missions, and devoted his life to the work of carrying it out. To effect this grand object he was in continual movement. One year he would set out for the Rocky Mountains, visit new tribes, prepare the way for a mission ; and when the Jesuit Fathers began permanent labors, he would pass to others, already established, where he would see many a familiar face, and receive many a warm greeting. Then he would plod his way back to St. Louis, over trackless wilds, rough rocks, rushing rivers, and often through tribes of hostile savages with brandished tomahawks, whom he would disarm by the majesty of his presence, and by words of peace and gentleness.

At St Louis there would be little rest. Resources were needed for the missions. But, unfortunately, the Catholics of the United States have always shown little interest in the Indian missions, and done little to cheer and support the devoted priests laboring on them. To Europe, and especially to his native Belgium, Father De Smet was obliged to look for the necessary means. He even visited Ireland, where his fame had preceded him, and took part in one of the Repeal meetings, riding in the same carriage with Daniel O'Connell and Bishop Hughes. Thus, by his own personal exertions, he raised thousands of dollars to carry on his great work. In 1853, his united journeys represented an extent of land and water surpassing *five times the circumference of the globe!*

Did space permit, how many pleasing incidents might be related! His beautiful letters are full of them. At one time it is a vivid description of a mosquito attack against the combined force of branches, handkerchiefs, and smoke of his party. On another, it is the roaring of bears and wild beasts at the sight of the camp-fires at night. Then, it is a learned disquisition on the geological peculiarities of a country—on its flowers, birds, or minerals. Or, still again, it is some Indian scenes of horror, novelty, or edification.

On one occasion he was giving instruction on the Ten Commandments in the camp of a Sioux tribe. "When I arrived," he writes, "at the Sixth and Seventh Commandments, a general whispering and embarrassed laugh took place among my barbarous auditory. I inquired the reason of this conduct, and explained to them that the law I came to announce was not mine, but God's, and that it was obligatory on all the children of men. . . . The great chief at once arose, and replied: 'Father, we hear thee. We know not the words of the Great Spirit, and we acknowledge our ignorance. We are great liars and thieves; we have killed; we have done evil that the Great Spirit forbids us to do. But we did not know those beautiful words. In future, we will try to live better, if thou wilt but stay with us and teach us.' "

CHAPTER II.

THE GREAT BLACK-GOWN AS CHAPLAIN OF THE UNITED STATES ARMY SENT AGAINST THE MORMONS.

Our Government recognizing Father De Smet's great influence over the Indians—Letter of De Smet—The Mormons—Appointed chaplain in United States Army—Pen-pictures—The buffalo—Scenes of death—A caravan on the plains—Submission of the Mormons.

The Government of the United States, which in its Indian policy has never favored Catholic missions, recognized the great ability and influence of Father De Smet, and often called for his aid, conscious that, where Indian agents had only made matters worse, the illustrious black-gown could restore peace and inspire confidence. Thus he was called to put an end to the Sioux war, and in Oregon to bring the Yakamas and other tribes to cease hostilities. He was also chaplain in the expedition to Utah, and opened a new field of missions among the tribes in that section.

The following letter of Father De Smet, recounting the scenes and incidents of the expedition against the Mormons, is full of deep interest.

“ST. LOUIS, NOV. 1, 1859.

“REVEREND AND DEAR FATHER,—In accordance with your request, I proceed with great pleasure to give you some details of my recent journey :

“On the 20th of May, 1858, I set out from St. Louis for the western portion of North America, and after an absence of about sixteen months, I returned to the point from whence I set out. During this interval, I had accompanied, as chaplain, an army sent out by the United States against the

Mormons and the savages. I propose to give you some details of this double expedition.

“Not to fatigue you, I will endeavor to be brief. At best, however, my narrative will fill some pages, as my recent voyage has been very long. It exceeded fifteen thousand English miles, or five thousand leagues. I propose, then, to give you some details in regard to the different countries I have traversed, and the seas I have crossed, and of my visit to the savage tribes, my dear spiritual children of the Rocky Mountains, the Cœur-d’Alènes, Kalispels, Pends-d’Oreilles, Flatheads, and Koetenays ; of my stay among the different tribes of the Great Plains of the Upper Missouri, and of the manner in which my time was spent in the army of the United States, in quality of chaplain, and envoy extraordinary of that Government. These details, I venture to hope, will not be without interest for you, and they will form the subject of my little sketch.

“Several years have passed, since the Mormons, that terrible sect of modern fanatics, flying from civilization, settled in the midst of an uninhabited wilderness. With hearts full of hate and bitterness, they never ceased, on every occasion which presented itself, to agitate the country, provoke the inhabitants, and commit acts of robbery and murder against many travellers and adventurers from the United States.

“In September, 1857, one hundred and twenty emigrants from Arkansas, men, women, and children, are said to have been horribly massacred by the Mormons, in a place called the Mountain Meadows. These fanatics never ceased to defy the Government, and announced that the day had arrived to avenge the death of their prophet, Joseph, and his brother, and to retaliate the wrongs and acts of injustice and cruelty of which they pretended to have been the victims in the States of Missouri and Illinois, whence they had been forcibly expelled by the inhabitants.

“On two different occasions, the Governor and subaltern officers, sent by the President of the United States, had met with such strong opposition from the Mormons in the attempt

to accomplish their respective duties, that they were forced to quit the Territory of Utah, and to return to lay their complaints before the President. Congress resolved to send a third governor, accompanied, this time, by two thousand soldiers, who were to be followed by from two to four thousand others in the following spring of 1858. I accompanied the last-named expedition. On the 15th of May, 1858, the Minister of War wrote to me as follows :—

“ ‘The President is desirous to engage you to attend the army for Utah, to officiate as chaplain. In his opinion your services would be important, in many respects, to the public interest, particularly in the present condition of our affairs in Utah. Having sought information as to the proper person to be thus employed, his attention has been directed to you, and he has instructed me to address you on the subject, in the hope that you may consider it not incompatible with your clerical duties or your personal feelings to yield to his request,’ etc.

“ The Reverend Father Provincial, and all the other consultants, considering the circumstances, expressed themselves in favor of my accepting. I immediately set out for Fort Leavenworth, Kansas Territory, to join the army at that point. On the very day of my arrival, I took my place in the Seventh Regiment, composed of eight hundred men, under the command of the excellent Colonel Morrison, whose staff was composed of a numerous body of superior officers of the line and engineers. General Harney, the commander-in-chief, and one of the most distinguished and most valiant generals of the United States, with great courtesy, installed me himself in my post.

“ The brave colonel, though a Protestant, thanked him very heartily. ‘General,’ said he, ‘I thought myself highly honored when intrusted with the command of the engineers ; to have attached to my command a representative of the ancient and venerable Church, I hold as an additional favor.’

“ General Harney then shook hands with me, with great kindness, bade me welcome to the army, and assured me

that I should be left perfectly free in the exercise of my holy ministry among the soldiers. He kept his word most loyally, and in this he was seconded by all the officers. During the whole time that I was among them, I never met with the slightest obstacle in the discharge of my duties. The soldiers had always free access to my tent for confession and instruction. I had frequently the consolation of celebrating the Holy Sacrifice of the Mass early in the morning, and on each occasion a large number of soldiers devoutly approached the holy table.

"A word or two in regard to the character of the countries through which we passed, will, perhaps, be agreeable to you. I left Fort Leavenworth on the 1st of June, 1858, in the Seventh Regiment, commanded by the worthy Colonel Morrison. I had an opportunity of observing, with admiration, the extraordinary rapidity of the progress of civilization in Kansas. A space of 276 miles was already in great part occupied by white settlers. No further back than 1851, at the time of my return from the great council, held on the borders of the Platte or Nebraska river, the plains of Kansas were almost entirely without inhabitants, containing only a few scattered villages of Indians, living, for the most part, by the chase, by fishing, and on wild fruits and roots.

"But eight years have made an entire change. Many towns and villages have sprung up, as it were, by enchantment; forges and mills of every kind are already very numerous; extensive and beautiful farms have been established, in all directions, with extraordinary rapidity and industry. The face of the country is entirely changed. In 1851, the antelope, the wild deer, and the wild goat bounded at liberty over these extensive plains, nor is it much longer ago that these fields were the pasture of enormous herds of buffaloes; to-day they are in the possession of numerous droves of horned cattle, sheep and hogs, horses and mules. The fertile soil rewards a hundred-fold, the labors of the husbandman. Wheat, corn, barley, oats, flax, hemp, all sorts of garden stuff, and all the fruits of the temperate zone, are produced there in abundance. Emigration tends thither,

and commerce follows in its tracks, and acquires new importance every day.

“Leavenworth is the principal town of Kansas Territory. It contains already about ten thousand souls, though it has sprung into existence within the last six years. It is beautifully and advantageously situated on the Missouri river. It has a Bishop, two Catholic churches, a convent with a boarding-school and a day-school. There are already fifteen churches, twenty-three stations, sixteen priests, five religious communities, and four manual labor schools for the Osage and Pottawatomie Indians, which are under the care of our Fathers and Religious Ladies of different orders.

“The greater portion of the Territory is not thickly wooded. The surface of the country, as a general thing, is rolling and well adapted to agriculture; it is not unlike the billows of a vast ocean, suddenly arrested in its flow and converted into solid land. The air is fresh and wholesome. As one rises with the elevations of the soil, the graceful undulation of the alternating vale and hill contrast admirably with the waving lines of walnut trees, oaks, and poplars, which mark the course of each little river. The banks of each stream are generally more or less thickly wooded. We ascended the valley of the Little Blue for three days, making a distance of fifty-three miles.

“The names of the principal plants which attract the attention of the botanist in the plains of Kansas, are: the *an-
othera*, with its brilliant yellow flowers, the *amorpha* and *artemisia*, the *commelina*, the blue and purple *lupin*, different forms and species of *cactus*, the *pradescantia*, the *mimosa*, and the white *mimulus*.

“The waters of the Little Blue are left at a distance of 275 miles from Fort Leavenworth. Continuing the route from that point, you cross elevated prairies of a distance of twenty-six miles, and enter the great valley of the Nebraska or Platte river, at the distance of fifteen miles from Fort Kearney. This river, up to its two forks, is about three thousand yards wide; its waters are yellowish and muddy in the spring freshets, and resemble those of the Missouri and

the Mississippi; it is not so deep as those streams; its current is very rapid.

“Fort Kearney is rather insignificant. It consists of three or four frame houses and several made of *adobes*, a kind of coarse brick baked in the sun. The Government has a military post there, for the tranquility of the country, and to provide for the safety of travellers crossing the desert to go to California, Oregon, and the Territories of Utah and Washington.

“A great number of Pawnee Indians were encamped at a little distance from the Fort. I came near witnessing a battle between them and a war-party of Arapahoes, who, favored by the night, had succeeded in approaching the camp unseen, almost forty strong. The Pawnees had just let their horses loose at break of day, when the enemy, with loud cries, rushed into the drove, and carried away many hundreds with them at full gallop. The alarm immediately spread throughout the camp. The Pawnees, indifferently armed and almost naked, rushed to the pursuit of the Arapahoes, caught up with them, and a combat more noisy than bloody took place. A young Pawnee chief, the most impetuous of his band; was killed, and three of his companions wounded. The Arapahoes lost one killed and many wounded.

“Desirous to stop the combat, I hurried to the scene of battle with an aid-de-camp of the general, but all was over when we arrived; the Pawnees were returning with their dead and wounded and all the stolen horses. On their return to camp, nothing was heard but cries of sorrow, rage, and despair, with threats and vociferations against their enemies. It was a harrowing scene. The deceased warrior was decorated and painted with all the marks of distinction of a great brave, and loaded with his finest ornaments. They placed him in the grave, amid the acclamations and lamentations of the whole tribe.

“The next day the Pawnee-Loups invited me to their camp. I found there two French Creoles, old acquaintances of mine, of the Rocky Mountains. They received me with the greatest kindness, and desired to act as my interpreters. I had

a long conference on religion with these poor, unhappy savages. They listened with the most earnest attention. After the instruction, they presented to me 208 little children, and very earnestly begged me to regenerate them in the holy waters of Baptism. These savages have been the terror of travellers obliged to pass through their territory; for many years their character has been that of thieves, drunkards, and ruffians, and they are brutalized by drink, which they readily obtain, owing to their proximity to the frontiers of civilization. This accursed traffic has always and everywhere been the ruin of the Indian tribes, and it leads to their rapid extinction.

“Two days’ march above Fort Kearney, at a place called Cottonwood Springs, I found thirty lodges of Ogallallas, a Sioux or Dacotah tribe. At their request I baptized all their children. In 1851, at the Great Council on the Platte, I had brought them the same blessing. They told me that a great number of their children had died since, carried off by epidemics, which had raged among the nomadic tribes of the plains. They are much consoled at the thought of the happiness which children obtain by holy Baptism. They know its high importance, and appreciate it as the greatest favor which they can receive.

“General Harney had many friendly conferences with the Pawnees, the Ogallallas, and Sheyennes, in which he strongly advised them to cease molesting the whites who might pass through their borders, adding that on this condition alone could they remain at peace with the United States.

“I have so often spoke of the buffalo in my letters, that this time I might pass him by in silence. However, I will mention it for the purpose of saying that the race is not extinct in these parts, though it is becoming more rare to find buffaloes on the highway across the plains, which its instinct must have taught it to avoid. We met our first herds of this noble animal in the neighborhood of Fort Kearney. The sight created great excitement among those soldiers who had not visited the plains before, and they burned to bring down one or two.

“Armed, as they were, with the famous Minié rifles, they might have made a good hunt, had they not been on foot, while the buffaloes were at full gallop; it was, therefore, impossible to get near them. They fired, however, at a distance of two hundred or three hundred yards. A single buffalo was wounded in the leg. Its wound compelled it to lag behind, and he became the target of all our men. A confused sound of cries and rifle-shots arose, as if the last hour had come for the last buffalo. Riddled with balls, his tongue lolling out, the blood streaming from his throat and nostrils, the poor brute fell at last. To cut him up and distribute the meat was the work of a moment. Never was buffalo more rapidly transformed into steak and soup,—every one would have his piece.

“While these things were going on, Captain P——, mounted on a fine horse, approached a bull, already terrified by the rifle-shots and the terrible noise of our soldiers, who were novices to the chase, and fired at him twice almost point-blank. The buffalo and the horse stopped at the same instant. In spite of all his efforts, Captain P—— could not make his horse, unaccustomed to the hunt, advance a single step, and the furious buffalo plunged both horns in his flank, and threw him down, dead.

“In this critical moment the courageous rider did not lose his presence of mind. He leaped from his horse over the buffalo's back, gave him two more bullets from his six-shooter, and completely baffled him. The captain then fled to a gully, which was luckily both deep and near at hand. The buffalo, unable to follow him, abandoned his persecutor, who returned to camp with his horse's saddle on his back. A horse must be well trained to hunt the buffalo, and must be trained specially for buffalo hunting; otherwise, the danger is very great, and the consequence may be fatal.

“During the months of June and July, tempests and falls of rain and hail are very frequent, and almost of daily occurrence, towards evening, in the valley of the Platte, which is the country of storms and whirlwinds *par excellence*.

The gathering of these storms can be noticed at a great distance, as a sea. At first, light spots of clouds are observed on the horizon, which are followed by dark masses of cloud, which move along in succession, crowding one upon another, and spreading over the sky with extraordinary rapidity, they approach and cross each other; they burst and pour forth torrents of water, which drench the valleys, or volleys of hail, which crush the herbs and flowers; the storm clouds then disappear as rapidly as they have come.

“‘Every evil has its remedy,’ says the proverb, and these hurricanes, storms, and heavy rains, serve the purpose of cooling and purifying the atmosphere, which, at this season, would become insupportable but for this circumstance. The mercury often rises to one hundred degrees of Fahrenheit in the shade. The water does not rest long on the surface of the soil. It is absorbed almost as it falls, on account of the very porous character of the earth of the valley and its sandy bottom. Travellers, in camps a little removed from the river, always dig wells; the water is everywhere found at a depth of two or three feet. This water, though cold and clear, must be unwholesome, and frequently causes severe sickness.

Graves abound in these regions, and the mortal remains of a vast number of emigrants repose there. With these emigrants have also sunk beneath the valley of the Platte that ardent thirst for gold, those desires and ambitious projects for wealth, greatness, and pleasures, which devour them, and drove them towards the distant regions of California, Pike’s Peak, and Frazer. Death met them far from their Penates, and they are buried in these desert strands. How uncertain are the affairs of this world! Man makes his plans; he builds his castles in the air; he counts upon a future which does not belong to him; he proposes, but God disposes, and cuts the thread of life in the midst of these vain hopes.

“The most remarkable thing that I met on this occasion on the highway of the prairies, ordinarily so lonely, were the long wagon trains engaged in transporting to Utah provisions

and stores of war. If the journals of the day may be believed, these cost the Government fifteen millions. Each train consisted of twenty-six wagons, each wagon drawn by six yoke of oxen, and containing near five thousand pounds. The Quarter-master-general made the calculation, and told me that the whole train would make a line of about fifty miles. We passed every day some wagons of this immense train, each wagon marked with a name as in the case of ships, and these names served to furnish amusement to the passer-by; the caprices of the captains in this respect having imposed upon the wagons such names as the *Constitution*, the *President*, the *Great Republic*, the *King of Bavaria*, *Lola Montes*, *Louis Napoleon*, *Dan. O'Connell*, *Old Kentuck*, etc., etc. These were daubed in great letters on each side of the carriage. On the plains, the wagoner assumes the style of *captain*, being placed in command of his wagon and twelve oxen. The master-wagoner is admiral of this little land-fleet. He has control of 26 captains and 312 oxen. At a distance, the white awnings of the wagons have the effect of a fleet of vessels with all canvas spread.

"On leaving Leavenworth the drivers look well enough, being all in new clothes, but as they advance into the plains, their good clothes become travel-stained and torn, and at last are converted into rags. The *captains* have hardly proceeded two hundred miles, before their trail is marked with rags, scattered and flying along the route. You may often remark also on the various camping-grounds, even as far as the Rocky Mountains, and beyond, the wrecks of wagons and the skeletons of oxen, but especially the remains of the wardrobe of the traveller—legs of pantaloons and drawers, a shirt-bosom, the back or the arm of a flannel vest, stockings out at toe and heel, crownless hats, and shoes worn through soles or uppers, are strewn along the route.

"These deserted camps are also marked by packs of cards strewn around among broken jars and bottles; here you see a gridiron, a coffee-pot, or a tin bowl; there a cooking-stove and the fragments of a shaving-dish, all worn out and cast aside. The poor Indians regard these signs of encroach-

ing civilization with an unquiet eye, as they pass them on their way. These rags and refuse are to them the harbingers of the approach of a dismal future for themselves; they announce to them that the plains and forests over which they roam in the chase, their beautiful lakes and rivers swarming with fish, and the repair of numerous aquatic birds; the hearth which witnessed their birth, and the soil which covers the ashes of their fathers,—all, in fine, that is most dear to them,—are about to pass into the hands of the rapacious white man. And they, poor mortals, accustomed to roam at large, and over a vast space, free like the birds of the air, will be inclosed in narrow reserves, far from their cherished hunting-grounds and fine fisheries, far from their fields of roots and fruits; or driven back into the mountains or to unknown shores. It is not surprising, then, that the savage seeks sometimes to revenge himself on the white man; it is rarely, however, that he is the aggressor: surely, not once out of ten provoking cases.

“The wagons are formed every evening into a *corral*. That is, the whole twenty-six are ranged in a circle, and chained one to the other, so as to leave only one opening, to give passage to the beasts, which past the night in the centre, and are guarded there by several sentinels under arms. Under the protection of a small number of determined men, the wagons and animals are secure from any attack of undisciplined Indians, in however great numbers. When the travellers neglect this precaution, and camp at random, not unfrequently a hostile band of Indians will provoke what is called a *stampede*, or panic among the cattle, and carry them all off at once. The travellers go into camp early, and at break of day the beasts are let loose in the prairie, that they may have plenty of time to graze. Grass is very abundant in the valley of the Platte, and on the neighboring acclivities.

“Between Fort Kearney and the crossing of the South Fork of the Platte, we met over a hundred families of Mormons, on their way to Kansas and Missouri, with the intention of settling there. They appeared delighted at being

fortunate enough to leave, safe and sound, the famous promised land of Utah; thanks to the influence of the new governor, and the presence of the United States troops. They told us that a great number of other families would follow them, so soon as they should be capable of doing so, and of procuring the necessary means for the journey.

"They confessed that they would have escaped long before, had they not been afraid of falling into the hands of the Danites, or Destroying Angels. These compose the body-guard of the Prophet; they are said to be entirely and blindly at his disposal, to carry out all his plans, meet all his wishes, and execute all his measures, which often involve robbery and murder. Before the arrival of the United States soldiers, woe to any one who manifested a desire to leave Utah, or abandon the sect; woe to him who dared to raise a voice against the actions of the Prophet—he rarely escaped the poniards of these Destroying Angels, or rather incarnate demons.

"The highway of the plains, during the beautiful season of 1858, appeared, as it were, invaded by an unusual and joyous animation. To complete the idea which I have just given, I will add that couriers and express messengers, coming and returning, constantly crossed each other on the road. The different companies of the army left a space of two or three days' journey between them.

"Each company was followed by ambulances for the use of the superior officers, a body of artillery and engineers, and a train of wagons, with six mules each, transporting provisions and baggage. Each company was followed also by an immense drove of six or seven hundred horned cattle, to furnish their daily food. Uncle Sam, as the Government of the United States is called, has a truly paternal heart; he provides abundantly for the wants of the defenders of the country, and will not suffer them to want their comforts.

"Every thing was going on admirably and in good order. The commanding general and staff were already at the crossing of the south branch of the Platte, 480 miles from Fort Leavenworth, when he received the news that the Mor-

mons had submitted, or laid down their arms, and at the same time, an order to distribute his troops to other points, and return to the United States. This also changed my destination; the conclusion of peace put an end to my little diplomatic mission to the Indian tribes of Utah. I consulted with the general, and accompanied him on his return to Leavenworth.

"The South Fork of the Platte, at the crossing, is 2,045 feet wide. In the month of July, its depth is generally about three feet; after the junction of the two forks, the width is about 3,000 yards. The bottom, throughout the whole length, is sandy.

"I could say much, dear Father, about the country between Leavenworth and the South Pass of the Platte, its botanical and other properties and productions, but I have spoken of these on many occasions in my letters describing other journeys across this region. The little incidents mentioned in this letter are all connected with my last trip.

"Before leaving Fort Leavenworth for St. Louis, I made a little excursion of seventy miles to visit our dear Fathers and Brothers of the Mission of St. Mary among the Pottawatomies. I at last reached St. Louis in the beginning of September, after a first absence of about three months, and after a journey, to and fro, of 1,976 miles. My stay in St. Louis was short. I will, in my next letter, give you details, which will inform you as to the particulars of the long expedition of which I speak in the first part of this letter.

"Receive, reverend and dear Father, the expression of those sentiments of respect and affection which you know I entertain for you, and let me recommend myself very specially to your holy sacrifices and good prayers.

"Your Reverence's servant in Christ,

"P. J. DE SMET, S. J."

CHAPTER III.

NEW SIGHTS AND SCENES.

At the Isthmus of Panama—San Francisco—Fort Vancouver—The great blackgown among the Indians—Renewing a treaty of peace—Forest scenes—Father Point's crosses—Listening to bears and wolves at night.

We now give, as a chapter in itself, another letter from the gifted pen of the great blackgown. It is a continuation of the foregoing narrative :

“ST. LOUIS, NOV. 10, 1859.

“REVEREND AND DEAR FATHER,—In accordance with my promise, I resume the little story of my long voyage. On my return to St. Louis, I tendered to the Minister of War my resignation of the post of chaplain. It was not accepted, because a new war had just broken out against the Government, among the tribes of the Rocky Mountains. I was notified by telegraph to proceed to New York, and to embark there with General Harney and his staff.

“On the 20th of September, 1858, we left the port of New York for Aspinwall; it was the season of the equinox, so that we experienced some rough weather on the voyage, and a heavy wind among the Bahamas. We coasted for some time along the eastern shore of Cuba, in sight of the promontories of St. Domingo and Jamaica. On the 29th I crossed the Isthmus of Panama, on a good railroad, forty-seven miles long.’

“The next day I had the happiness to offer the Holy Sacrifice of the Mass in the Cathedral of Panama. The Bishop very earnestly entreated me to use my influence with the

¹ The reader will recall in what manner the heroic Balboa crossed the same Isthmus, three centuries and a half before.

Very Reverend Father General at Rome, to obtain for him a colony of Jesuits. His Lordship especially expressed his earnest desire to intrust his ecclesiastical seminary to the care of the Society of Jesus. New Granada, as well as many other regions of Spanish South America, offers, doubtless, a vast field to the zeal of a large number of our Fathers.

“The distance from Panama to San Francisco is more than three thousand miles. The steamer brought to in the superb bay of Acapulco to receive the mails, and to coal and water. This is a little port of Mexico. On the evening of the 16th of October, I arrived at San Francisco, happy to find myself in a house of the Society, and in the company of many of my brethren in Jesus Christ, who loaded me with kindness, and all the attention of the most cordial charity.

“The ‘*quam bonum et jucundum habitare fratres in unum*’ is especially appreciated, when one leaves a California steamer in which one has been imprisoned, sometimes with fourteen or fifteen hundred individuals, all laboring under the gold fever, and who think and speak of nothing but mines of gold, and all the terrestrial delights which this gold is shortly to procure them. However, the ‘shortly’ is long enough to allow of the destruction or disappearance of many an illusion. ‘All that glitters is not gold.’

“We left San Francisco on the 20th, and in a few days made more than one thousand miles to Fort Vancouver, on the Columbia river. The news of the cessation of hostilities, and of the submission of the tribes, had been received at Vancouver. The task remained of removing the Indian prejudices, soothing their inquietude and alarm, and correcting, or rather refuting, the false rumors which are generally spread after a war, and which, otherwise, might be the cause of its renewal.

“Under the orders of the general commanding-in-chief, I left Fort Vancouver on the 29th of October, to go among the tribes of the mountains, at a distance of about eight hundred miles. I visited the Catholic soldiers of Forts Dalle City

and Walla-Walla on my way At the last-named fort, I had the consolation of meeting Rev. F. Congiato, on his return from his visit to the missions, and of receiving very cheering news from him as to the disposition of the Indians.

“At my request, the excellent commandant of the fort had the very great kindness to set at liberty all the prisoners and hostages, both Cœur-d’Alènes and Spokans, and he intrusted to my charge to bring them on their way, and return them to their respective nations. These good Indians, particularly the Cœur-d’Alènes, had given the greatest edification to the soldiers during their captivity. These men often approached them with admiration, in witnessing the performance of their pious exercises, morning and evening, and in listening to their prayers and hymns. During the whole journey, these good Indians testified the utmost gratitude to me, and their punctual performance of their religious duties was a source of great consolation and happiness to me.

“On the 21st of November I arrived at the Mission of the Sacred Heart, among the Cœur-d’Alènes. I was detained at the mission by the snow until the 18th of February, 1859. During this interval snow fell, with more or less abundance, for forty-three days and nights, on seven days it rained, we had twenty-one cloudy days, and sixteen days of clear and cold weather. I left the mission on the 18th of February, with the Rev. Father Joset, who accompanied me until we met Father Hoecken, who had promised to meet us on Clarke’s River.

“The ice, snow, rain, and winds impeded very much our course, in our frail canoes of bark, on the rivers and great lakes. We often ran considerable risk in crossing rapids and falls, of which Clarke’s River is full. I counted thirty-four of these in seventy-five miles. We met with several camps of Indians in winter-quarters on every side. On the approach of the winter season, they are obliged to scatter in the forests, and along the lakes and rivers, where they live by the chase and fishing. They received us everywhere with the greatest kindness, and, notwithstanding their extreme pov-

erty, willingly shared with us their small rations and meagre provisions. They eagerly embraced the occasion to attend to their religious duties and other exercises of piety: attending at the instructions with great attention, and with much zeal and favor at Mass, and at morning and evening prayers. On the 11th of March we arrived at the Mission of St. Ignatius, among the Pends-d'Oreilles of the mountains.

"The Koetenays, a neighboring tribe to the Pends-d'Oreilles, having heard of my arrival, had travelled many days' journey through the snow to shake hands with me, to bid me welcome, and manifest their filial affection. In 1845 I had made some stay with them. I was the first priest who had announced to them the glad tidings of salvation, and I had baptised all their little children and a large number of adults. They came on this occasion, with a primitive simplicity, to assure me that they had remained faithful to prayer, that is, to religion, and all the good advice that they had received.

"All the Fathers spoke to me of these good Koetenays in the highest terms. Fraternal union, evangelic simplicity, innocence, and peace, still reign among them in full vigor. Their honesty is so great and so well-known, that the trader leaves his store-house entirely, the door remaining unlocked often, during his absence, for weeks. The Indians go in and out, and help themselves to what they need, and settle with the trader on his return. He assured me himself, that in doing business with them in this style he never lost the value of a pin.

"On the 18th of March I crossed deep snow a distance of seventy miles, to St. Mary's valley, to revisit my first and ancient spiritual children of the mountains, the poor and abandoned Flatheads. They were greatly consoled on learning that Very Rev. Father General had the intention of causing the mission to be undertaken again. The principal chiefs assured me that since the departure of the Fathers, they had continued to assemble morning and evening for prayers, to ring the *Angelus* at the accustomed hour, and to rest on Sunday, to glorify the holy day of our Lord. I will

not enter into long details here as to the present dispositions of this little tribe, for fear of being too long.

“Doubtless, in the absence of the missionaries, the enemy of souls has committed some ravages among them, but, by the grace of God, the evil is not irreparable. Their daily practices of piety, and the conferences I held with them during several days, have given me the consoling conviction that the faith is still maintained among the Flatheads, and still brings forth fruits of salvation among them,—their greatest chieftains, Michael, Adolphe, Ambrose, Moses, and others, are true and zealous Christians, and real piety in religion and true valor at war are united in them.

“In my several visits to the stations in the Rocky Mountains, I was received by the Indians with every demonstration of sincere and filial joy. I think I may say, that my presence among them has been of some advantage to them, both in a religious and secular point of view. I did my best to encourage them to persevere in piety, and maintain the conditions of the treaty of peace with the Government. In these visits I had the happiness to baptize over a hundred infants, and a large number of adults.

“On the 16th of April, in accordance with the orders of the commander-in-chief of the army, I went to Fort Vancouver, and left the Mission of St. Ignatius. At my request, all the chiefs of the different mountain tribes accompanied me to renew the treaty of peace with the general and with superintendent of Indian affairs. I give their names, and the nations to which they belong: Alexander *Temglagketzin*, or the Man-without-a-horse, great chief of the Pends-d’Oreilles; Victor *Alamiken*, or the Happy-man (he deserves his name, for he is a saintly man), great chief of the Kalispels; Adolphus *Kwilkweschape*, or Red-feather, chief of the Flatheads; Francis *Saya*, or the Iroquois, another Flathead chief; Dennis *Zenemtietze*, or the Thunders-robe, chief of the Schuyelpi or Chaudières; Andrew and Bonaventure, chiefs and braves among the Cœur-d’Alènes,

or Skizoumish ; *Kamiakin*, great chief of the Yacomans ; and Gerry, great chief of the Spokans. The last two are still pagans, though their children have been baptized.

“ We suffered much, and ran many dangers on the route, on account of the high state of the rivers and the heavy snow. For three days we had to clear a way through thick forests, where thousands of trees, thrown down by storms, lay across one another, and were covered, four, six, and eight feet, with snow ; several horses perished in this dangerous passage. My horse stumbled many a time, and procured me many a fall ; but aside from some serious bruises and scratches, a hat battered to pieces, a torn pair of trowsers, and a *soutane* or blackgown in rags, I came out of it safe and sound. I measured white cedars in the wood, which were as much as six or seven persons could clasp at the base, and of proportionate height. After a month’s journey, we arrived at Fort Vancouver.

“ On the 18th of May the interview took place with the general, the superintendent, and the Indian chiefs. It produced most happy results on both sides. About three weeks’ time was accorded to the chiefs to visit, at the cost of Government, the principal cities and towns of the State of Oregon and Washington Territory, with everything remarkable in the way of industrial establishments, steam-engines, forges, manufactories, and printing establishments, —of all which the poor Indians can make nothing or very little. The visit which appeared the most to interest the chiefs was that which they made to the prison at Portland, and its wretched inmates, whom they found chained within its cells. They were particularly interested in the causes, motives, and duration of their imprisonment ; Chief Alexander kept it in his mind. Immediately on his return to his camp at St. Ignatius Mission, he assembled his people, and related to them all the wonders of the whites, and especially the history of the prison. ‘ We,’ said he, ‘ have neither chains nor prisons ; and for want of them, no doubt, a great number of us are wicked and have deaf ears. As chief, I am determined to do my duty. I shall take a whip to punish

the wicked; let all those who have been guilty of any misdemeanor present themselves, I am ready." The known guilty parties were called upon by name, many presented themselves of their own accord, and all received a proportionate correction!

"Before leaving the parts of civilization, all the chiefs received presents from the general and superintendent, and returned to their own country, contented and happy, and well determined to keep at peace with the whites. As for me, I had accomplished among the Indians the task which the Government had imposed upon me. I explained to the general my motives for desiring to return to St. Louis by way of the interior. He acceded to my desire with the greatest affability, and in the answer which he addressed to me on this matter, he bore most honorable testimony to my services.

"About the 15th of June, I again left Vancouver, with the chiefs, to return to the mountains. I passed the 7th, 8th, and 9th of July at the Mission of the Sacred Heart, among the Cœur-d'Alènes. Thence, I continued my route for St. Ignatius, with Father Congiato, and completed the trip in a week; not, however, without many privations, which deserve a short mention here.

"Imagine thick, untrodden forests, strewn with thousands of trees, thrown down by age and storms, in every direction; where the path is scarcely visible, and is obstructed by barricades, which the horses are constantly compelled to leap, and which always endanger the riders. Two fine rivers, or rather, great torrents,—the Cœur-d'Alène and St. Francis Borgia,—traverse these forests in a most winding course; their beds are formed of enormous detached masses of rock, and large slippery stones, rounded by the action of the water. The first of these torrents is crossed thirty-nine times, and the second thirty-two times, by the only path; the water often comes to the horse's belly, and sometimes above the saddle. It is considered good luck to escape with only the legs wet.

"The two rivers are separated by a high mountain, or

rather a chain of mountains, called the Bitter-root chain. The sides of these mountains, covered with thick cedar forests, and an immense variety of firs and pines, present great difficulties to the traveller, on account of the great number of trees which lie broken and fallen across the path, and completely cover the soil. To these obstacles must be added immense fields of snow, which have to be crossed, and which are at times from eight to twelve feet deep. After eight hours' painful march, we arrived at a beautiful plain, enamelled with flowers, which formed the summit of Mount Calvary, where a cross was raised on my first passage, sixteen years ago.

"In this beautiful situation, after so long and rude a course, I desired to encamp; but Father Congiato, persuaded that in two hours more we should reach the foot of the mountain, induced us to continue the march. When we had made the six miles which we supposed we had before us, and twelve miles more, darkness overtook us in the midst of difficulties. On the eastern side of the mountain we found other hills of snow to cross, other barricades of fallen trees to scramble over; sometimes we were on the edge of sheer precipices of rock, sometimes on a slope almost perpendicular. The least false step might precipitate us into the abyss. Without guide, without path, in the most profound darkness, separated one from the other, each calling for help without being able either to give or to obtain the least assistance, we fell again and again, we walked, feeling our way with our hands, or crawled on all-fours, slipping or sliding down as best we could.

"At last a gleam of hope arose; we heard the hoarse murmur of water in the distance. It was the sound of the waterfalls of the great stream which we were seeking. Each one then directed his course towards that point. We all had the good fortune to arrive at the stream at last, but one after another, between twelve and one o'clock in the night, after a march of sixteen hours, fatigued and exhausted, our dresses torn to rags, and covered with scratches and bruises, but without serious injuries. While eating our

supper, each one amused his companions with the history of his mishaps. Good Father Congiato admitted that he had made a mistake in his calculation, and was the first to laugh heartily at his blunder. Our poor horses found nothing to eat all night in this miserable mountain gap.

“I cannot omit here testifying my indebtedness to all the Fathers and Brothers of the Missions of the Sacred Heart and of St. Ignatius, for their truly fraternal charity towards me, and the efficacious aid which they rendered me towards fulfilling the special mission which had been intrusted to me.

“As Father Congiato keeps the Very Reverend Father General informed of the actual state of the missions of the mountains, it is unnecessary for me to enter into all its details. I recommend, especially, these poor children of the desert to his paternal attention and charity, and to our immediate superiors in this country.

“Divine Providence will not, I hope, abandon them. They have already a great number of intercessors in heaven, in the thousands of their children, dead shortly after baptism, in the number of good Christian adults among them, who, having led good lives, have quitted this world in the most pious dispositions ; they can especially count upon the protection of Louise, of the tribe of Cœur-d’Alènes, and of Loyola, chief of the Kalispels, whose lives were an uninterrupted series of acts of heroic virtue, and who died almost in the odor of sanctity.

“On the 22d of July, I left the Mission of St. Ignatius, accompanied by Father Congiato, with some guides and Indian hunters. The distance to Fort Benton is about two hundred miles. The country, for the first four days, is picturesque, and presents no obstacle to travelling. It is a succession of forests easily traversed, of beautiful prairies, impetuous torrents, pretty rivulets ; here and there are lakes, from three to six miles in circumference, whose waters are clear as crystal, well stored with fish of various kinds ; nothing can be more charming than the prospect. We called one of the largest of these lakes, St. Mary.

"On the 26th of July we crossed the mountain which separates the sources of the Clarke River from those of the Missouri, at the 48th degree of north latitude and the 115th of longitude. The crossing does not take more than an half an hour, and is very easy, even for wagons and carts. At the eastern base of the Rocky Mountains the plains are mountainous, and almost destitute of timber; we crossed several small streams before we reached the Sun River, and followed down its valley almost to its mouth. We visited the great falls of the Missouri on our way. The principal fall is ninety-three feet high.

"Father Hoecken and Brother Magri met us in this vicinity. On the 29th we arrived at Fort Benton, a post of the St. Louis Fur Company, where we received the greatest attention from all its inmates; we feel particularly obliged to Mr. Dorson, the superintendent of the fort, for his continued kindness and charity to all our missionaries. May the Lord protect and reward him! The Blackfeet occupy an immense territory in this neighborhood; they reckon from ten to twelve thousand souls in the six tribes which compose this nation. They have been asking for blackgowns (priests) for many years, and their desire appears universal. In my visit to them in 1846, they begged me to send a Father to instruct them.

"Father Hoecken is now in these parts, and I have just read with the greatest pleasure, in the 'Annals of the Propagation of the Faith,' that the work of the conversion of the Blackfeet has been commenced, with the entire approbation of the Very Reverend Father General.

"On our arrival in the neighborhood, we found a large number of Indians encamped around and near the fort. It was the period for the annual distribution of presents. They manifested their joy at the presence of a missionary in their country, and hoped that 'all would open to him their ears and heart.' The chief of a large camp, in one of our visits, related to us a remarkable circumstance, which I think worthy of mention.

"When Father Foint was among the Blackfeet, he pre-

sented some crosses to many chiefs as marks of distinction, and explained to them their signification, exhorting them, when in danger, to invoke the Son of God, whose image they bore, and to place all their confidence in him. The chief who related these details was one of a band of thirty Indians who went to war against the Crows.

"The Crows having got upon their trail, gathered together in haste and in great multitudes to fight and destroy them. They soon came up with them in a position of the forest, where they had made a barricade of fallen trees and branches, and surrounded them, shouting ferociously the dreaded war-cry. The Blackfeet, considering the superior numbers of the enemy who thus surprised them, were firmly persuaded that they should perish at their hands. One of them bore on his breast the sign of salvation. He remembered the words of the blackgown (Father Point), and reminded his companions of them; all shouted, 'It is our only chance of safety.' They then invoked the Son of God, and rushed from the barricade.

"The bearer of the cross, holding it up in his hand, led the way, followed by all the rest. The Crows discharged a shower of arrows and bullets at them, but no one was seriously injured; they all happily escaped. On concluding his statement, the chief added, with energy and feeling: 'Yes, the prayer (religion) of the Son of God is the only good and powerful one; we all desire to become worthy of it, and to adopt it.'

"My intention, when I left General Harney, was, with his consent, to go all the way to St. Louis on horseback, in the hope of meeting a large number of Indian tribes, especially the large and powerful tribe of Comanches. I was obliged to renounce this project, for my six horses were entirely worn out, and unfit for making so long a journey; they were all more or less saddle-galled, and, not being shod, their hoofs were worn in crossing the rocky bottoms of the rivers, and the rough, rocky, mountain roads.

"In this difficulty, I ordered a little skiff to be made at Fort Benton; worthy Mr. Dorson, superintendent of the

Fur Company, had the very great kindness to procure me three oarsmen and a pilot. On the 5th of August I bade adieu to Fathers Congiato and Hoecken, and dear Brother Magri, and embarked on the Missouri, which is celebrated for dangers of navigation—snags and rapids being numerous in the upper river.

“We descended the stream about 2,400 miles in our cockle-shell, making fifty, sixty, and sometimes, when the wind favored us, eighty miles a day. We took the first steamboat we met, at Omaha City. The steamer made about 700 miles in six days, and on the 23d of September, vigil of Our Lady of Mercy, we entered the port of St. Louis.

“During this long trip on the river we passed the nights in the open air, or under a little tent, often on sandbanks, to avoid the troublesome mosquitoes, or on the skirts of a plain, or in an untrodden, thick forest. We often heard the howlings of the wolves; and the grunting of the grizzly bear, the king of animals in these parts, disturbed our sleep, but without alarming us. In the desert one perceives that God has implanted in the breast of the wild beasts the fear of man. In the desert, also, we are enabled, in a particular way, to admire and to thank that Divine Providence which watches with so much solicitude over his children.

“There, is admirably verified the text of St. Matthew: ‘Consider the birds of the air, they sow not, but your Heavenly Father feeds them; are ye not of much more value than they?’ During the whole route, our wants were constantly supplied; yes, we lived in the midst of the greatest abundance. The rivers furnished us excellent fish, water-fowl, ducks, geese, and swans; the forests and plains gave us fruits and roots. We never wanted for game. We found everywhere either immense herds of buffaloes, or deer, antelope, mountain sheep, or big-horns, pheasants, wild turkeys, and partridges.

“On the way, along the Missouri, I met thousands of Indians of different tribes—Crows, Assiniboins, Minataries, Mandans, Rickaries, Sioux, etc. I always stopped a day or two with them. I received the greatest marks of respect

and affection from these hitherto untutored children of the plains and mountains, and they listened to my words with the utmost attention. For many years these poor tribes have desired to have missionaries, and to be instructed.

“My greatest, I may say, almost my only consolation, is to have been the instrument, in the hand of Divine Providence, of the eternal salvation of a great number of little children ; of about nine hundred I baptized, many were sickly, and seemed only to wait for this happiness, to fly to God to praise Him for all eternity.

“To God alone be all the glory ; and to the Blessed Virgin Mary, our most humble and most profound thanks for the protection and benefits received during this long journey. After having travelled, by land and river, over 8,314 miles, and 6,950 on sea, without any serious accident, I arrived safe and sound at St. Louis, among my dear brethren in Jesus Christ. I am, with the most sincere respect,

“Your servant in Christ,

“P. J. DE SMET, S.J.”

CHAPTER IV.

THE SUNSET OF LIFE.

The Catholic Faith and the Indian—The Skalzi tribe—Their virtues—Their country—The tobacco plain—The Flatbow river—Agriculture—Honesty—Anecdote of an old chief—A young warrior and his bride—A little Indian church—The missionary and the Indians—Old Chief Michael—Honors to Father De Smet on his last visit to Europe—A sad accident—Death of Father De Smet—The magnitude of his work “ad majorem Dei gloriam.”

The magic influence of the Catholic religion in transforming the Indian is as remarkable in our own time as it was in the days of Brébeuf and Marquette. Many of the tribes converted by Father De Smet and his apostolic companions became model Christians. We have room to recount but one instance—the Skalzi Indians.

Speaking of this tribe, the illustrious blackgown writes, in 1861: “I visited these good savages, for the first time, in the summer of 1845, on which occasion I had the happiness to regenerate all their little children in the holy waters of Baptism, as well as a large number of adults. I saw these dear children again in 1859; and the visit filled me with inexpressible joy, because they had remained faithful, true to the Faith, and fervent and zealous Christians.

“They were the consolation of the missionaries, and shone conspicuous by their virtues among the tribes of the Rocky Mountains. They were especially distinguished by an admirable simplicity, a great charity, and a rare honesty in all their dealings with their neighbors, and an innocence of manner worthy of the primitive Christians.”

Father De Smet follows this by a short account of the tribe and country. "The two tribes of the Koetenays and Flatbows," he says, "number over a thousand souls. They are principally divided into two camps, and are known in their country under the name of Skalzi. One of these camps, numbering about three hundred, inhabits sometimes the neighborhood of the great Flathead Lake, and sometimes the great Tobacco Plain, which is watered by the Koetenay River—the distance is about seventy miles.

"The Tobacco Plain is a remarkable spot, situated between the forty-ninth and fiftieth degrees of north latitude, and is the only great plain possessed by this camp. It is about fifty or sixty miles long, by fifteen or twenty miles in width. It resembles a large basin, surrounded by lofty mountains, which form a vast and beautiful amphitheatre, and presents a picturesque sight. The plain has all the appearance of the dry bed of a vast lake. Towards the south the valley is gravelly, undulating, and covered with little hillocks, and patches here and there are susceptible of cultivation; the northern portion, on the contrary, has a uniform surface and a considerable extent of excellent arable land.

"Though the land is very elevated, and far towards the north, the temperature is remarkably mild, severe cold being a rare occurrence, and the snow is seldom deep; it falls frequently during the season, but disappears almost as it falls, absorbed, perhaps, by the rarefaction of the atmosphere at this elevation, or, perhaps, driven off by the southern breeze, which blows almost uninterruptedly in the valley, and drives the snow off as it falls. Horses and horned cattle find abundant pasture during the whole year.

"The large river, called indifferently the Koetenay, the McGilvray, and the Flatbow River, flows through the entire valley. It rises to the northwest of this region, and its course is towards the southeast for a considerable distance. The waters of this great river are increased by a large number of brooks and beautiful rivulets, which have their source, for the most part, in the lovely lakes or numerous basins of these beautiful mountains. Many of these streams

present to the eye the most charming scenes in their course. The noise of their waters and the sweet murmur of their falls are heard at some distance, and the eye is charmed by their descent from height after height, and their succession of cascades, from which they escape to the plain, covered with foam, and, as it were, exhausted by the struggles of the way. These mountain torrents will some day be the sites of mills of every description.

“Coal exists in many portions of the country, lead is found in abundance, and I venture to say that more precious minerals repose in the bosom of the mountains, and will one day be brought to light there.

“The Indians have devoted themselves to agriculture for some years past. They cultivate little fields of maize, barley, oats, and potatoes, all of which ripen. It is rare that the frost injures the crops before the season of harvest. Their small fields cannot be extended, owing to the want of instruments of agriculture. They are compelled to turn the earth with instruments of the most primitive construction, such as Adam may have used in his day. The pointed stick, made of a very hard wood, is what they have used from ages immemorial to dig up the *camash*, the bitter-root, the *wappatoo* (*sagitta folia*), the *caious*, or biscuit-root, and other vegetables of the same description.

“These Indians are very industrious. They are rarely unemployed. Their time is fully occupied in making bows and arrows, lines or hooks, or in hunting and fishing, or seeking roots or wild fruits for their numerous families. They extend their hunt often to the great plains of the Blackfeet and the Crows, to the east of the Rocky Mountains, on the upper waters of the Missouri and the Saskatchewan. Deprived as they are of agricultural instruments and fire-arms, they are always in want, and they may be said to keep a perpetual Lent.

“The missionaries furnished them with a few plows and spades. Last year I forwarded to them, by the steamer of the Missouri Fur Company at St. Louis, some necessary agricultural implements, such as plows, etc.;

but the boat was burned, with all her cargo, above the Yellowstone River

“It is much to be regretted that no more can be done for these good Indians, for, of all the mountain tribes, they are at once the best-disposed and the most necessitous. The *beau-ideal* of the Indian character, uncontaminated by contact with the whites, is found among them. What is most pleasing to the stranger, is to see their simplicity, united with sweetness and innocence, keep step with the most perfect dignity and modesty of deportment. The gross vices which dishonor the red man on the frontiers are utterly unknown among them. They are honest to scrupulosity.

“The Hudson’s Bay Company, during the forty years that it has been trading in furs with them, has never been able to perceive that the smallest object had been stolen from them. The agent of the company takes his furs down to Colville every spring, and does not return before autumn. During his absence, the store is confided to the care of an Indian, who trades in the name of the company, and on the return of the agent, renders him a most exact account of his trust. I repeat here, what I stated in a preceding letter, that the store often remains without any one to watch it, the door unlocked and unbolted, and the goods are never stolen. The Indians go in and out, help themselves to what they want, and always scrupulously leave in place of whatever article they take its exact value.

“The following anecdote will serve to give an idea of the delicacy of conscience of these good Indians.

“An old chief, poor and blind, came from a great distance, guided by his son, to consult the priest; his only object being to receive Baptism, if he should be considered worthy of the privilege. He stated to the missionary, that, in spite of his ardent desire to be baptized, he had not dared to approach the priest for that purpose, owing to a small debt of two beaver skins (say ten dollars) which he had contracted.

“‘My poverty,’ said he, ‘has always prevented me from fulfilling this obligation; and until I had done so, I dared

not gratify the dearest wish of my heart. At last I had a thought. I begged my friends to be charitable to me. I am now in possession of a fine buffalo-robe; I wish to make myself worthy of Baptism.' The missionary, accompanied by the old man, went to the clerk of the company to learn the particulars of the debt. The clerk examined the books, but said that no such debt existed.

"The chief still insisted on paying, but the clerk refused to take the robe. 'Have pity on me,' at last exclaimed the worthy old man, 'this debt has rendered me wretched long enough; for years it has weighed on my conscience. I wish to belong to the blameless and pure prayer (religion), and to make myself worthy of the name of a child of God. This buffalo-robe covers my debt,' and he spread it on the ground at the feet of the clerk. He received Baptism, and returned home contented and happy.

"A young Koetenay, who had been baptized in infancy, during my first visit in 1845, had emigrated, with his parents, to the Soushwaps, in the mountainous regions near Fraser River. His parents desired to marry him to a young woman who was as yet unbaptized; he had a sister in the same condition. It was resolved that the three should make the long journey of many weeks' travel, to reach the mission, in order that both Sacraments might be received.

"On their arrival, their ardent faith, and praiseworthy earnestness, were the admiration of the whole village. The fervent missionary, Father Menetry, instructed these zealous neophytes, and prepared them for holy Baptism. The young man, who had not seen a priest since 1845, had prepared himself to approach the tribunal of penance, for the first time, in order to make his first Communion, and to receive the nuptial benediction with the proper dispositions.

"On the day appointed for the administration of all these Sacraments, the young Koetenay presented himself, with an humble and modest air, at the confessional. He held in his hands some bundles of cedar chips, about the size of ordinary matches, and divided into small bunches of different

sizes. After kneeling in the confessional, and saying the *Confiteor*, he handed the little bundles to the priest. 'These, my father,' said he, 'are the result of my examination of conscience. This bundle is such a sin. Count the chips, and you will know how many times I have committed it; the second bundle is such a sin,' and so he continued his confession.

"His confession was accompanied with such sincere signs of grief, that his confessor was affected to tears. It is impossible not to be struck with admiration for the simplicity of heart which led our young savage, in his desire to perform this duty with the utmost exactitude, to this new method of making a confession; but still more admirable is the adorable grace of the Holy Ghost, who thus sheds His gifts upon these, His poor children of the desert, and, if I may dare to say so, adapts himself to their capacity.

"In their zeal and fervor, the Koetenays have built a little church of round logs on the great Tobacco Prairie. They carried the logs,—which averaged from twenty to twenty-five feet in length,—in their arms a distance of more than a quarter of a mile, and raised the walls of the new church, as it were, by main force. The exterior is covered with straw and sods.

"In this humble house of the Lord they meet morning and evening, to offer to the Great Spirit their fervent prayers,—the first-fruits of the day. How striking is the contrast between this little church of the desert, and the magnificent temples of civilization, especially in Europe. The majesty of these churches, their fine pictures, the sculpture which adorns their walls, and their imposing proportions, inspire the beholder with admiration and awe; yet, on entering this little cabin consecrated to the Great Spirit, in the desert, erected by poor Indians,—on contemplating the profound recollection, the sincere piety depicted on their features,—on hearing them recite their prayers, which seem to rise from the bottom of their hearts, it is difficult to refrain from tears, and the spectator exclaims: 'Indeed, this poor and humble church is the abode of the Lord, and the house

of prayer ; its whole beauty lies in the piety, zeal, and fervor of those who enter there !

“In this humble church are now performed all the religious ceremonies of Baptism and marriage. The Indians defer them until the appointed season for the arrival of the missionaries ; they then come in from all parts of the country. ‘How beautiful are the feet of those who announce the Gospel of peace.’ The priest of this mission finds the truth of the words, ‘*Jugum meum suave*—my yoke is sweet.’ No sooner has he arrived than all crowd round him, as beloved children, to greet, after a long absence, a father whom they tenderly venerate. Even the hands of infants are placed in those of the missionary by their mothers.

“A long conference then follows. The priest gives and receives all news of important events which have happened since the last meeting, and regulates with the chiefs the exercises to be followed during his present visit. He gives two instructions a day to adults, and catechises the children ; he helps them to examine well their consciences, and to make a good confession ; he prepares them to approach worthily the holy table, instructs the catechumens and admits them to Baptism, together with the children born during his absence ; he renews and blesses all new marriages ; and, like a father, settles any difficulties which may have arisen. Some he encourages and strengthens in the Faith, and removes the doubts and soothes the inquietudes of others. In a word, he encourages all these good neophytes to know the Lord, to serve Him faithfully, and love Him with all their hearts.

“If the days of the missionary are thus filled with labor and fatigue, he has his full recompense of merit and consolation. He counts them among the happiest days of his life. The Rev. Father Menetry, their missionary, during his visit in 1858, baptized fifty children and thirty adults, blessed forty marriages, and heard over five hundred confessions.

“The great chief of the Koetenays, named Michael, recalls in the midst of his tribe the life and virtues of the ancient

patriarchs. His life is that of a good and tender father, surrounded by a numerous family of docile and affectionate children. His camp numbers four hundred souls. They are all baptized, and they walk in the footsteps of their worthy chief. It is truly a delightful spectacle to find, in the bosom of these isolated mountains of the Columbia River, a tribe of poor Indians living in the greatest purity of manners, and leading a life of evangelic simplicity. They are almost deprived of the succors of religion, and receive the visit of a priest but once or twice in the course of a year."

In 1871 Father De Smet sailed for Europe. While on the voyage, he met with an unhappy accident that was serious in its consequences. On one occasion, a few days before reaching the shores of the Old World, as he was descending the stairway to the cabin, a huge wave struck the vessel, and the shock was such that the hardy and venerable missionary was thrown to the deck below, thus breaking one of his ribs.

Shortly after arriving in his native Belgium, an attack of kidney disease added to the injuries from which he was already suffering; and, at one time, his friends even despaired of his recovery. But he grew better. He was made a Knight of the Order of Leopold, an honor which few attain, and one which he held in common with Marshal MacMahon, now the ex-President of France.

Father De Smet returned to the United States, reaching St. Louis on April 25th, 1872. But years of exposure, together with recent injuries, had shattered his iron constitution, and he never regained his general good health. It was felt that the days of the great Jesuit were numbered, when the physicians decided that he was afflicted with Bright's disease of the kidney. After much suffering, he calmly breathed his soul to God, surrounded by his brother Jesuits, in his seventy-second year, on the morning of the 23d of May, 1873.¹ He died in his own room at the St.

¹ For the details given in relation to the last days of Father De Smet, we are indebted to the distinguished Father Walter H. Hill, S. J., of St. Louis University, who kindly furnished us with notes written from his own personal remembrance.

Louis University,¹ where he had often been visited in his last illness by his countless friends of all religious creeds and ranks of society. His honored remains were borne to Florissant, and there, where he first began his religious career in Missouri, rests all that is earthly of the saintly and heroic Father Peter John De Smet.²

Whether in health or sickness, this illustrious man was as simple as a child in his manners. To the last he was cheerful in his conversations, and was ever ready to answer questions relating to his travels, missions, and adventures among the Indians. His narratives were recounted in such clear, simple language, and were so graphic, graceful, and full of striking incidents, that even children, no less than older persons, were charmed with his conversation.

"I never knew any one," writes Rev. Walter H. Hill, S. J., "who could relate an anecdote, or a little trait, in so pleasing a style as Father De Smet. There was a peculiar charm in his words, and even in his voice and countenance, when telling those little narratives, sometimes humorous, oftentimes edifying, and always interesting."

The great missionary loved the company of children. He would sometimes spend an hour or more, telling them stories about his travels among the Indian tribes of the Rocky Mountains; and often, when walking the streets of St. Louis, groups of little ones would crowd around him, begging him to appoint a time and place for them to hear

¹ His room, which was small, contained a few extra chairs for visitors; in it there were writing-desks, tables, presses, all of which were well filled with various books, pamphlets, papers, and public documents, bearing on Indian history and Indian interests.—*Rev. W. H. Hill, S. J.*

² He was buried on a little mound at St. Stanislaus Novitiate, which is near Florissant, sixteen miles northwest of St. Louis. This spot is about one mile from the Missouri River, up which Father De Smet had so often journeyed three thousand miles to its first fountains that gush from the highest ridge of the Rocky Mountains. His remains rest near those of Father Meurin, who died at Prairie Du Rocher, Illinois, Feb. 23d, 1777; those of his companions from Europe in 1821, John A. Elet, J. B. Smedts, P. J. Verhagen, J. Judocus, Van Assche, and those of Rev. Charles Van Quickenborne, who led those young missionaries from White Marsh, Maryland, to Missouri in 1823.

A plain freestone slab, four feet by eighteen inches, marks the last resting place of Father De Smet; and it has on it this brief inscription: "*Natus 18 Feb., 1801; Ingressus 19 Nov., 1837; obiit 23 Mai, 1873.*" He first entered the Society of Jesus in 1821, but subsequently returned to his native land on account of ill health; re-entered the Jesuit Mission of Missouri in 1837.—*Rev. Walter H. Hill, S. J.*

him relating what he saw when journeying among the red men in the wilderness of the far West.

Such is but a glimpse at the manly figure, kind ways, and lofty, beautiful career of Father de Smet. Most of the Indian missions of this century would have been nearly impossible were it not for his grand zeal, great prudence, and hardy energy. Boldly penetrating the unknown solitudes of the West, he conquered the almost insurmountable obstacles that beset him at every step. With undaunted heart he faced hostile and savage tribes whose language and very name were a mystery to the civilized earth. He came, he saw, he conquered; but not like the pagan Cæsar. He opened Heaven to the vanquished. He converted, baptized, and Christianized the wild clans of the West; and his holy and tireless apostolate was continued, year after year, almost to the very day of his departure from this world.¹

¹ The memorial statue to Father de Smet was unveiled at his birth-place on the 24th of September, 1878. It was a most impressive scene. Many distinguished men were present. A cantata, composed for the occasion, was sung by fifty voices; and a noble eulogy of the great missionary was delivered. The statue, it is said, is a magnificent work of art.

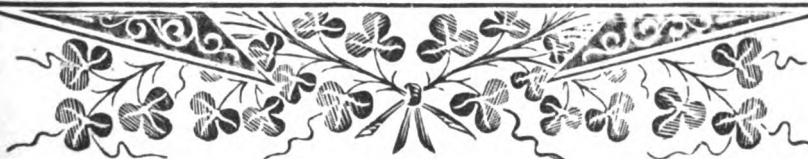
A. M. D. G.

LIVES OF

IRISH MARTYRS



AND CONFESSORS



LIVES OF THE IRISH MARTYRS AND CONFESSORS,

By MILES O'REILLY, B.A., LL.D.

WITH ADDITIONS INCLUDING

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BY

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This valuable work, the first that has attempted to give the public, in a succinct and authentic form, a true account of what the Catholics of Ireland suffered for their religion during the sixteenth, seventeenth, and eighteenth centuries, from the moment of its appearance received the cordial welcome and hearty endorsement of the hierarchy, priests, and people of Ireland. Such a record of Irish suffering and fortitude had long been wanting, and its reception by the public was commensurate with its great merits.

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Very sincerely yours, **JOHN O'KANE MURRAY.**

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LIVES OF THE IRISH MARTYRS AND CONFESSORS.

The new edition of the well known volume published several years ago by Miles O'Reilly, entitled *Lives of the Irish Martyrs and Confessors*, has afforded me the greatest pleasure, particularly on account of the interesting additions made to it by Rev. Mr. Richard Brennan, of New York. I cannot but express my most sincere satisfaction with regard to everything it contains.

Colonel O'Reilly has been one of the modern heroes of Ireland. As Commandant of the Irish Papal Zouaves, he gave the noblest personal proofs of his country's deepest feelings, by his bravery and religious enthusiasm. The books which such men as he was write ought to be in the hands of all their countrymen. The more so, that the subject of his work is eminently both national and Christian. As all classes of Irishmen—lay and clerical, noble and plebeian—had honored their country in shedding their blood for its religion, nothing is so well calculated to excite feelings of true patriotism in the heart of all, as the simple chronicles of THEIR LAST FIGHT AND VICTORY IN DEATH. The style of these narratives, besides, having all the simplicity and truthfulness of the primitive Acts of Christian Martyrs, produces on the reader the deep and entrancing impression well known to those who have perused the death-records of Polycarp of Smyrna, Ignatius of Antioch, and Perpetua of Carthage.

I would, therefore, very much wonder if a single Irishman's house in this country should be henceforth deprived of Colonel O'Reilly's book.

But the new matter contributed by the Rev. Richard Brennan, of St. Rose of Lima, New York, adds a great deal to the value of the work. A number of very interesting lives which the first edition did not contain would of itself induce even those who possessed it to buy this new one. There is in particular the story of a little Irish Sister born in Tipperary in 1835, and martyred in China in 1870, whose life alone is a precious gem which all Irish people's casket must henceforth contain.

But best of all, the *History of the Penal Laws* introduced into this edition alone is worth the money. I personally know how difficult it was formerly for a student of modern Irish history to form a right conception of that atrocious policy known under that name of the "Penal Laws." *Doctor Madden's work on the subject must be now acknowledged as very imperfect. Rev. Mr. Brennan has rendered a great service to the cause of historical truth by compiling from Parnell's volumes a complete and impartial account of these heartless enactments. I wish I had a copy of it a few years ago; but better late than never.*

The remarks I have so far thought just and proper to make would be completely misunderstood if the inference was drawn from them that this work is good reading only for Irish people. I had no idea whatever of the kind. Americans of all races and creeds—as the usual expression has it—or of no creed at all, cannot but profit by looking over these pages, which will transport them into a world of which they can scarcely have an idea, but which, after all, is a great world, full of harmony and moral beauty, because it is blessed by the priceless virtues of faith, hope, and charity.

AUG. J. THÉBAUD, S. J.

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LIVES OF THE IRISH MARTYRS AND CONFESSORS.

The Catholic Church has ever met with persecution. Generally those who first preach the Gospel in a Pagan country lose their lives for the Faith. As the twelve Apostles suffered, so have their successors. The history of Ireland is singular in this respect. St. Patrick was not compelled to die for his belief; and those who assisted and those who succeeded him were not obliged to give to Pagan tribunals the martyr's proof of the Catholic Faith. "But," as the author of this work remarks of Ireland, "the litany of her saints was to be completed, and He who was the 'Master of her Apostles,' 'Teacher of her evangelists,' and 'Purity of her virgins,' was also to be the 'Light of her confessors,' and 'Strength of her martyrs'; and the Church whose foundation had been laid in peace, was to see her persecution-shaken walls cemented and re-built with the blood of her martyrs." Ireland could not but have at some time what is one of the *marks* of the true Church of God, the glory of martyrs.

There is, however, a peculiar element in the history of the Irish martyrs. The persecutions that have been the lot of the Irish Church have come from aliens in country as well as in creed. We might be led at first to suspect on this account in the narrative of the trials of Irish Catholics a color prejudicial to truth. The historian has been careful to avoid such a blemish. The history which Father Morris has given us of the martyrs of England in the first years of the "Reformation," would have been deprived of its best qualities if he had not presented us the story in the quaint, simple, unimpassioned language of the original narratives: **WE CANNOT READ WITHOUT BEING AT ONCE CONVINCED AND CHARMED.** Mr. O'Reilly has pursued a similar course; he has given us as far as possible the very words of the early chroniclers. We cannot but appreciate their moderation.

The Romans may read the "Acts of the Martyrs," and feel tender sympathy for the tortured victims, but the blood of the persecutors and persecuted now mingles in peace, and no one can tell whether his ancestor was among the executioners or among the martyrs. Such is not the case in Ireland. Side by side, ever separate, the race of the Catholic and the race of his enemy ever descend, and when we think of the trials of our fathers we cannot but remember that the heirs of the blood and the hate of their enemies are still with us, and we need the example of martyrs to make us do with our foes as our more afflicted ancestors did with theirs—pray that God may forgive them. We are told frequently of the wrongs of Ireland past and present, and exhorted to remember them and *avenge* them. **REDRESS IS LAWFUL, REVENGE IS NOT.**

Mr. O'Reilly has shown us a page that has been seldom turned. We know the lives of the patriots—may their deeds be ever recorded—but the life of the saint is still more worthy of our study. We see in these pages the unity of the Catholic faith; we see that we are in harmony with those whose faith received at its start the seal of blood. Ireland after the lapse of eleven centuries from the first reception of the Faith shows in her children all the glorious attestations that accompanied the establishment in first fervor of the Faith of Christ under the Pagan Cæsars. We see again the catcombs, the rack, the hunted priest; centuries roll back, and we realize that we are the co-heirs of Him who died on Calvary.—*The Catholic Universe.*

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LIVES OF THE IRISH MARTYRS AND CONFESSORS,

We have perused with great pleasure the interesting pages of this volume. It is a needed and very valuable addition to Catholic literature, and whilst it will elevate the character of the popular author in the estimation of the public, it will also reflect credit on the publisher who presents it in so neat and attractive a form. The work richly deserves a prominent place on the shelves of every Catholic library in the country. In vivid, glowing narrative it details the sufferings of the most prominent of Irish martyrs for the Faith from the reign of Elizabeth to that of George III., inclusive. The history of the times in which those heroic champions of the Cross sealed and verified their mission by death is deftly interwoven with the admirable portraiture of life and character. We are justly proud of the valor of the Irish soldier, tested on nearly all the historic battle-fields of the world. We rejoice at many of the noble traits of our national character—generosity, love for fatherland, deep reverence and sympathy for aged and infirm relatives and friends—but our chiefest glory lies in the heroic record of the men who lived and died the devoted champions of Catholic orthodoxy. We are told by one of the most eloquent of ancient orators that Greece took all-conquering Rome captive by introducing among her people the fruits of a higher culture and a more advanced civilization. From a religious standpoint we may well predicate the same of Ireland with regard to England, her merciless persecutor in the past, even now her ungenerous, plundering taskmaster.

The descendants of the worshippers of mammon, of the iron abettors of cruelty and plunder, have read the history of our suffering and endurance, and pronounced the religion that inspired them of divine institution. We might apply the phraseology of the auctioneer to the rapid defections from the ranks of Protestantism in England—going, going, gone. No one can for a moment doubt that much of the modern triumph of Catholicity in England is due to reflection on the age of persecution in Ireland, recorded, as it is, in the blood of heroic martyrs and confessors. When the people of England learn the lessons of faith from the history of our trials and unwavering allegiance to purity of faith and morals, surely Irish men and women and their children should dwell with pride and pleasure on these memoirs, every page of which is tinted with the deepest piety and the most heroic fortitude. The inhuman cruelty and absence of all justice so graphically and grandly described in "Fabiola," when Christianity had to bury itself in the Catacombs to avoid the rage of the heathen, will be found repeated with no less brilliancy and force in the "Lives of Irish Martyrs and Confessors."

Besides the biographical sketches, accompanied by a lucid review of the history of the times, the work contains a masterly synopsis of historical events before and after Limerick's siege and broken treaty, as well as an accurate account of the Penal Laws and their baleful consequences. The whole is given in a free, flowing narrative style which swells into bold and stirring eloquence when the writers become animated in describing the grievances of their countrymen.—*N. Y. Tablet.*

JAMES SHEEHY, PUBLISHER,
33 Barclay Street, New York.

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LIVES OF THE IRISH MARTYRS AND CONFESSORS.

(FROM MCGEE'S ILLUSTRATED WEEKLY.)

This book should be eagerly welcomed by the Catholic public. Although none of the early teachers who spread the Faith in Ireland suffered martyrdom, yet since their time the roll of Irish martyrs has been filled with names which "angels and men call holy." The reign of Elizabeth was exceedingly prolific in martyrs, and the story of their glorious suffering and death cannot fail to move our hearts to deeper love for our religion, and admiration for their courage and fortitude. The additions made by the Rev. Father Brennan—particularly the History of the Penal Laws—make the work remarkably complete and valuable. Among the men commemorated are several who, though they did not shed their blood for their faith, yet earned their right to the title of confessor by reason of their life-long exile in foreign lands. "Let us remember," says Father Brennan, in a beautiful little preface, "that we are closely related to those elect of heaven, that they are bone of our bone, and flesh of our flesh; that we and they are members of the one great Church of God, which reaches from the recesses of purgatory to the surface of the earth, and extends aloft to the highest vaults of heaven." The publisher deserves great credit for the elaborate and careful manner in which he has issued this most excellent work.

(FROM THE CATHOLIC MIRROR.)

Mr. James Sheehy has gotten out a new edition of Miles O'Reilly's "Lives of the Irish Martyrs and Confessors," to which Rev. Richard Brennan has made additions, including a complete collection of the Penal Laws. This book shows the sufferings for the Faith of the bishops and priests and people of Ireland, and records the history of the most infamous and bloody legislation that ever stained the statute-book of any nation. It can be procured on weekly payments of 25 cents, until the full price, \$3 or \$3.75, according to the style of binding, is paid.

(FROM THE CATHOLIC REVIEW.)

The valuable work of Major Miles O'Reilly on the Irish Martyrs has been reprinted by Mr. Sheehy, with additions on the Penal Laws collated by Rev. Father Brennan. The book is a useful one, and ought to increase the devotion of Irishmen and their children to the Faith for which their ancestors suffered so heroically.

(FROM THE NEW YORK FREEMAN'S JOURNAL.)

"It is good, in an age of softness and luxury, for Catholics to read and meditate how their predecessors made their way to heaven. It is especially good for the children of Irish Catholic parents to study the footsteps of their forefathers."

(FROM THE BOSTON PILOT.)

"It is a martyrology of the Irish Church—a work of thrilling interest, great edification—a work that will make one's heart grow more and more attached to that ancient and glorious Island of Saints."

"We have read it throughout with thrilling interest."—*Irish People.*

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priests had not only coaxed and urged, but threatened with the terrible judgments of the Church, all those who were inclined to take the vengeance of the Lord into their own hands against their oppressors. They had heard their fathers tell, the memories of their own infancy recalled, and now their own manhood witnessed, the scorn, the ignominy, the diabolical treatment to which priest after priest and bishop after bishop were exposed, and from which, for their sake, these martyrs of the living God never flinched.

Such a man was Father Sheehy, a native of Tipperary, but educated in France, because the laws of *Christian* England forbade a Catholic gentleman to educate his children in the faith of his fathers. Even after his return to his native land, he was for a time compelled to offer the Holy Sacrifice and administer the consolations of religion secretly, because the number of priests who began to be tolerated was limited by law, and could not be increased without certain punishment. Already had he been several times within the grasp of the law, yet managed each time to escape conviction, when his appointment to the regular mission at Clogheen, and, later, to the united parishes of Shandraghan, Ballysheehan and Templeheny, brought him somewhat under the protection of the law, but still more under the eye of his bitter enemies, the Orange magistrates and landowners of the county. These men, among whom were Sir Thomas Maude, John and William Bagwell, Bumbury, Toler (worthy ancestor of the notorious Lord Norbury), and John Hewitson, Rector of Clogheen, irritated by his undisguised opposition to their unjust taxation and crushing intolerance, formed a close alliance for his destruction or, rather, *murder*.

After one or another trumped-up charge against him had been in vain essayed, they succeeded in having him indicted on the charge of aiding and abetting in the

LIVES OF THE IRISH MARTYRS AND CONFESSORS,

(From THE SUNDAY HERALD, Boston.)

"Lives of the Irish Martyrs and Confessors," by Miles O'Reilly, LL.D., with additions including the Penal Laws, by Rev. Richard Brennan, is a handsome 8vo. volume of nearly eight hundred pages, containing the biographies of those faithful and earnest souls whose sufferings and trials make up so large a portion of the Church history during the sixteenth, seventeenth, and eighteenth centuries. It cannot be doubtful that these brief records of those who suffered for conscience' sake, as did the fathers of New England, will be dear to their descendants in this country, as well as to those on the other side of the ocean, and we doubt not the work will find a ready sale among those who treasure in their hearts the precious memories of the piety, faith, and fidelity of their ancestors.

(From the CATHOLIC WORLD.)

This is a new and enlarged edition of a very valuable work which has already been noticed in our columns. The period embraced by Mr. O'Reilly in his martyrology consists of the sixteenth, seventeenth, and eighteenth centuries, those darkest days in the Irish calendar. The only light illumining them shines from the lives of these holy confessors and martyrs, whose touching history is given here. Apart from its personal and Catholic interest, the work is really a valuable contribution to the history of the times in which these men lived and died. This feature of the work is still further enhanced by Father Brennan's important additions, which take in the Penal Laws of the various periods and bring the record down almost to our own day. Those who study the history of England as an imperial power cannot pass by this book. It is a page that Englishmen would wish blotted out and forgotten; but history stands, and you cannot blot out blood. These records are written in blood and tears. They are noble and ennobling, and Catholics, Irish Catholics particularly, should know them by heart. Nothing in their country or their history is so great as the lives of these Christian heroes and saints. The volume is a very handsome one, and we understand that the publisher offers every facility to those who wish to procure it.

(From the AMERICAN CATHOLIC QUARTERLY REVIEW.)

A glorious record of the Martyrs of a nation which is eminently a nation of Martyrs and sufferers for their faith—these are her true honors, of whom any people might be proud, and constitute Ireland's greatest glory. Oh, that her mock heroes and pseudo patriots would learn the lesson of true heroism from these records. The author was very competent to write about these things, for he is a hero and has the spirit of a martyr in him, as he proved by going to Rome with the intention of shedding his blood in defence of our Holy Father against the hordes of Garibaldi, and by the gallantry of his conduct at Spoleto and elsewhere. He brings his history down to the reign of George II., but Father Brennan continues it down to our time.

"The work is well presented, and is of especial value for a controversial library."—*N. Y. World.*

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AGENTS WANTED!

LIVES OF THE IRISH MARTYRS AND CONFESSORS

Including a History of the Penal Laws.

BY MYLES O'REILLY, B. A., LL. B., AND REV. RICHARD BRENNAN, A. M.

751 Pages, 8vo., Cloth, Elegant. Price \$3.00, Gilt Edges \$3.75.

From the New Orleans Morning Star and Catholic Messenger.

"This work is all of Myles O'Reilly's, with many additions, including a history of the penal laws by Rev. Richard Brennan, A. M.; so that all who have read the beautiful work of O'Reilly, entitled "Irish Martyrs and Confessors," will find in this second volume additional records of heroism and martyrdom, with all of the valuable memoirs contained in the first.

On the top cover we find the design of a golden monument, on which are inscribed the names of those Irish heroes and martyrs who lived and died in the cause of God and their country. The idea is a beautiful one, and we hope some day a golden pillar may indeed be raised on Irish soil, all shining with the names of the great men who were "men of renown and fathers in their generation;" but we think this beautiful book of O'Reilly and Father Brennan is itself a glorious monument, standing not alone upon a few feet of Irish soil, but shedding its light wherever there is an Irish heart to prize, or an Irish home to enshrine, it.

The pagans of St. Patrick's day received the faith with love and veneration, so that no martyr's blood was shed by barbarian hand, nor martyr's heart broken by barbarian persecution, but in the civilized days of Queen Elizabeth and later of Cromwell, Irish blood was poured out like rain upon the soil, and the names of Irish martyrs gathered thick and fast upon the pages of the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries.

Their names—at least a large number of them—are recorded in this book, and their heroic lives are given us as examples worthy of perpetual remembrance.

We wish we could give the record of Very Rev. Peter O'Higgins' martyrdom during the reign of Charles I. How he was accused of sedition, treason, etc., and yet was offered a pardon and large gifts if he would but renounce his faith. How, with this document in his hand, he stood on the first step of the gallows, and nobly proved that it was only the Catholic religion that in him was condemned to death, and then, freely rejecting the proposal, and throwing the paper to a friend in the crowd, went to meet his doom.

The names upon the cover are Brady, Creagh, Lynch, Moriarty, O'Brien, O'Hurley, O'Neil, O'Reilly, Plunket, Sheehy and Walsh, but within the pages are a host of glorious names; which, dear to every Catholic heart, ought to be doubly so to every Irish heart.

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THE JOINT VENTURE;

A TALE IN TWO LANDS.

By E. A. FITZSIMON.

Dedicated to the Sons and Daughters of Ireland, and their American Cousins.

327 pp. 12mo. Cloth, Elegant, \$1.25. Glit Edges, \$1.50.

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(FROM JOHN O'KANE MURRAY, Esq.)

BROOKLYN, Aug. 1, 1878.

During my stay amid the scenery of the Catskills, I found time to give a perusal to the elegantly bound volume which I owe to your kind courtesy—"The Joint Venture," by Miss Fitzsimon. I am much pleased with it. The style is good. The plot is skilfully worked out. A tone of lofty morality breathes through the whole book, as the gifted young author writes in the true spirit of a Catholic. Though overflowing with interest, it is flavored with no sensational nonsense. In short, it is a healthy, well-written, deeply interesting, and very beautiful story.

(From the *New Orleans Morning Star*.)

"The Joint Venture, A Tale in Two Lands," is the most prettily bound book of the season, and its emblems of the two lands—Ireland and America—are tasteful and appropriate. The style of the work is excellent—not only scholarly, but classical, and flashes with beams of faith and scintillations of wit all through its pages. It contains reflections upon the divorce laws which we would like every one to read, and its pictures of broken hearts and homes are as touching as they are truthful. The chapter which relates how Mrs. Ned O'Leary became a Catholic is one of the best in the book, and will no doubt be highly appreciated by its Irish Catholic readers.

(From the *N. Y. Evening Express*.)

In "The Joint Venture, A Tale in Two Lands," Miss E. A. Fitzsimon makes her *début* in fictional literature. The scene is laid first in Ireland, and then in America. The story is an attempt to idealize Catholic, and especially Irish Catholic life. There is nothing very remarkable about the book, but the earnestness with which the young author writes is commendable and interesting. If at times she is rather too aggressive and speaks almost too loftily, that will wear off as experience increases. In "The Joint Venture" she has produced a very readable book, which will be perused by many, if for no other reason, for the moral and useful lessons which it inculcates.

(From the *Providence Daily Journal*, R. I.)

"The Joint Venture" is a story founded on the simple lesson of life as presented from the Roman Catholic point of view, and results in the triumph of the good and the defeat of the bad through the medium of its doctrines. The Protestant law of divorce is the main object of attack, and the author shows it to be a bad thing so far as the personages of the novel are concerned.

THE JOINT VENTURE.

CHAPTER I.

AVONMORE.—PROFESSOR DESMOND GOES ON A GEOLOGICAL EXPEDITION AND FINDS A TREASURE.

Amongst the many picturesque scenes which form a lovely setting for that isle so justly called the ocean's emerald, none can surpass the vale of Avonmore. A rich upland slope forms a background for the blue ridge of Knock-mel-down, which seems to court the light touch of the fleecy clouds floating above its summit; the banks on either side are guarded by forest veterans, through whose foliage the setting sun casts a radiance over lordly castle, old abbey, and round tower, that still speak of Ireland's past glory. The tower indeed as regards its history has been enigmatical as the Sphinx—no Oedipus has yet unraveled its meaning. The abbey once resounded with the voices of three hundred choristers, whose matin psalm and vesper hymn arose in prayer and thanksgiving at the rising of the sun and

CHAPTER VII.

OVER THE ATLANTIC. A MEETING AND A PARTING.

After seeing the last outline of her native shore recede from view, Alice turned her gaze on the broad expanse of sky and water that formed the horizon, and a mingled feeling of interest and awe took possession of her mind. Tusker Light had thrown its last gleam over the mighty deep, which now lay in unruffled majesty before her—scarcely a ripple agitated its waters, extending as far as the eye could reach to the blue canopy that overarched their surface. It seemed like a picture of her future life, from which the last bright ray had been shut out, leaving her on a vast, untried ocean, looking smooth indeed for the present, yet it might be that storms and dangers should be encountered before the haven of refuge was gained. The blue sky, however, would always encompass the dread abyss—this she would look up to when the clouds darkened, and the angry waves threatened destruction.

Whilst Alice mused thus, other reflections passed.

the speaker as he came to the last point of his discourse :

“And now I shall advert briefly to what must be called the plague-spot of our modern society. Its influence is spreading far and wide, and its pestilential breath has already blighted thousands of lives in this fair land. Happily, my friends, I can say to the greater number of those whom I now address, rejoice that the Catholic Church has set up a barrier which keeps this great evil from your midst ; and you, Catholic maidens, reflect seriously before you embark your fate with those who would wreck your happiness on the treacherous shoals of Divorce. Think of the ruined homes, the misery brought on fathers, mothers, and children, by that judicial tribunal which has undertaken to sever a tie which God said should not be broken. ‘And he who putteth away his lawful wife and taketh another, commits adultery.’

“Because of this divorce court, the unprincipled husband, who tires of duty, will desert her whom he has promised to cherish ; because of this same court, the frivolous woman dares to break the nuptial bond, sure of being sheltered from scorn by such a mask

treasures in our mines ; let us open up communication with every state, from north to south of our broad dominion ; let us build factories whereby we may become independent of foreign commodities, and in time open a mart for European trade. Set to work with a vengeance !”

Some may say that the labor of the Irish people in the United States was an accident, and their emigration a necessity. True, but so was the advent of the Pilgrim Fathers ; and, while we claim no superiority for the Irish laborer over the laborer of any other land, we insist that America owes it to her own sense of justice and self-respect, to speak of the Irishman who fought her battles and plowed her fields, as indulgently as she does of the Englishman and the German, who were arrayed against her in her hour of danger, and who stood aloof until her acquaintance was worth seeking.

As the ladies were returning to the hotel, one of those changes peculiar to the American climate, occurred ; the sky became suddenly overcast, and a heavy shower was evidently impending. Being only a square from the Astor House, they quickened their pace, expecting to be under shelter before the rain

(From the *Chicago Inter-Ocean*.)

"The Joint Venture, a Tale in Two Lands," is a story dedicated to the sons and daughters of Ireland, and their American cousins. It is a love story with many mishaps, fully illustrating the maxim that the course of true love runs not smooth; and yet, as all love stories should, it ends with a wedding. The author of the volume is a devoted Catholic, and several chapters of the book are devoted to a glowing eulogy upon the Catholic Church and the priesthood. The story is chastely written, and the interest in the different characters is well retained until the close. It is a strong plea for the Catholic Church.

(From the *Philadelphia Catholic Standard*.)

"The Joint Venture, A Tale in Two Lands," is, what its title indicates, not a romance, but a tale. It has a number of decided merits. The style is good; the incidents are sufficiently varied to keep up the reader's interest; the narrative is direct, and, without unnecessary complications, leads naturally up to the *dénouement*. The personages, too, are real, living persons, not mere aggregates of certain intellectual or moral qualities. There is emotion, but it is natural and genuine. There is no mawkish sentimentalism, and none of the detestable analysis and anatomical dissection of mental conflicts and "soul struggles" which are so fashionable among writers of popular fictions. The truths of the Catholic religion are occasionally referred to, and a spirit of genuine Catholicity pervades the whole story, but religion is not lugged in by the head and shoulders. The moral, which is not preached to the reader, but left to suggest itself naturally, is the sacrifice of inclination to duty.

Love is not represented after the false and pernicious manner in which it is so fashionable to depict it, as an involuntary, uncontrollable emotion, but as a rational sentiment, held in proper subjection by the will, and regulated by regard for Christian principle.

The personages generally, are well drawn, particularly those of Alice Desmond and her mother, of Father Walsh and Ned Leary; the spirit of the work is pure and healthful; the narrative well sustained and interesting to the close.

(From the *N. Y. Daily Graphic*.)

James Sheehy, 33 Barclay St., has just published a highly entertaining story, by E. A. Fitzsimon, entitled "The Joint Venture, A Tale in Two Lands." The incidents which are woven together in this story are drawn from the peculiarly amicable associations which connect the people of Ireland with the United States. The field furnishes abundant material for romantic writing, and Miss Fitzsimon has turned it to good account in the present work. Her descriptions will serve to recall recollections which are doubtless familiar to thousands to whom the work will prove instructive and entertaining.

(From *McGee's Illustrated Weekly*.)

"The Joint Venture, A Tale in Two Lands," by E. A. Fitzsimon, published by James Sheehy. The story has two purposes—to fight against divorce, and to give Catholic readers a high-class Irish novel. Its Catholicity is unimpeachable, and, consequently, its moral is excellent. Without being very powerful, it is full of charming little touches which betray the grace and skill of an educated feminine mind.

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